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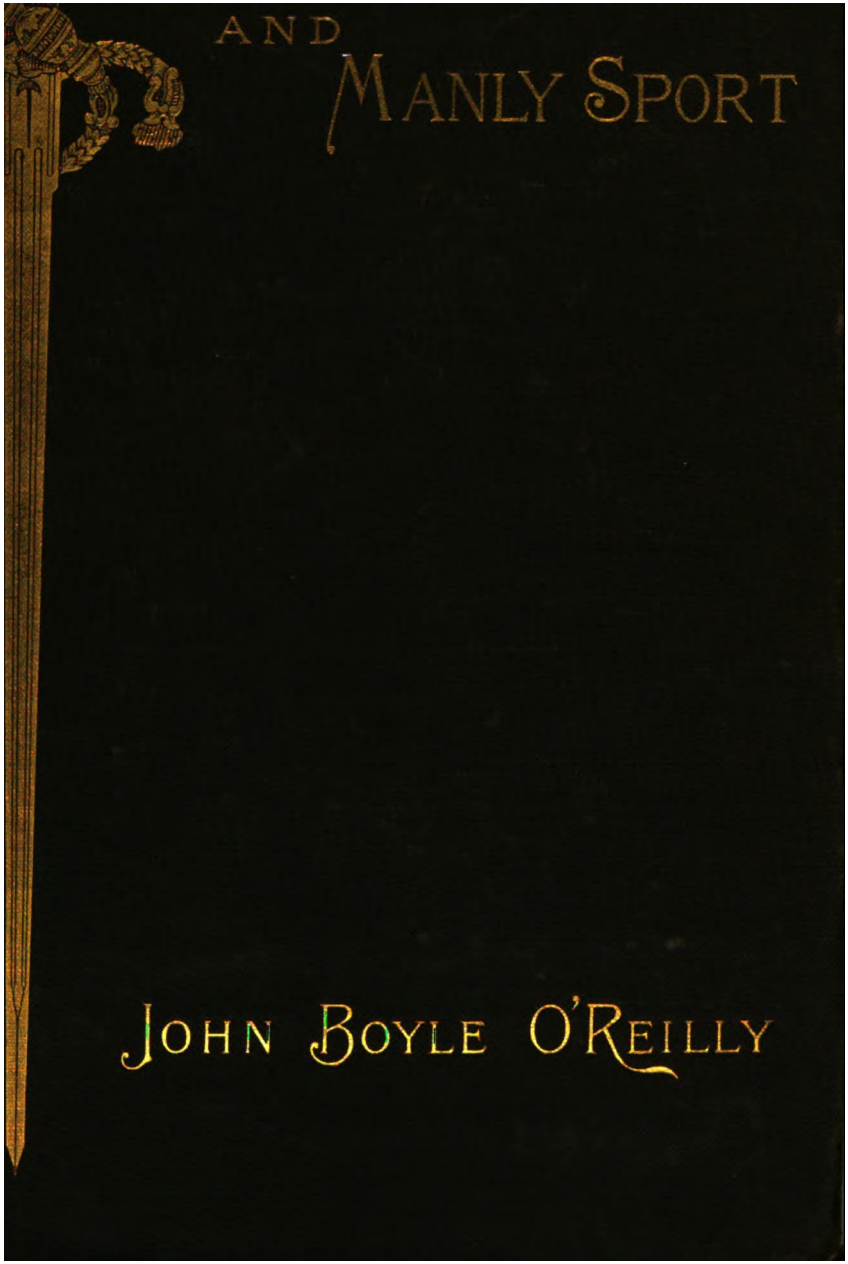

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AT SOUTH BERWICK, MAINE

BEQUEATHED BY

Theodore Jewett Eastman

A.B. 1901 - M.D. 1905

1931

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ATHLETICS

AND

MANLY SPORT

BY

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

"It is exercise alone that supports the spirits and keeps the mind in vigor."—*Cicero.*

"A man must often exercise or fast or take physic, or be sick."—*Sir W. Temple.*

"Anything is better than the white-blooded deterioration to which we all tend."—*O. W. Holmes.*

"There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion than regular, unhurried, muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry, and increase our open-air exercise, a large portion of nervous diseases would be abolished."—*James Muir Howie.*

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DEDICATED

TO THOSE WHO BELIEVE THAT A LOVE FOR
INNOCENT SPORT, PLAYFUL EXERCISE,
AND ENJOYMENT OF NATURE,
IS A BLESSING INTENDED NOT ONLY FOR
THE YEARS OF BOYHOOD, BUT FOR
THE WHOLE LIFE OF A MAN.

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CORRECTIONS.

Page 25, fourth line — read "were" instead of "was."

Page 71, fifth line — read "defeated" instead of "captured."

Page 116 — read "Breakfast at 8 A. M.," instead of "8 P. M."

Page 166, eighth line — omit the words "all-round."

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS book is not intended as a mere manual for the special use of skilled professional or amateur athletes, though necessarily many of its details refer particularly to these classes. Its main purpose is to bring into consideration the high value, moral and intellectual as well as physical, of those exercises that develop healthy constitutions, cheerful minds, manly self-confidence, and appreciation of the beauties of nature and natural enjoyment. Nevertheless, these lines of Bunyan tell my preliminary experience: —

"Some said, John, print it; others said, Not so;
Some said, It might do good; others said, No."

So long as large numbers of our young people, of both sexes, are narrow-chested, thin-limbed, their muscles growing soft as their fat grows hard, timid in the face of danger, and ignorant of the great and varied exercises that are as needful to the strong body as letters to the informed mind, such books as this need no excuse for their publication.

Many will say: "the time for this sort of thing is

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past; the world has grown too intelligent for these idle games and exercises; we, who know what life is, know that athletic sports are only symptoms of questionable tastes."

The pride of knowledge is bad, but the pride of ignorance is worse; together, they are almost hopeless. The truth is, there is more need to-day for physical development, for play, for sport, for athletic exercises and amusements of all kinds, than there was during the Greek Olympiads, or at any other period of human history. Strange, that this obvious truth should call for public statement. "On old and young," says a great modern philosopher, "the pressure of modern life puts a still increasing strain. In all businesses and professions, intense competition taxes the energies and abilities of every adult; and, with a view of better fitting the young to hold their place under this intenser competition, they are subject to a more severe discipline than ever before."

"We have not holidays enough," says an eminent American physician. "Five days a year is our allowance, a scanty one indeed, that seems ridiculous to our quieter neighbors across the water, who, needing rest less than we, get four times as much. But there is no time for relaxation; we must only do our best to brace up and stand the drive."

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What parent, who has observed the endless studies of his children, at school during the day, and at home in the evening, with little time and opportunity for vigorous play, and has not inwardly feared that it was too much for the boy or girl? His fears are real warnings: they are true. The studies *are* too much, unless offset by a proportionate amount of play and vigorous exercise. They prevent the children from developing; and they also prevent them from *learning*.

It is a physiological law, pointed out by Lewes in his "Dwarfs and Giants," that there is an antagonism between *growth* and *development* — by growth meaning *increase of size*, by development *increase of structure*.

The question is not only a question of bulk, but also a question of quality. A soft, flabby flesh makes as good a show as a firm one; but though to the careless eye, a youth of full flaccid tissue may appear the equal of one whose fibres are well-toned, a trial of strength will prove the difference. Obesity in adults is often a sign of feebleness.

There is a corresponding radical difference between true education and the memorizing of facts. The meaning of the word tells its own story — *e-ducation* — the drawing-out of what is in the child, not the

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cramming undigested facts into the helpless young memory. The cruelty of it! Were food forced into the body as facts are into the mind, so as to produce violent dyspepsia, parents would be compelled to stop. But they will not see the consequent mental dyspepsia and its vile train of intellectual, moral, and physical abnormalties. Improper education stores up useless knowledge as unhealthy living stores up stolid fat, instead of turning it into vigorous muscle.

"By accelerating the circulation of the blood," says a scientific authority, "it facilitates the performance of every function; and so tends alike to increase health when it exists and to restore it when it has been lost." For this changeless reason, the same to-day as a thousand years ago or a thousand years hence, *play* is a necessity of human nature; and for this reason also play is superior to any regulated form of uninteresting gymnastic exercise. Play is the gymnastics of nature; and that artificial exercise is best which comes nearest to it in interest and amusement. "An agreeable mental excitement has a highly invigorating influence."

Play also makes an equable distribution of action to all parts of the body; the action of gymnastics, falling on special parts, produces fatigue, and if constantly repeated, leads to disproportionate development.

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"Consider the fact," says Herbert Spencer, "from any but the conventional point of view, and it will seem strange that while the raising of first-rate bullocks is an occupation on which men of education willingly bestow much time, inquiry, and thought, the bringing up of fine human beings is an occupation tacitly voted unworthy of their attention. Mammas who have been taught little but languages, music, and accomplishments, aided by nurses full of antiquated prejudices, are held competent regulators of the food, clothing, and exercise of children. Meanwhile the fathers read books and periodicals, attend agricultural meetings, try experiments, and engage in discussions, all with the view of discovering how to fatten prize pigs! Infinite pains will be taken to produce a racer that shall win the Derby: none to produce a modern athlete. Had Gulliver narrated of the Laputans that men vied with each other in learning how best to rear the offspring of other creatures, and were careless of learning how best to rear their own offspring, he would have paralleled any of the other absurdities he ascribes to them."

There is character as well as strength in muscle; and little of either in flabbiness or lard. Take the colloped fat from the under-chin and jowl of a young man, and

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put it on his arms, trunk, and legs in the shape of firm muscle, and, other things being equal, you improve his moral as well as his bodily health.

All who are trained in athletics know the value of the "second wind." Powerful athletes are in danger till this is reached; but he who has obtained his "second wind" in a contest can go on as long as his muscular power lasts. It is worth remembering that there is a moral as well as a physical "second wind;" and that many who go down at the first trials would have held on to a virtuous and happy end had the failing character been sustained at the period of early weakness.

Fatness and softness are merely sensuous expressions, or symptoms of disease. They are non-conductors of spiritual messages, stopping or deadening the finer currents of enjoyment, as an insulator stops electricity.

The motive-centre of a thinker is the brain; of a philanthropist, the heart; of a sensualist the belly. In the latter class, a kindly or beautiful or devotional aspiration enters the mind and wanders aimlessly through the flabby muscles, straying off the nerve at will, for the tissues have not sufficient consistency to hold it on the line, until it sinks gradually but surely toward the marshy and forbidden wastes of

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appetite, and is drowned, like a belated traveller, in the weedy morasses of the gastric-centre.

To place manly sport in its proper relation to the people, we must save athletics from the professional athletes, and from the evil association of betting and gambling, that stunts, encumbers and disgraces almost all kinds of open-air exercise.

The very fact that professionals and gamblers fasten on a sport, is the highest proof of its value to the people: your worm never selects an inferior apple. The popular desire is the very stock in trade of the professional gambler. There is only one way in which this reform can be thoroughly made, namely, by the recognition of athletic training as a necessary and admirable part of general education. This will remove at once the flavor of disrepute which at present attends a taste for manly sport.

All healthy young people are fond of physical exercise; and proper instruction is as necessary here as in the intellectual departments of school and college, and will as surely result in benefit to the individual and the state.

I desire to express my thanks to several persons who have assisted me in the preparation of this book,

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especially to Dr. Francis A. Harris, of Boston, for his invaluable paper on the physiology of athletic training; to the *Boston Herald*, for its enterprising publication of the article on boxing, the plates of which *The Herald* generously presented to me; to my friend, John Donoghue, the sculptor, for permission to engrave his great statute of "The Boxer;" and to the Editor of *Outing*, for the use of several illustrations from that interesting magazine.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

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ETHICS AND EVOLUTION OF BOXING.

I.

HAS BOXING A REAL VALUE?

"Both among the Greeks and Romans," says an eminent authority, "the practice of pugilism was considered essential to the education of their youth, from its manifest utility in strengthening the body, dissipating all fear, and infusing a manly courage into the system."

The Greeks and Romans kept boxing in its proper relation to every-day life; not as a brutal exhibition of skill or strength, but as a healthy exercise to invigorate the body, expand the chest, strengthen and quicken the muscles, and render mind and body free, supple, strong, and confident.

"There is nothing that interests me like good boxing," said Sir Robert Peel. "It asks more steadiness, self-control, ay, and manly courage, than any other exercise. You must take as well as give, — eye to eye, toe to toe, and arm to arm."

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Mr. Evelyn Denison, once speaker of the House of Commons, describing an interview with Lord Althorp, the minister who led the British Commons when the Reform Bill was passed, says: "Lord Althorp became eloquent; he said that his conviction of the advantages of pugilism was so strong that he had seriously been considering whether it was not a duty that he owed to the public to go and attend every prize fight which took place, and thus to encourage the noble science to the extent of his power."

"We are the Romans of the modern world," says the illustrious "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," speaking of Americans—"the great assimilating people. Conflicts and conquests are, of course, necessary accidents with us, as with our prototypes. And so we come to their style of weapon. . . . The race that shortens its weapons lengthens its boundaries. *Corollary:* It was the Polish *lance* that left Poland at last with nothing of her own to bound.

"'Dropped from her nerveless grasp the *shattered spear!*'

"What business," continues Dr. Holmes, "had Sarmatia to be fighting for liberty with a fifteen-foot pole between her and the breasts of her enemies? If she had but come to close quarters, there might have been a chance for her."

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To these famous and wise men might be added a long list of others, equally distinguished, who appreciated the personal and national value of generations trained to manly exercises, their bodies developed, and their minds calmly confident in the ready power of self-defence.

Take an eminent man of a contrary opinion, and see how few will be ready to agree with him; how many will feel shocked at his word, as the expression of a false and injurious doctrine. Sydney Smith, who liked almost everything that was good, by some queer mental perversion, despised and detested manly exercises. "There is a manliness in the athletic exercises of public schools," he says, "which is as seductive to the imagination as it is utterly unimportant in itself. Of what importance is it in after life whether a boy can play well or ill at cricket, or row a boat with the skill and precision of a waterman? If our young lords and esquires were hereafter to wrestle together in public, or the gentlemen of the bar to exhibit Olympic games in Hilary term, the glory attached to these exercises at public schools would be rational and important. But of what use is the body of an athlete, when we have good laws over our heads, or when a pistol, a post-chaise, or a porter, can be hired for a few shillings? A gentleman does nothing but ride or walk, and

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yet such a ridiculous stress is laid upon the manliness of the exercises customary at public schools."

How many will say that this is sound doctrine for a man or a community? It is of little importance, perhaps, whether or not a grown man can play cricket or row a boat; but it is of very great importance, no matter how cheap pistols or post-chaises may be, that, in case he were called on, for personal or patriotic duty, to swim or climb for a life, to fight for a child or a woman, to defend his country in the field, he should be ready with a strong body, a stout heart, and a trained hand and mind to raise him over difficulty and danger.

In speaking of boxing, it is not necessary to apologize for prize-fighting or prize-fighters. It is enough to study the growth and worth of boxing as a healthy and manly exercise. But even for the prize-ring, much might be said to show that to it alone is due whatever is known of order and fair play in a personal encounter.

"The rules of the ring" are the condensed opinions of fair-minded men as to what is to be and is not to be allowed in a personal fight, whether public or private (except the London Ring Rules, for which see pages 7 and 89). Every unfair method is condemned; and, no matter how rough the crowd at a personal conflict, a foul blow, or a

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cruel advantage, is sure to be shouted down as cowardly and disgraceful.

II.

IMPROVEMENT IN MODERN BOXING.

THE chief reason why boxing has fallen into disrepute is the English practice of prize-fighting with bare hands, and under improper rules.

The American champion, Sullivan, has done more than attempt to defeat all pugilists who came before him: he has made a manly and most creditable effort to establish the practice not only of sparring, but of fighting, with large gloves; and secondly, he has made the round blow "scientific." He also has insisted, whenever he could, that contests should be ruled by three-minute rounds of fair boxing.

The adoption of gloves for all contests will do more to preserve the practice of boxing than any other conceivable means. It will give pugilism new life, not only as a professional boxer's art, but as a general exercise. The brutalities of a fight with bare hands, the crushed nasal bones, maimed lips, and other disfigurements, which call for the utter abolition of boxing in the

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interests of humanity, at once disappear when the contestants cover their hands with large, soft-leather gloves.

There is no loss in the quality of the contest either, as those who have seen both kinds of boxing will testify. All that is worth noting and testing of courage, temper, strength, tenacity, endurance, force, rapidity, precision, foresight, can be as completely proven, or rather can be better or more plainly proven, in a glove contest than in a bare-handed fight.

Such a change as is here contemplated was never dreamt of even ten years ago. British boxing was a lamentable exhibition at all times; but for twenty-five years past it has been sinking lower and lower in disrepute. The greatest and manliest physical exercise has been, for this reason, in danger of complete extinction.

> "Surely a precious thing; one worthy note,
> Should thus be lost forever from the earth."

It is hoped that the recent bare-handed fight between Sullivan and Mitchell in France will be the last of its brutal kind.*

This fight contains in itself a complete illustra-

* The men fought near Chantilly, France, on March 10, 1888, for £500 and the championship of the world. The rules were those of the London Prize Ring. The fight lasted three hours and eleven minutes, in which time 39 regular rounds, and

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tion of the very worst features of English prize-fighting. The London Ring Rules, under which this contest was conducted, enabled the inferior man to escape, and might easily have made him the victor. These rules (see page 89, Appendix) were apparently meant to prevent, not to insure, fair and manly boxing. Had Mitchell been compelled to stand up and fight for three-minute rounds, and had he been prevented from falling to escape danger, there would have been a fair test of both men's ability. Again, had Sullivan kept to his natural style of fighting, with a masterful spirit compelling his opponent, instead of adopting a slow and watchful method, it would have been far better for him. In fact, everything was against Sullivan, and in favor of the gamblers who evidently ruled the contest. He was overtrained (see pages 108–9 for effect of over-training). He had lost forty pounds in about six weeks, most seriously affecting the weight of his blows; and

four or five irregular, were fought. After five or six rounds, during which he was knocked down literally every time he stood up, Mitchell adopted a system of running away and falling to escape blows. A cold rain was falling, and Sullivan became chilled, and in the thirty-fifth round he had a fit of ague. He was overtrained; he had hurt his right hand; he was too heavy to plough through the mud after his running adversary, whom he could not catch; so he agreed to end the contest by a draw.

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in this reduction not only had he sacrificed nervous force to muscular power, but he had lost the necessary fat to keep him from getting chilled in the slow fight ensured by the London Rules.

THE USUAL, AND WRONG, WAY TO STRIKE A ROUND BLOW.

In America, Sullivan's example has done much to bring glove contests into professional practice; and when the man's faults are rehearsed, it is only fair that this should be remembered. In other respects it is beyond doubt that he is one of the most remarkable boxers in the whole history of the exercise. (See page 75 for analysis of his method of fighting, which of course is a study of the man when at his best.)

Sullivan's second achievement is, undoubtedly, the crystallization of the round blow. This is one of the greatest additions ever made to the pugilism of the ring. The round blow, safely delivered, is the most powerful and effective of all blows.

Sullivan did not invent the round blow. It is as old as boxing; indeed it is one of the natural movements of human attack. It was the leading blow of the Greeks with the brutal *cestus*, or armed glove. It is the very blow that a strong, awk-

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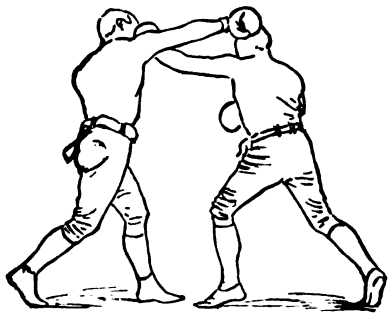
ward, ignorant man would strike, and thereby disable himself—for the round blow, wrongly delivered, is far more terrible to the giver than to the receiver.

Formerly, boxers delivered the round blow almost with a straight-arm swing, some with the front knuckles leading, and some with the back, and some again with the thumb knuckle, or with the palm or "heel of the fist." But most of



ROUND BLOW.
(Instantaneous Photograph.)

these came off with sprained joints or broken wrists, while their opponents easily escaped the slow swing by "ducking," or threw up the elbow at an acute angle and smashed the delicate bone of the striker's forearm.

The secret of striking the round blow safely lies in the position of the knuckles. Just as in

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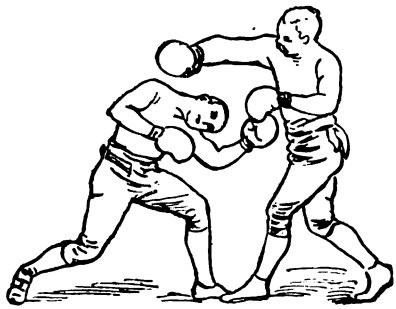
true cutting with a sword, the elbow and knuckles are the test. Ask an unskilled man to make the "cut one" with a sabre (from right to left, horizontally), and he will, assuredly, cut *with the back of the sword* for two-thirds of the distance. Simply because he keeps his elbow and his knuckles turned up instead of down. And so with all sword-cuts. So, too, with the round blow in boxing. An unskilled boxer will swing



DUCKING THE ROUND BLOW.
(Instantaneous Photograph.)

the hand obliquely upward, with the palm downward or toward his body. Instead, the elbow must be slightly raised, the back of the hand turned toward the body. This brings the striking joints of the hand square in the lead.

A good boxer, in striking the round blow, instead of loosening body and arm, gathers himself into a

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heap of muscularity and begins his blow where all blows ought to begin, from the solidarity of the right foot. He bends the right arm into an obtuse angle, the elbow slightly raised from the side, and throws the entire weight of body and momentum of released biceps into the blow.

Therefore, it may be said, that the last few years have witnessed a greater permanent advance in boxing than any period since the time of John Broughton, who was the British champion from 1734 to 1750, and who has been, though not very truly, called "the founder of the modern art of self-defence."

III.

ANTIQUITY OF BOXING.

British and Irish athletes have done much for boxing; but an examination of the whole field would lead to the conclusion that "the modern art of self-defence" is not so modern as some people think.

Boxing is the only art of attack and defence which we have as an unbroken inheritance from the ancients.

Every weapon used by men has been changed in use and shape within one thousand, much less

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two thousand years. The pike, the bow, the mace, the axe, are abandoned. The only ancient weapon that has not been thrown aside is the sword; and that has been doubled in length, and used in quite other ways than the Greek and Roman use.

There is a close relationship between the history of the sword and that of boxing.

Both Greek and Roman used the short sword (average of about twenty inches) undoubtedly as a stabbing weapon—as distinct from a cutting weapon. The only weapon obviously used for cutting among the ancients was the curved sword of the Lacedæmonians and the Irish, specimens of which can be seen in the Royal Irish Academy Museum, and which almost exactly resembled the present scimetar of the Persians.

All the gladiatorial sword fights of the Romans were with the short, straight sword, like a Scottish claymore; and when the hapless loser threw up his hands and the people shouted "*Hoc Habet!*" ("He has got it!") they knew that the victor had driven his straight weapon between his opponent's ribs.

But with the northern conquest of Rome the use of the straight sword, or rather the use of the point as the principal means of attack, practically disappeared for over a thousand years, and when

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it came again, it was in the long, light rapier play of the Italian and French schools of fence.

But all this time the boxing skill of Greek and Roman must have come traditionally and practically down from father to son, the only change being in the dropping of the hand-weights and bandages.

GREEK BOXERS WITH THE CESTUS.

When Pollux obtained the boxing victory at the Pythian games, he wore gloves or leathern bandages filled with lead and iron. When Sullivan defeats his man, he uses soft gloves filled with curled hair. This is the change of time and judgment. The latter is the better test. A chance blow from the heavy *cestus* cracked a

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man's skull or broke his arm. There are no chance blows in a first-rate modern fight with gloves.

But, so far as we can find, the "set-to" of the Greek and Roman boxers was not unlike modern pugilism. The records are rather vague as to the ancient manner of giving and guarding blows, but there are some writings and numerous drawings and carvings showing that the position and action of the engaged boxers were precisely then as they are to-day.

In a Greek drawing of boxers with the *cestus* now before me, one of the men stands in a most approved modern attitude, the left foot and hand advanced, the left arm slightly bent, and the right arm held across the lower chest, just as a careful boxer of to-day covers "the wind" or "the point."

The Greeks were the first boxers. Pugilism appears to have been one of the earliest distinctions in play and exercise that appeared between the Hellenes and their Asiatic fathers. The unarmed personal encounter was indicative of a sturdier manhood. The suppleness and adroitness of the Oriental were supplanted by the heavier build and more direct attack of the European.

The modern Englishman claims for his country

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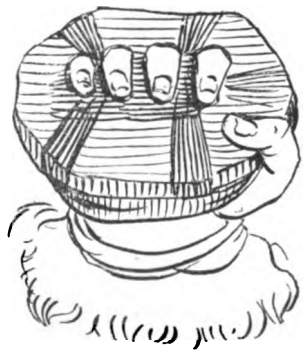
the invention of the art of boxing, at least with skill and bare hands.

"James Figg was the father of boxing," says "The History of British Boxing," and "Broughton was the first man who taught countering and parrying and bending to escape a blow." This claims quite too much.



RAW-HIDE CESTUS FROM HERCULANEUM.

Two thousand five hundred years ago Greek boxers used only their bare hands. They did nothing rudely, or incompletely, in Greece; and their exercise must have been much the same as ours. Later, as the contests at the great national games of Greece became fiercely earnest, the hands and arms were surrounded with thongs of leather, at first reaching to the wrists, like our "hard gloves," then carried up to the elbow, and afterward extending up to the shoulder, the hands being heavily weighted and knobbed with lead and iron.

The *cestus* of the Greeks, copied by the Romans, was a dreadful boxing glove, or gauntlet, composed of raw-hide thongs and metal.

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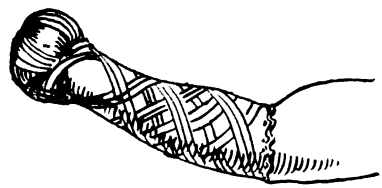
A tremendous *cestus*, found in Herculaneum, was composed of several thicknesses of raw hide fastened together and rounded on the edge. Holes were cut through for the fingers, and the thumb overlapped the side.

It is evident from this *cestus* that there were no "straight blows" in Greek boxing when it was used. A "straight counter" would obviously break the striker's fingers, for the striking point is inside the raw-hide plates. This cruel boxing glove could only have been used for round blows, or for the absurd old English blow called "the chopper," which was delivered by the back of the hand in an outward and downward swing.



THE ROUND CESTUS.

Here (as Greek art tells us) is the form of *cestus* used by Pollux, one of the twin brothers who "fought their way like Hercules himself to a seat on Mt. Olympus."

These twins, the Dioscuri, presided over all Greek games, Castor being the god of equestrianism, Pollux the god of boxing.

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In those golden days, Amycus, son of Neptune, was king of the Bebryces, and he was a famous boxer with the *cestus;* indeed, he called himself "the champion of the world." He kept a standing challenge to all comers. When the Argonauts were going to Colchis for the golden fleece, they touched at the port of Amycus, and were received most kindly by the king, who was evidently "spoiling for a fight." He told his guests after dinner that he could "knock out" any boxer in Greece or elsewhere; that he could, as modern challengers express it, "send them to sleep."

Among the Argonauts was Pollux, who had lately been winning the first prizes at the Pythian games. He accepted the challenge, not knowing that it was the custom of Amycus to kill his man with a foul blow. The fight came off, and it was a resolute controversy. Amycus tried all his skill and strength to deliver his wicked blow, but now he had met a mighty man. At last Amycus tried to get in his deadly stroke by a trick, and this roused the wrath of Pollux, who straightway killed the unfair fighter, and bound his body to a tree. The form of *cestus* on the preceding page is from an antique bronze representing the battle.

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IV.

THE ATHLETES OF ANCIENT GREECE.

THE term "athlete" was applied in Greece only to those who contended in the public games for prizes, exclusive of musical and other contests where bodily strength was not needed. It was not applied to what we call amateurs, or those who exercised without the incentive of a prize. The "athletes" were the distinct forerunners of the trained fighting men who became a professional class in Greece (400–300 B. C.). It was not the value of the prizes themselves which led men to devote their lives to athletic exercises. That was at most very insignificant. But, from the heroic legends of competitions for prizes, such as those at the funeral of Patroclus, from the great antiquity of the four national games of Greece (the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean and Isthmian, with the local Panathenæa at Athens), and from the high social position of the competitors in early times, there gradually became attached to each victory in one of these games so much glory that the townsmen of a victor were ready to, and frequently did, erect a

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statue to him, receive him in triumph, and care for him the rest of his life.

The actual prizes offered at the Greek national games were of no intrinsic value. The highest reward was the sense of having done well. At the Olympian games the victor was crowned with olive; at the Pythian games, with laurel; at the Nemean games, with parsley; and at the Isthmian games with pine.

But though the Greek games, in this respect, favorably compare with the gambling and greed of our modern race-course or other contest, the reward of the victor was not wholly comprised in his olive crown, or his sense of glory. The successful athlete received splendid rewards. At the Olympic games, a herald proclaimed to the multitude the winner's name, his parentage, and his country; the priests took from a table of ivory and gold the olive crown and placed it on his head, and in his hand a branch of palm; as he marched in the sacred procession to the Temple of Zeus, his admirers showered flowers in his path, and costly gifts, and sang the old victor song of Archilochus. His name was then inscribed in the Greek Calendar. "Fresh honors and rewards awaited him on his return home," says F. Storr. "If he was an Athenian, he received, according to the law of Solon, five hundred drachmæ, and

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free rations for life in the Prytaneum; if a Spartan, he had the post of honor in battle. Great poets like Pindar, Simonides, and Euripides sung his praises, and sculptors like Phidias and Praxiteles were engaged by the State to carve his statute. . . . Altars were built, and sacrifices offered to a successful athlete."

No wonder, then, that an Olympian prize was regarded as the crown of human happiness.

Cicero tells the story of Diagoras of Rhodes, who, having himself won a first prize at Olympia, and seen his two sons crowned as winners on the same day, was addressed by a Laconian in these words: "Die, Diagoras, for thou hast nothing short of divinity to desire." Alcibiades, when declaring his services to the State, puts first his victory at Olympia, and the prestige he had won at Athens for his magnificent display.

But, perhaps, the most remarkable evidence of the value the Greeks attached to athletic powers is a casual expression of Thucydides, when describing the enthusiastic reception of Brasidas at Scione. "The Government," he says, "voted him a crown of gold, and the multitude flocked round him and decked him with garlands, *as though he were an athlete.*"

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V.

THE TRAINING OF GREEK ATHLETES.

AGAINST specially trained athletes the better class of Greek citizens refused to compete, and the lists of the public games being thus left practically open to professionals, training became more a matter of system and study, particularly in regard to diet, which was rigorously prescribed for the athletes by a public functionary.

At one time the principal food of Greek athletes consisted of fresh cheese, dried figs, and wheaten bread. Afterward meat was introduced, generally beef or pork; but the bread and meat were taken separately, the former at breakfast and the latter at dinner. Except in wine, the quantity was unlimited, and the capacity of some of the heavy weights must have been enormous, if such stories are true as those about Milo.

Milo was not a boxer, but a wrestler. He was six times victor at the Olympian games. He was a great soldier, a successful general. He carried a four-year-old heifer on his shoulders through Olympia, and afterward eat the whole of it in one day. Poor Milo, strong as he was, died horribly

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in the end. Passing through a forest one day, he saw the trunk of a tree that had been partially split open. He tried to rend it farther, but the wood closed on his hands, and while he was thus held he was devoured by wolves.

The training of Greek athletes consisted, beside the ordinary gymnastic exercises of the *palœstra*, in carrying heavy loads, lifting weights, bending iron rods, striking at a suspended leather sack filled with sand or flour, taming bulls, etc. Boxers had to practise delving the ground to strengthen their upper limbs. The competitions open to athletes were in running, leaping, throwing the discus, wrestling, boxing, and the *Pancratium*, or a combination of boxing and wrestling.

Victory in this last was the highest achievement of an athlete, and was reserved only for men of extraordinary strength. The competitors were naked, having their bodies salved with oil.

An athlete could begin his career as a boy in contests set apart for boys. He could appear again as a youth against his equals, and, though always unsuccessful, could go on competing until the age of thirty-five, when he was debarred, it being assumed that after that period of life, he could not improve. The most celebrated Greek athletes whose names have been handed down, beside those above mentioned, are Milo, Hippos-

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thenes, Hercules, Eryx, Antæeus, Epeus, Euryalus, Entellus, Polydamus, Promachus and Glaucus.

Cyrene, famous in the time of Pindar for its athletes, appears to have still maintained its reputation to at least the time of Alexander the Great, for in the British Museum are to be seen six prize vases carried off from the games at Athens by natives of that district. These vases, found in the tombs of the winners, are made of clay, and are painted on one side with a representation of the contest in which they were won, and on the other side with a figure of Pallas Athenæ, with an inscription telling where they were gained, and in some cases adding the name of the magistrate of Athens, from which the exact year can be obtained.

VI.

THE SACRED GAMES OF GREECE.

It is not to be doubted that the Greek boxers attained to a high degree of skill in countering and parrying. No awkward or unskilled athletes were allowed to appear at the Olympian or other national games, where boxing was one of the five

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principal exercises. At the Olympian games, the order was leaping, running, throwing, boxing, wrestling.

It may be truly said that the supremacy of Greece as the teacher of the Western and Northern world in all the higher forms of civilization, was intimately related to the marvellous competition of physical and intellectual manhood in these sacred games. So profoundly was the Greek mind affected by the games, which were held every four years at Olympia, that time was divided into Olympiads, and this method of reckoning continued for many centuries.

Prizes at these games were given not only for athletic exercises, but for music, singing, oratory, and poetry. Herodotus read his history at the Olympic, and Orpheus won the first prize for music at the Pythian games. Alcibiades, the Athenian scholar, soldier, ruler, says Plutarch, was the most successful and the most magnificent in his exercises of all that ever contended in these games. He obtained at one solemnity (the Olympic, which lasted five days), the first, second, and fourth prizes for chariot-racing.

There is a lesson for moderns in these national games of Greece. There was no other occasion on which the Greek was so forcibly impressed with the glory of his own race and nationality.

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The games were opened to all Greeks. There was no exemption — except for women.

There was a rigorous law that if any woman was found so much as to have passed the river Alpheus during the Olympian games, she was to be thrown headlong from a rock; and this continued until Pherenice, who went disguised to attend on her son while he wrestled, was apprehended and tried. She was acquitted, out of respect to her father, brothers and son, who had all won first prizes at the games. Afterward women were admitted, and then even contended at the games. Cynisca, the daughter of Archidamus, was the first woman who was crowned at Olympia; and after her, many women, especially those of Macedonia, were crowned as the winners of prizes.

The Romans also excluded women; but Augustus allowed them to witness the gladiatorial fights, and assigned them a place in the highest seats of the amphitheatre.

Rich and poor among the Greeks were allowed to enter on the same terms. The preparatory course was long, arduous, and not to be escaped. Every competitor was obliged to give ten months' training before he was allowed to enter the games. The public gymnasium was at Elis, and thither the competitors had to go for the ten months of training.

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This rule was so important that if a man won a prize and it was then found that he had evaded any portion of this long training, the prize was given to his opponent, thus showing the value laid upon the continuous physical education by those in authority.

To guard against gambling and dishonorable practices, contenders had to swear that they had fulfilled the conditions of entering; and they, their fathers and brethren took, also, a solemn oath, that they would not, by an unfair or unlawful means, endeavor to stop or interfere with the proceedings of the games.

It is not likely that athletes trained in this manner were inferior boxers, nor that they were ignorant of such primary principles as countering and parrying.

VII.

THE SKILL OF GREEK BOXERS.

It is easy to prove that the Greek was a master not only of the straight-counter (which any man who used a short, straight sword would naturally learn), but of the cross-counter, one of the most skilful and effective blows known to modern boxing.

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In Homer's time, the cross-counter, which is supposed to be comparatively a recent discovery in pugilism, was clearly understood. Let any one who understands boxing follow the movements in this description by Homer of the bare-handed fight between Ulysses and the ruffian Irus. The ruffian, a giant in size, has grossly insulted Ulysses, who is in disguise, and a ring is formed by a lot of idlers eager to see a fight.

The bully, Irus, like all bullies, is a coward. He has watched Ulysses stripping, and is terrified when he realizes the kind of man he has aroused. But he is dragged to the scratch, and as they face each other, Ulysses, disgusted at his cringing cowardice, concludes that he is not worth killing, and that he will only "knock him out." Just then Irus strikes out savagely — he "led with his left," in the parlance of the gymnasium. We know it was his left, because the blow fell on Ulysses' *right* shoulder. Says Homer, who evidently knew just what he was describing:

> "On his *right* shoulder Irus laid his stroke;
> Ulysses struck him *just beneath the ear*,
> His jawbone broke, and made the blood appear;
> When straight he strewed the dust."

Now, this was a straight-cross-counter, accurately described, and it tells a whole story of striking and parrying, as we shall see presently.

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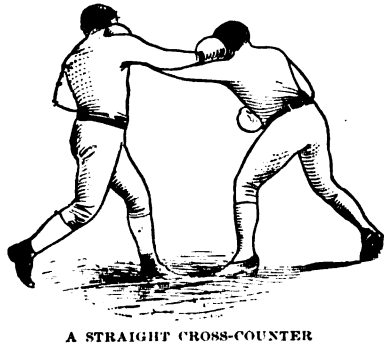
Here is another rendering of the same fight from Pope's translation:

"That instant Irus his huge arm extends,
Full on his shoulder the rude weight descends,
The sage Ulysses fearful to disclose
The hero latent in the man of woes,
Check'd half his might, yet, *rising to the stroke*,
His jawbone dash'd; the crashing jawbone broke."

Now, let us analyze this engagement. Irus leads with his *left* at Ulysses' head, and his blow falls on the *right* shoulder. Therefore, Ulysses



A STRAIGHT CROSS-COUNTER
(Instantaneous Photograph.)

did just what to-day Sullivan or Smith would do; he moved his head to the left, and let the blow come full on his right shoulder — with a purpose. For he, at the same moment, "rising to the stroke," crossed Irus' arm with his right, "struck him just beneath the ear," broke his jaw, and

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knocked him out. He *must* have done this, for there was no other way of breaking Irus' jaw. He could not have struck him with his left, for Irus' jaw was nearer to his right.

This straight cross-counter, which the Greeks knew, is the most effective and the most powerful blow that can be given, except the round blow.

Of the fight between the heavy-weight Epeus and Euryalus, after the funeral of Patroclus, here is a report:

"Him great Tydides urges to contend,
Warm with the hopes of conquest for his friend;
Officious with the cincture, girds him round,
And to his wrists the *gloves of death* are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion stands,
And poises high in air his iron hands;
With clashing gauntlets now they fiercely close,
Their crackling jaws reëcho to the blows.
And painful sweat from all their members flows.
At length Epeus dealt a weighty blow
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath the ponderous arms' resistless sway
Down dropped he nerveless, and extended lay."

Here we see that the Greek boxer wore a belt like the modern, and that he fought in a ring; but of the details of this fight we can judge nothing.

There is a boxing match, however, in the "Æneid," between Dares and the aged Entellus, in which the manner of the fight is given more clearly, and from which we learn that there was a

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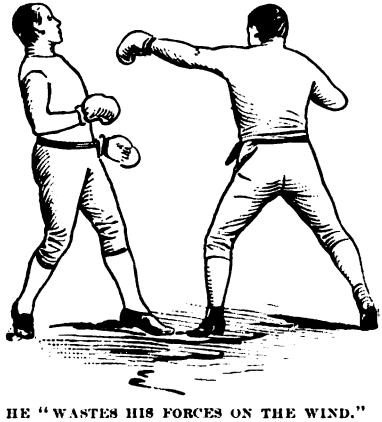
complete system of striking and parrying, and, at least, one of the boxers was an adept at "ducking" and "getting away:"



HE "WASTES HIS FORCES ON THE WIND."
(Instantaneous Photograph.)

"This said, Entellus for the fight prepares,
Stripped of his quilted coat, his body bares:
Composed of mighty bones and brawn he stands,
A goodly, towering object on the sands.
Then just Æneas equal arms supplied,
Which round their shoulders to their wrists they tied.
Both on the tip-toe stand, at full extent,
Their arms aloft, their bodies inly bent;
Their heads from aiming blows they bear afar,
With clashing gauntlets then provoke the war.
Yet equal in success, they ward, they strike,
Their ways are different, but their art alike.
Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around
Their hollow sides the rattling thumps resound;

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A storm of strokes, well meant, with fury flies,
And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes;
Nor always errs, for oft the gauntlet draws
A sweeping stroke along the crackling jaws.
Hoary with age, Entellus stands his ground,
But with his warping body wards the wound.
His hand and watchful eye keep even pace,
While Dares traverses and shifts his place,
With hands on high, Entellus threats the foe;
But Dares watched the motion from below,
And slipped aside, and shunned the long-descending blow.
Entellus wastes his forces on the wind,
And, thus deluded of the stroke designed,
Headlong and heavy fell."

There was much more than rude "give-and-take" in this fight. It was skilful boxing, even from a modern stand-point.

VIII.

THE GLADIATORS OF ROME.

AMONG the Romans, fond as they were of exhibitions of physical skill and strength, the profession of athlete was entirely an exotic, and was, even under the empire, with difficulty transplanted from Greece. The system, and the athletes themselves, were always purely Greek.

The vicious luxury of imperial Rome had degraded the gymnasium into the circus, and the

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athlete into the gladiator. The gladiatorial shows of the emperors were sign enough that a cruel and abominable power was preparing for its own destruction.

The first gladiatorial shows were exhibited in the Forum Boarium, 264 B.C., by Marcus and Decimus Brutus, at the funeral of their father. This was an evident survival of the still more ancient custom of sacrificing slaves and prisoners on the graves of illustrious chieftains. Only three pairs fought on this occasion; but the taste grew like fire for these shows, and the number of combatants increased rapidly. Titus Flaminius, in 174 B.C., celebrated his father's obsequies by a three-days' fight with seventy-four gladiators. Julius Cæsar exhibited three hundred pairs in one show; and during the later years of the republic the gladiators had grown so powerful, every nobleman employing a body-guard of them, that they kept the city in a state of constant peril and unrest.

Under the empire, notwithstanding prohibitory laws, the passion for the gladiatorial shows steadily increased. One hundred pairs was the fashionable number for a private entertainment. It was a debauch of blood and cruelty. The vile Claudius would sit in his chair of state from morning till night, watching the bloody work,

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and descending now and then to urge the hesitating fighters, who were at once monsters and victims. Under Nero, senators, and even women of the noble families, appeared as combatants. Titus ordered a gladiatorial show that lasted a hundred days; and Trajan, in one triumphal show, exhibited five thousand pairs of gladiators. Domitian, at the Saturnalia of 90 A.D., ordered a battle between dwarfs and women. It was over a hundred years later (200 A.D.) that a law was passed against female gladiators.

Throughout the whole Roman empire had spread this horrible passion for human conflict to the death. "From Britain to Syria," says F. Storr, "there was not a town of any size that could not boast its arena and annual games." The following inscription from the pedestal of a statue shows the feeling of the provinces:

"In four days, at Minturnæ, he showed eleven pairs of gladiators, who did not cease fighting till one half, all the most valiant men in Campania, had fallen. You remember it well, noble fellow-citizens."

Gladiators were commonly drawn from prisoners of war, slaves, or criminals condemned to death. The populace of Rome, drunken with the cruel sights, gloated on every fresh batch of tattoed Britons who were marched in chains into the

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city. They rejoiced at the sight of Thracians, with their strange bucklers, Moors, and Negroes. Even these grew scarce in time; and then Caligula and Nero, to meet the demand for victims, ordered all those guilty of minor offences, such as fraud, peculation, etc., to take their chances in the arena. Men of birth and fortune, for pure love of fighting, sometimes fought as gladiators; and one emperor, Commodus, actually appeared in person in the arena.

Professional gladiators were trained in schools, owned either by the State or private citizens. It was a legitimate enterprise to own gladiators and hire them out.

Sometimes a gladiator of great prowess became famous; and then his fortune was made. The great poets praised him, and money and honors were showered on him; but the horrible trade was detestable to brave men, and yet there were thousands of brave men condemned to it for life. "We cannot forget," says Gibbon, "the desperate courage of about fourscore gladiators, reserved, with near six hundred others, for the inhuman sports of the amphitheatre. Disdaining to shed their blood for the amusement of the populace, they killed their keepers, broke from their place of confinement, and filled Rome with blood and confusion. After an obstinate resistance, they

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were overpowered and cut in pieces by the regular forces; but they obtained, at least, an honorable death and the satisfaction of a just revenge."

"There are few finer characters in Roman history," says Storr, "than the Thracian Spartacus, who escaped from the gladiators' school of Lentulus, at Capua, and for three years defied the legions of Rome."

The gladiators fought with various weapons; the Samnites, with a short sword, a plumed helmet, and a shield; the Thracians, with a round buckler and a dagger; some others with a net and a trident, some with a lasso, and many with the deadly *cestus*.

The public interest in the shows may be judged from the fact that in the Circus Maximus there were seats for three hundred and fifty thousand; or, as Juvenal says, "it held the whole of Rome."

When the debauched people tired of merely human blood, the wilds of the world were ransacked for wild beasts to fight with each other and with the gladiators. The generals and proconsuls were ordered in far countries to purchase giraffes, tigers, lions, and *crocodiles!* Sulla, in a single show, had one hundred lions. Pompey had six hundred lions, besides elephants, which fought Gætulian hunters. When the Colosseum was opened nine thousand beasts were killed!

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The *cestus* of the Roman gladiators was even more terrible than that of the Greeks. In Greece the end desired was skill and courage and strength; in Rome the desire was for death. The death of an antagonist, unless by accident, was severely punished in Greece; but in Rome the sooner the gladiator killed his man the better.

All the great writers and speakers of Rome praised and approved the gladiatorial shows, including Cicero, Pliny, and even the good Marcus Aurelius. The first word against the shows was spoken by the Christian fathers, Tertullian, Lactantius, Cyprian, and Augustine.

The first Christian emperor of Rome abolished the games by an edict, in 325 A. D.; but they continued down to the time of St. Augustine. To a Christian martyr, Telemachus, belongs the honor of their final abolition. In 404, there came from the East on this sacred mission a monk named Telemachus. When the terrible fight was most intense, he rushed into the arena, and endeavored to separate the combatants. He was instantly killed, by order of the prætor; but the Emperor Honorius, on hearing the report, abolished the games, which were never afterwards revived.

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IX.

FEUDALISM SUPPRESSED POPULAR ATHLETIC EXERCISES.

With the advent of chivalry, the art of boxing waned. The evolution of feudal aristocracy, with other and widely different exercises, pastimes and weapons from those of the common people, made boxing unfashionable.

With the advance of feudalism came the growth of iron armor, until, at last, a fighting-man resembled an armadillo. He was iron-clad from top to toe. His weapons had changed accordingly. The short sword of the Greek and Roman soldier, good for a stout hand-to-hand fight, was replaced by a long and heavy blade and a ponderous iron-spiked mace.

Boxing in those days came to be regarded as mere child's play, or as the rude pastime of the vulgar.

The baron was a mounted man, who jousted with a ten-foot lance, and fought dismounted with an axe, or a sword five or six feet long, double-hilted, weighing from eight to twelve pounds.

The student of sociology will find in the his-

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tory of the sword alone a key to the political and social classifications of Europe, and, probably, of Asia also, could we trace the evolution of its military arms and methods.

In all countries and times where the common man was ready and able to fight, singly and combined, freedom was at its highest. The ability of the common man to assert himself is everywhere and always the measure of popular liberty.

The growth of armaments and governments everywhere corresponds with the decrease of personal and popular freedom. This may be followed from the fist, staff, or knife of the peasant or mechanic, to the sword of the "gentleman," the lance, horse, and armor of the lord, the multiplied muskets of the king, and the Krupp guns and iron-clads of the emperor.

The knowing how to fight makes common men self-reliant and independent. A people are preparing for their own subjection to a class, or a tyranny, where a generation is allowed to grow up without physical training and emulation.

It has always been the aim of royalty and aristocracy to lower the individual liberty and independence of the common people.

A baron and a minute-man could not breathe the same air.

Every boy in a free country ought to be in-

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structed in boxing, wrestling and the use of weapons. Every young man ought to be drilled. Every householder ought, at least, to have a right to own a rifle, and should know how to make cartridges. Then the moral forces will cement the popular self-respect and independence into a solid wall of civilization.

Nothing could better illustrate the helplessness of a people taken by surprise by a small, well-organized, and usurping class, than the invasion and conquest of England by the Normans. These foreign land robbers seized the surface of the country, which they hold to this day. They took possession of fields and farmers together, built their frowning towers on the hills and passes, organized and exercised their own forces, and set about a complete and permanent disorganization and disarmament of the English masses.

Their first step in this direction was the abolition of warlike exercises, games, and customs. The basis of English liberty was the ancient system of *wapentake*, which was equivalent to the town meeting of New England. (Were this the place to consider it, the similarity of these two truly English systems of home rule might be interestingly treated.) Under the system of *wapentake*, every community in Saxon England selected its own local government, and knew no

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other ruling but that of the king's judges. The political unit was a family, not a person. Ten families were called a tything, thirty a trything, one hundred a township called by that name. These old Saxon divisions still exist in the "ridings" (trythings) and "hundreds" of the northern English counties.

The local authority was settled yearly, each family of the hundred sending its head to a meeting, where one was selected as the leader or justice of the community. When this selection was made, the selectman lowered his spear, and all the others came forward and touched it with their own.

This was the *wapentake*, or weapon-touch; and there was no higher authority than this in Saxon England, except the king.

The system of *wapentake* was abolished in the following manner: the Conqueror William divided England into sixty thousand shares, or *shires*, to each of which was appointed a Norman knight as owner and lord. This was the formal introduction into England of the feudal system, in 1086, by the Great Council of the realm, assembled at Sarum.

As soon as the Norman knights took their shires these became the political units instead of the hundreds, and to each of these they appointed a

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king's officer to take the place of the selectman of the *wapentake*. The king's officer was called a sheriff (from the words *shire* and *reeve*, or keeper).

The leaderless English people were without organization or national purpose. They had to submit and see their ancient and beloved customs and liberties trodden under foot.

Then their new masters, the knights, set about quietly disarming the people. They also discountenanced all popular military customs, and even the usual athletic exercises and games.

Within a single generation the people had rendered up their arms and local rights to the knights, who were bound only to help the king in his wars.

Before the conquest, every Englishman was a spearman or bowman, and quarter-staff and other lusty exercises were the common pastime of the people. That was the time when England was called, and deservedly, "Merrie England."

Addison, writing about popular exercises ("Spectator," No. 161), alludes to "an old statute which obliged every man in England, having such an estate, to keep and exercise the longbow;" by which means, he says, "our ancestors excelled all other nations in the use of that weapon, and we had all the real advantages without the inconvenience of a standing army."

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Under the Norman landlords the sports and exercises of the common Englishman were degraded into rudeness, until "Hodge," the name his insolent master gave him and still gives him, knew nought of athletic skill except a crude form of wrestling with body-holds. The bow, the pike, or spear, and even the quarter-staff, were taken from him, and the skilful use of these weapons was forgotten in the land.

The knight wanted no fighting men except those whom he enlisted and trained for his own or the king's service. The others had better be unskilled, unlearned, undisciplined and uncouth breeders and producers of the necessary wealth from the soil, menials and payers of land-rent.

This degradation of manly and military exercises continued in England for six centuries. It began to change only in the early part of the last century.

In Ireland it continues still. "There are no boxers in Ireland," said a travelled athlete to me the other day. No; the landlord government has been able to continue the Irish popular disorganization. Foot-ball, hurling, wrestling, and boxing were frozen out. When Donnelly defeated the English champions in the early part of this century, it was considered a dangerous example and precedent for Irishmen; and from that time the

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people have been legislated, educated, and governed into ignorance of all means of attack and defence, and of everything but work in the fields.

But within a few years the Irish people have begun resolutely to play the old heroic games of the Gael once more, as their English brothers had long gone back to the manly exercises of the Saxon.

In the first quarter of the last century, the arts of boxing, sword-play, and quarter-staff were beginning to attract public attention in Great Britain and Ireland. But these exercises were in an extremely rude condition. There was, especially for boxing, no unity of knowledge, no well-known teachers, no established rules. The idea of a national championship was not yet born.

X.

THE FIRST MODERN CHAMPION BOXER.

In 1719 appears the first English pugilist who can be considered as a national champion. His name was James Figg. He had an "academy" for manly exercises in Tottenham Court Road, London.

Like all the boxing masters of that time, and

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for a long time after, Figg was also a professional swordsman and quarter-staff player. His card read as follows:

> JAMES FIGG,
>
> Master of ye Noble Science of Defence on ye right hand in Oxford road near Adam & Eve court, teaches gentlemen ye use of ye small backsword and quarterstaff, at home and abroad.

But in Figg's day (1719-34) boxing had evidently not been reduced to any intelligent rules, though his cards professed to teach "defence scientifically." Figg himself was so famous for "stops and parries," that he is mentioned in the "Tatler," "Guardian" and "Craftsman," the foremost literary papers of the time. He is described by Capt. Godfrey, a famous patron of the athletes of his day, as "a matchless master." "There was a majesty shone in his countenance," says Godfrey, "and blazed in all his actions beyond all I ever saw. His right leg bold and firm, and his left, *which could hardly ever be disturbed*, gave him surprising advantage, and struck his adversary with despair and panic."

The "backsword" of Figg's time still remains

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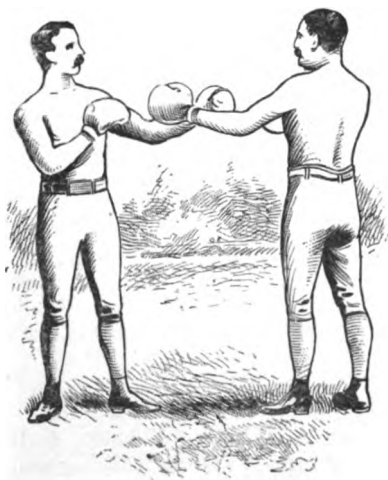
a favorite exercise in England. It is a rude sword-exercise, all cuts and parries, as if the sword had no point.

One of the mysteries of sword-knowledge is the length of time which some nations took to learn that the effective part of the weapon was



SET-TO.

the point and not the edge. The point of a sword, during an engagement, is never more than two feet from an opponent's body, while the edge for a cutting-blow is from four to seven feet (in sweeping cuts, for instance).

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Besides the advantage in space and time, the wound of the point is apt to pierce the vitals, while the wound of the edge is a mere surface cut or bruise.

And yet, how few nations have straightened their sabres and sharpened their points!

The absurd old "backsword" play, with a "hanging guard," is the only exercise safe for the vile, curved sabres that even American cavalry are equipped with to-day.

But in Figg's time, the professional fighting-man was really a master-of-weapons. Here, for instance, is a specimen of the usual method of advertising a coming fight:—

"At the Bear Garden in Hockley on the Hole.

"A trial of skill to be performed between two profound Masters of the Noble Science of Defence, on Wednesday next, being this 13th of the instant July, 1709, at two of the clock precisely.

"I, George Gray, born in the city of Norwich, who has fought in many parts of the West Indies, and was never yet worsted, and now lately come to London, do invite James Harris to meet and exercise at these following weapons, viz.:—

Back Sword,	Single Falchon
Sword & Dagger,	and
Sword & Buckler,	Case of Falchons.

"I, James Harris, Master of the Noble Science of Defence, who formerly rid in the Horse-guards, and hath fought a hundred and ten prizes, and never left a stage to any man; will not fail (God willing) to meet this brave and bold Smiter at the time and place appointed, desiring sharp swords and no favor. VIVAT REGINA."

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Other challenges, with the above weapons, add the quarter-staff.

Figg was the first master to include boxing in his challenges, of which the following is a specimen :—

G. R.

"At Mr. Figg's New Amphitheatre, Joyning to his House, the sign of the City of Oxford, in Oxford Road, Marybone Fields, on Wednesday next, being the eighth of June, 1726, will be perform'd a tryal of skill by the following Masters.

"WHEREAS, I, Edward Sutton, Pipemaker from Gravesend, and Kentish Professor of the Noble Science of Defence, having, under a sleeveless Pretence been deny'd a Combat by and with the Extoll'd Mr. Figg, which I take to be occasioned through fear of his having that Glory eclipsed by me, wherewith the eyes of all Spectators have been so much dazzled: Therefore, to make appear, that the great applause which has so much puff'd up this Hero has proceeded only from his Foyling such as who are not worthy the name of Swordsmen, as also that he may be without any farther excuse, I do hereby dare the said Mr. Figg to meet as above and dispute with me the Superiority of Judgement with the sword (which will best appear by Cuts etc.,) at all the Weapons he is or shall be then Capable of Performing on the Stage.

"I, James Figg, Oxonian Professor of the said science, will not fail giving this daring Kentish Champion an Opportunity to make good his Allegations; when, it is to be hoped, if he finds himself Foyl'd he will then change his Tone, and not think himself one of the Number who are not worthy the name of Swordsmen, as he is please to signifie by his Expression:

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However, as the most Significant Way of deciding these Controversies is by Action, I shall defer what I have to Act until the Time above specified; when I shall take care not to deviate from my usual Custom, in making all such Bravadoes sensible of their Error, as also in giving all Spectators intire satisfaction.

"N.B. The doors will be open at Four, and the masters mount between Six and Seven exactly.

"VIVAT REX."

Though Figg was, undoubtedly, a notable boxer, he was more a teacher than a fighter, and his engagements were more with swords than fists.

The first real fighting champion of England, and certainly one of the most influential boxers of the last century, was John, or "Jack" Broughton, who is usually placed fifth or sixth on the list of champions. Broughton was a man of splendid physique, just one inch short of six feet, handsome of face and tremendously powerful. He was also gentle and good tempered, which made him numerous friends.

XI.

THE FIRST MODERN RULES OF THE RING.

BROUGHTON was the first man who made regular rules for modern boxing. Up to his time (and long after it, indeed), a prize-fight was a rough-and-tumble scrimmage, in which the men might

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choke each other, wrestle, butt with the head, trip, and strike a man on his knees.

Says the author of "Fistiana":

"The inhuman practices of uncivilized periods have subsisted to a disgraceful extent, and hence we have heard of gouging, purring, kicking a man with nailed shoes as he lies on the ground, striking him in vital parts below the waistband, seizing him when on his knees, and administering punishment till life be extinct, and a variety of other savage expedients by which revenge or passion has been gratified. In Lancashire, even to this day, when a man is got down he is kept down and punished until incapable of motion — a mode of fighting which is permitted with impunity, unless, indeed, the death of the victim lead to the apprehension and trial of the survivor."

"Broughton's Rules," as they were called for nearly a century, were "produced for the better regulation of the amphitheatre, approved by the gentlemen, and agreed to by the pugilists, Aug. 1743." They continued in force till "The New Rules of the Ring" were adopted in 1838. The following were "Broughton's Rules," and they tell their own story:

"1. That a square yard be chalked in the middle of the stage, from which the men shall begin the fight; and every fresh set-to after a fall or being parted from the rails, each second is to bring his man to the side of the square and place him opposite the other.

"2. After a fall, if the second does not bring his man to the side of the square within the space of half a minute, he shall be deemed a beaten man.

"3. That no person shall be upon the stage except principals and seconds.

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"4. That no man be deemed beaten unless he fails coming up to the line in the limited time, or that his own second declares him beaten.

"5. The winning man to have two-thirds of the money.

"6. The principals to choose two umpires, who shall choose a referee.

"7. That no boxer is to hit his adversary when he is down, or seize him by the ham, the breeches, or any part below the waist; a man on his knees to be reckoned down."

The regard that Englishmen had for boxing in the last century may be judged from an article in the "Connoisseur" (Aug. 22, 1754).

"Every man," says the "Connoisseur," "who has the honor of the British fist at heart must look with admiration on the bottom, the wind, the game of this invincible champion, Slack."

This praise followed Slack's fight with Petit, a full report of which was published in the "Connoisseur," which was one of the first literary publications of the period. It is interesting to observe what kind of a fight was this. I quote from the "Connoisseur:"

"HARLSTON IN NORFOLK, July 30, 1754.

"Yesterday, in the afternoon, Slack and Petit met and fought. At the first set-to, Petit seized Slack by the throat and held him up against the rails and *grained* him so much as to make him extremely black. This continued for half a minute, before Slack could break Petit's hold."

The fight proceeded in this style, Petit seizing Slack "by the hams," and Slack flinging Petit off

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the stage, until Petit ran away in terror, and the fight was given to Slack.

Slack was in turn defeated by Stevens, the Nailer, who became champion in 1760. In the report of their fight the winning blow is thus described: "Stevens, with his right hand beat Slack about the head, *while at the same time tripping him off his centre with his foot.*"

There is nothing particularly interesting in the records of British boxers till the close of the century. Daniel Mendoza, a Jew, and James Belcher, were the most noted names. Then came John Gully, champion from 1805 to 1808, a man who afterward became a member of the British Parliament; Thomas Cribb, a really remarkable man and a great boxer; Peter Corcoran, champion of Ireland and England, and Dan Donnelly, champion of Ireland and England.

The condition of the "science" at this time may be judged from the fact that there were few crystallized principles of attack or defence. Every man had his own way for doing everything. For instance, the guard of Mendoza was to hold his hands pretty close together, directly opposite his mouth, the back of the hand toward his opponent; while another famous boxer named Johnson came on guard by planting his legs square, "with his arms held in almost a semi-circular direction before his head."

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XII.

DONNELLY AND COOPER ON THE CURRAGH OF KILDARE.

One of the most famous fights in the history of pugilism was that between the English and Irish champions, George Cooper and Dan Donnelly, which took place on the Curragh of Kildare, in the year 1815.

Dan Donnelly was one of the greatest boxers ever seen in the ring — a man who, in prowess and other characteristics, much resembled John L. Sullivan. He was born in Dublin in 1788. He was a carpenter by trade, and a man of extraordinary strength, good temper, generosity, and pluck. He was noted in Dublin for his skill in boxing; but he was not a professional pugilist.

In 1814, when Donnelly was twenty-six years old, one of the most famous boxers in England, named Thomas Hall, who had beaten George Cribb and other renowned fighters, went to Ireland to make a tour of the country, giving exhibitions. His advent was proclaimed by an arrogantly worded challenge to "all Ireland."

He was checked by finding that his challenge

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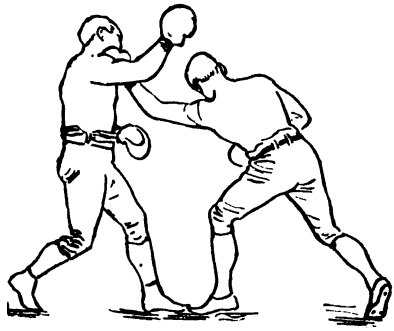
was at once publicly accepted in Dublin by Dan Donnelly, who was "backed" by as much money as was needed.

This battle attracted international attention. In Ireland the excitement was very great. When the men met on the Curragh of Kildare, on the 14th of September, 1814, there were over thirty thousand persons present. Both men were cheered when they entered the ring; and the fight was fair



SPARRING.— A ROUND BLOW MISSED.
(Instantaneous Photograph.)

until Hall, finding himself overmatched, fell several times without a blow, and ultimately raised a cry of "Foul," to cover his complete defeat. From the first round he had failed to make a single point on Donnelly, or to effectually stop one of Donnelly's.

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Then George Cooper, the best man in England, was sent from London against the Irish champion.

Cooper had defeated the leading boxers of England, including Carter and Thomas Molineux, the negro heavy-weight, and great hopes were founded on his terrible hitting powers.

The national champions met on the Curragh of Kildare, on the same spot that had witnessed Donnelly's victory over Hall. The place was called then, and will probably be called forever "Donnelly's Hollow." It is at the Newbridge end of the plateau on which the military huts are erected.

A Boston traveller visited the Curragh a few months ago, and was taken by a proud native to the scene of the famous battle. "The footsteps of the champions," said this gentleman, the other day, "are still plainly visible. They are preserved in this way: every visitor, especially those who love the 'noble art,' puts his feet in the ancient marks, which are thus preserved and deepened in the soft green sod." The positions of the men, as they began the fight, are pointed out. "And over there," said the guide, "just outside the ring stood Miss Kelly, who wagered thousands of pounds on Dan Donnelly."

The battle took place on December 13, 1815,

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in the forenoon. In Ireland the excitement over the fight was intense, and to this day the event is a topic of common conversation. On the morning of the fight, the roads around the Curragh of Kildare were choked up with carriages and wagons of all kinds, from the four-in-hand teams of the nobility to the donkey-carts of peasants all the way from Cork or Connaught. There was a vast multitude to see the fight, and the profoundest order and good temper prevailed.

COMING!
(Instantaneous Photograph.)

"Donnelly's Hollow" is probably one of the most perfect natural amphitheatres in the world. Here, on the sloping hill-sides, could stand or sit a hundred thousand men to behold a dramatic

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scene; and here, on that day, was assembled a greater crowd than had ever witnessed a boxing contest since the close of the Olympic games. An English correspondent of the press described Donnelly in these words:

"Donnelly at length stripped, amid thunders of applause. The Venus de Medicis never underwent a more minute scrutiny by the critical eye of a connoisseur than did the champion of Ireland. There is nothing loose or puffy about him. He is strong and bony to all intents and purposes. He is all muscle. His arms are long and slingy, his shoulders uncommonly fine, particularly when in action, and prominently indicating their punishing quality. His head is a fighting one, his neck athletic and bold; in height nearly six feet, in weight about thirteen stone, and his *tout ensemble* that of a boxer with first-rate qualifications. Thus much for his person; now for his quality. His wind appears to be undebauched; his style is resolute, firm, and not to be denied. Getting away he either disdains or does not acknowledge in his system of tactics. *He makes tremendous use of his right hand.*"

After a storm-like cheer, the fight began amid deep silence. From the first blow, Donnelly had the advantage. He gained the usual points — first blood and first knock-down. Cooper made a brave and desperate fight, and in the fifth round he knocked Donnelly off his feet. In the seventh round Cooper was actually flung into the air by a cross-buttock, and in the eighth was dashed under the ropes by a tremendous left-hander.

For the next three rounds the result was similar, the eleventh and last round closing with a

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fearful right-hand blow on Cooper's mouth, which knocked him senseless.

The battle was awarded to Donnelly, amid the

CROSS-BUTTOCK.

cheers of both Irish and English spectators. Donnelly then went to England and challenged all comers.

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He attracted almost as much attention as Englishmen have recently given to Sullivan. Tom Cribb undoubtedly had been the leading boxer in his time; but he had retired from the ring several years before Donnelly's visit to England.

England was in straits for a man able to meet Donnelly. It was looked upon even by the government as dangerous, politically, to allow the Irishman to again defeat a British champion.

At length a strong and able boxer, Oliver, was found to take up Donnelly's challenge. When the match was made, the chances of the fight filled the Three Kingdoms once more with matter for earnest discussion. It was said that one hundred thousand pounds (five hundred thousand dollars) were laid in bets on the battle. Every man in Ireland who had a pound to spare backed Dan Donnelly; and the "nobility and gentry" stood open-handed behind Oliver.

The national battle came off on July 21, 1819, within thirty miles of London. "Donnelly, on stripping," says the English report, "exhibited as fine a picture of the human frame as can well be imagined; indeed, if a sculptor had wished a living model to display the action of the muscles, a finer subject than Donnelly could not have been found. Oliver was equally fine. . . . He dis-

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played flesh as firm as a rock. . . . Oliver had never been in so good condition before."

It was a brave and desperate contest. As usual, Donnelly knocked his man down in the first round; drew "first blood" in the second. In the seventh round, Oliver knocked Donnelly down, and this was almost his only successful point. Round after round ended in the same way —"Oliver down." In the thirteenth round, when Oliver lay helpless on the ropes, Donnelly threw up his hands, so as not to be tempted to strike him, and for this he received a great cheer. "Very handsome!" "Bravo, Donnelly!" In the first hour there were thirty rounds fought, for the last four of which Oliver was gaining strength; but in the opening of the second hour Donnelly had got his "second wind," and "his eye began to blaze," though, says the English report, "he was as cool as a cucumber." The next three rounds were Donnelly's, and then the Englishmen stopped betting and cheering. But they showed fair play throughout the fight; he is a poor kind of an Englishman who does not love fair play in a boxing match. Several times when "foul" was cried against Donnelly, and when, indeed, it might have been allowed by an umpire bent on ending the fight on a technicality, both umpire and crowd shouted: "It is all right. Go on

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Donnelly !" In the thirty-fourth round, Donnelly cross-countered Oliver with terrific force, striking him on the lower jaw; then while he was dazed Donnelly whirled him over the ring with a cross-buttock; and Oliver's seconds carried him off insensible. The fight was given to Donnelly, who was scarcely marked, and who immediately dressed himself and went off to see another fight.

It was said, and believed by many, that Dan Donnelly, shortly after this fight, was knighted by the rollicking Prince of Wales. At any rate, ever afterward he was called "Sir Dan." He died in 1820, from taking a drink of cold water after a hard sparring bout. He was only thirty-two years of age.

The last century saw pugilism raised in England and Ireland from barbarous rudeness to a high degree of skill. I have before me the "Manual of Self-Defence," as taught by Daniel Mendoza, who was champion of England in 1784.

Mendoza was a renowned boxer, for skill, and it is interesting to study the contents of his manual.

First, his guard consisted of holding both fists opposite the chin, close together, elbows downward, the legs slightly bent; left leg foremost; right foot toward the right, not directly behind; weight of the body on the *foremost leg*.

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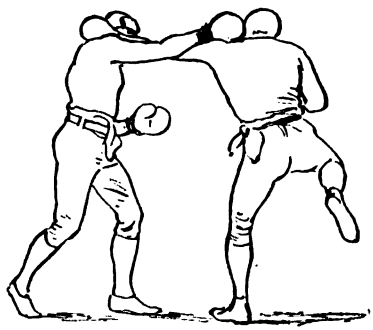
The blows taught by Mendoza were of three kinds — "round, straight, and chopping blows." The round blow he considered the unskilled effort; and, strange to say, he depended most on the silly "chopper," with the back of the hand, from above downward, a blow that no sane boxer would attempt to-day, except in fun. The straight blows were for the face and "wind."

There is not a word in the Manual about the



CROSS-COUNTERED.
(Instantaneous Photograph.)

cross-counter, the upper-cut, or the scientific round blow, — the three best blows of modern boxing.

In Mendoza's time, "gouging," that is, scooping out the eyes of an opponent, was constantly practised; and, in other respects, the prize-ring was a place of cruel and barbarous practices.

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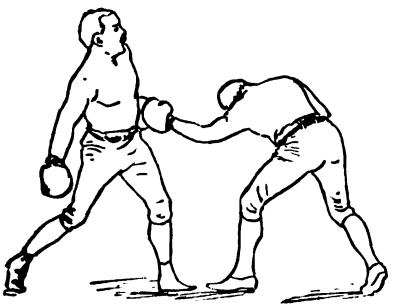
Only six races or nations have produced natural boxers, — the Greeks, the Jews, the Negroes, the English, the Irish, and the Americans.

Within a century, the Jewish race has sent out some famous boxers; among them Daniel Mendoza, once champion of England; and "Barney" Aaron, one of the best men of his time, — 1819–34. There have also been many leading Negro boxers, the first of whom was Molyneaux, a contemporary of Donnelly in the last century.



UPPER CUT, AS SULLIVAN STRIKES IT.
(Instantaneous Photograph.)

But the greatest boxers since the classic days of Greece are the modern men of England and Ireland, and their descendants in America. And the latest are the greatest.

No English champion, up to his time, ever equalled Tom Sayers, who was a mighty man in the ring from 1846 to 1863. There was a posi-

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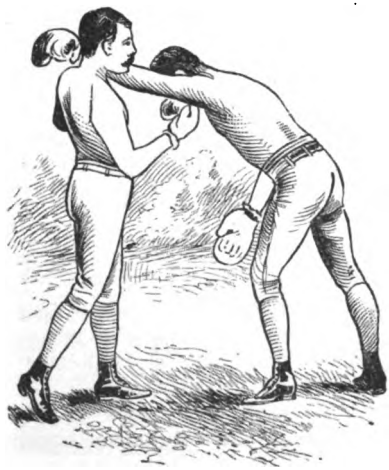
tive value in Sayers' life to his countrymen, no matter what objection may be made to prize-fighting.

Sayers proved that a small man can easily defeat a big and heavy one by skill, pluck, and endurance. He was five feet eight and a half inches in height, and a hundred and fifty pounds



UPPER-CUT—OLD-FASHIONED.

in weight; but the "Tipton Slasher," who was six feet one inch in height, and two hundred and five pounds in weight, and a good boxer, was a mere child in his hands.

And when Sayers fought John C. Heenan for

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the championship, there was a lesson of courage and manly pride to every boy and man in England in the fact that the stout heart upbore the smaller man against the blows of a giant for two hours and twenty minutes, though, for nearly two hours of the time, the little man had to fight with his right arm broken.

No wonder Thackeray celebrated this fight in a poem, after the manner of "Horatius," entitled, "A Lay of Ancient London, supposed to be recounted to his great grand-children, April 7, A. D. 1920, by an Ancient Gladiator."

Thackeray carefully followed every feature of the fight, ending thus: —

"Two hours and more the fight had sped,
Near unto ten it drew;
But still opposed, one-armed to blind,
They stood, those dauntless two.
Ah, me! that I have lived to hear
Such men as ruffians scorned;
Such deeds of valor "brutal" called,
Canted, preached down, and mourned.
Ah! that these old eyes ne'er again
A gallant mill shall see!
No more behold the ropes and stakes,
With colors flying free!

. . . . . .

And now my fists are feeble,
And my blood is thin and cold;
But 'tis better than Old Tom to me
To recall those days of old,

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And may you, my great-grandchildren,
That gather round my knee,
Ne'er see worse men nor iller times
Than I and mine might be,
Though England then had prize-fighters,—
Even reprobates like me."

XIII.

A LESSON EVEN IN A FIGHT

THEN again, there was an object-lesson for England, outweighing even the brutality of a bare-handed fight, in the fortitude and reserved power of Tom King when he defeated Mace for the English championship in 1862.

Mace, a gypsy by race, was a middle-sized man, one hundred and fifty-four pounds weight; but he was the most famous boxer in the world, and he deserved his fame. No man ever used both hands more evenly, or more effectively, in straight body-blows, — the best blows for a small man to use on a big one, if he know how to escape a counter on the head. King was six feet two and one quarter inches in height, and trained down to one hundred and eighty pounds weight. But Mace had won his fame with victories over giants. He had defeated King himself in the

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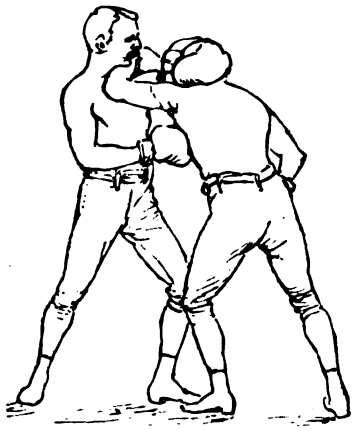
early part of the same year, after a tremendous battle of forty-three rounds. He had beaten in five rounds, without receiving a blow, the gigantic Lancashire wrestler and boxer, Hurst, known as "the Staleybridge Infant." So when Mace



CLINCH.

and King met in the winter of 1862, for a second fight for the championship, the betting was seven to four on Mace.

And the course of the fight justified the odds for a long time. With extreme caution both men fought; but, from the moment "time" was called, the champion Mace had the best of it. For ten rounds this was obviously so; for fifteen and no

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change; at the nineteenth King's friends knew he was beaten. He was fearfully punished about the

GOOD POSITION OF GUARD.

head; his face was so swelled he could not see. He had to grope for his man. But he came up

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doggedly to receive the smashing fist of the champion. No one would take the freely offered odds of thirty to five against King; ten to one was called and no takers. Then the crowd shouted to Mace to "finish him!" And Mace, smilingly and confidently, prepared. The blind man came staggering toward him with the same awful courage and determination which had upheld him so long; and Mace threw out his left preparatory to giving him the *coup de grace* with his right. But at that moment King stiffened like a man of cast-steel. His time had come. He got within distance, and his right hand shot out like a flash of lightning, cross-countering Mace with appalling directness and force.

It was the blow he had waited for and sparred for under all the terrible punishment. It was worth all the blows of the fight massed into one. Mace fell as if he had been struck with a mallet, bleeding from mouth, eyes, and nose. He lay like a log for some seconds. "The champion is beaten!" was the astonished cry. But no, he struggled up again, reeled toward King, and was easily struck again to the earth. Once more the shattered champion staggered toward the blind conqueror, who, in pity, would not strike him, but gently pushed him into his corner, and the fight was won.

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Was there no value in this lesson for Englishmen?

They learned here that beating and bruising and even blinding a man, do not defeat him, if his heart be true and strong.

Under every contest, whether of men or game animals, this is the fascinating secret, this is the line to look for, — this unbroken golden thread of pluck, of manly fortitude, of secret, heart-whispering confidence.

We must regret and deplore the bruises and the scars and the blood; but they are the price of a precious and beautiful thing, — the sight of manly qualities under the severest strain.

Where else in one compressed hour can be witnessed the supreme test and tension of such precious living qualities as courage, temper, endurance, bodily strength, clear-mindedness in excited action, and, above all, that heroic spirit that puts aside the cloak of defeat though it fall anew a hundred and a thousand times, and in the end reaches out and grasps the silvered mantle of success?

This is not meant to encourage prize-fighting. Detestable and abhorrent is a brutal bare-handed fight, for the brutality is as unnecessary as it is repulsive; but you cannot have a prevalent manly exercise interesting to the majority of healthy

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men, without having professional boxers; and it may be said that the professional boxer who fights an honest fight, with high skill and courage, and without the savagery of bare hands or *cestus*, is not, thereby, a moral monster and an outrageous example.

Shaw, the British Life-Guardsman, who slew ten French cuirassiers at Waterloo, was a professional boxer; and, undoubtedly, the training of stout heart, puissant arm, and confident eye, that enabled him to do and die like a hero and a patriot, was due more to his pugilistic than his military profession. How many British hearts have remembered Shaw since then in a hand-to-hand fight, and have been nerved to renewed energy by the thought?

"Among the confusion presented by the fiercest and closest cavalry fight which had ever been seen," says Sir Walter Scott, writing of Waterloo, "many individuals distinguished themselves by feats of personal strength and valor. Among these should not be forgotten Shaw, a corporal of the Life Guards, *well known as a pugilistic champion*, and equally formidable as a swordsman. He is supposed to have slain, or disabled, ten Frenchmen with his own hand before he was killed by a musket or pistol shot."

Poor Shaw! When he died at Waterloo, he

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had a challenge standing in England to fight any man in the world with his hands.

What was the lesson taught by that heroic Russian sailor, who, commanding only a poor little merchant steamer, captured a colossal Turkish iron-clad after a desperate fight on the Black Sea, in 1877?

This was one of the most glorious feats of war ever recorded; and it illustrated the same unconquerable and hopeful spirit that is often seen even in prize-fights. The story, in this relation, is worth telling. The Turkish iron-clad was of enormous power in guns, armor, and engines; she moved through the sea at the terrible speed of thirty miles an hour. The Russian merchantman, the *Vesta*, was a light iron steamer, carrying three six-inch mortars and one nine-pound rifle cannon. Her utmost speed was about twelve miles an hour. Yet these two ships, so unequal in everything else, were not only equalized, but the weak became the strong when the hearts of the crew were brought to the test of fire. Never was there a nobler showing of what fearful odds courageous men can face and overcome.

At eight o'clock in the morning of a beautiful day in June, the Russian captain saw the immense ram sweeping down on him. He put his little steamer to her full speed; but the ram closed on

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him with frightful rapidity. The officers of the small steamer were Russian artillerymen, for the ship had lately been pressed into the regular service. The guns were in charge of Lieut.-Col. Tchernoff, who pointed them himself. A rattling fire was kept up against the iron-clad; but the Turk came on, as if determined to drive his spur into the side of the steamer. On seeing this, the captain of the *Vesta* veered off, upon which the Turk poured a hideous volley of shrapnel over his decks. One bomb set the steamer on fire near the powder magazine; this was at once extinguished. Another deluged the deck with blood, lacerating the neck and shoulder of one of the two officers at the guns, and mortally wounding the heroic Tchernoff, who had time only to turn to the crew with these words: "Farewell! fire from the right-hand stern gun; it is pointed!" and fell dead. There were torpedoes on board the steamer, and, at this time, Lieut. Michael Perelchine asked permission of the captain for himself and another lieutenant to launch the sloop, and attack the enemy with the mines. The captain was about to grant the request, when he saw that the sea was too boisterous for the success of so perilous an adventure. The brave lieutenant turned from him disappointed, and at that moment was struck by a bomb, which tore away his

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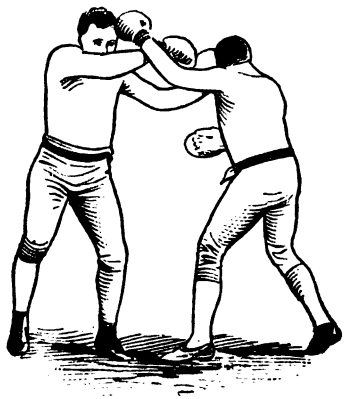
leg to the hip. "In this condition," writes Capt. Baronoff, "he still endeavored to speak to me about the use to be made of the steam sloops." Still the fight went on. The lieutenant who was pointing the guns of the steamer received seventeen wounds in a few minutes. Every man and boy in the ship stared grim death in the face, and never dreamt of giving in. But it must soon



STRAIGHT COUNTER.
(Instantaneous Photograph.)

end: the heavy projectiles of the iron-clad were literally knocking the steamer to pieces; but just at this moment the artillery officer got a good sight, burst in the porthole of the enemy's largest gun, and lodged a bomb in her chimney. Another

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bomb must have set fire to the iron-clad, for a dense smoke arose. "A terrible confusion ensued on his deck; he drew out of the fight," turned tail, and steamed off at a tremendous rate. The Russian captain, with his little steamer shattered and torn, his officers dead or wounded, and his deck streaming with the blood of his brave crew, tried to keep up chase; but his rudder had been injured in the fight and soon became useless.

The lesson of this battle is that there is hardly any emergency in which a commander should yield without a fight. If this brave captain had stopped to calculate chances, he would have struck his flag without firing a gun. His calculations would have been a mistake, as such calculations almost always are. He might count the guns of his enemy, and estimate the speed of the ram, and the number of the crew, and still leave out the principal consideration, — the pluck of the hearts. Guns will not fire straight without steady aim, and strong bulwarks may be a shield for cowardly hearts.

Readiness to fight doubles the strength. All contests are worth watching for the sight of these golden lines.

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XIV.

CHARACTERISTICS OF GREAT BOXERS.

THERE never was, in the whole history of the art, a more remarkable or interesting boxer than Sullivan. Many people believe that his masterful quality lies in his vast physical strength. Nothing could be farther from the truth. There are thousands of men in America physically much stronger, — men who could lift a heavier weight, pull a heavier load, and keep up the strain longer than he.

The superiority of Sullivan lies in his extraordinary nervous force, and his altogether incomparable skill as a boxer. His recent failure to defeat a man with bare hands, in three hours, whom he had formerly overcome with ease in fifteen minutes with large gloves, means only that the conditions were unfair. Sullivan does not pretend to be a runner; and this fight was more a race than a bout.

The qualities of both Sullivan and Mitchell are thoroughly known. There is really no doubt in people's minds about their relative abilities. Mitchell is admittedly a most skilful boxer. But were the element of gambling ruled out, there

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never would have been a question raised as to the enormous superiority of Sullivan.

There are many better boxers than Mitchell in America, if not in England; but there is not one who dare challenge Sullivan. They know that this running fight in France has proved nothing against him.

In what does his extraordinary skill consist? In hitting as straight and almost as rapidly as light; in the variety and readiness of his blows; in standing firmly on his feet and driving his whole weight and nervous force at the end of his fist, — a very rare and a very high quality in a boxer; in movements as quick and purposeful as the leap of a lion. He can "duck" lower than any feather-weight boxer in America; he can strike more heavy blows in ten seconds than any other man in a minute, and he watches his opponent with a self-possession and calculation that do not flurry with excitement, but only flame into a ravening intensity to beat him down, to spring on him from a new direction, and strike him a new blow every tenth of a second, to rush, hammer, contemn, overmaster, overwhelm, and appall him.

Look at "The Boxer" as he leaps on the stage and stands gazing at his opponent, waiting for the referee to call "time." That is the quivering moment seized by the great sculptor whose statue,

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recently completed in Boston, is pictured in the frontispiece of this book.

Look at the statue; that is Sullivan, life, body, and spirit. See the tremendous chest, filled with capacious lungs and a mighty heart, capable of pumping blood everywhere at once. See the marvellous trunk and the herculean arms, not twisted and hardened into foolish lumps of dry muscle, but soft and lissome as the leg of a tiger. See the ponderous fist and the massive wrist; and the legs and feet — ah! there you see the limbs of a perfect boxer — light as a dancer, firm as a tower. And then, look up to the buttressed, Samson neck, springing beautifully from the great shoulders; look at the head — large, round as a Greek's, broad-browed, wide-chinned, with a deep dimple, showing the good-nature, and a mouth and lips that ought be cut in granite, so full are they of doomful power and purpose.

And what an attitude! The advanced left foot hardly pressing the ground, the bones and muscles of the right leg straight and strong as a pillar. A position of repose, but the repose of the coiled steel spring. See the will and watchfulness of the pushed lower lip and level eye, and the slight forward inclination of the head. Above all, watch the arms, that appear to hang loosely at first sight. There is not a loose cord in them;

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they don't hang, they are carefully held a little out from the sides; and mark the slight, but vastly significant, rounding of the wrist — outward, not inward — the legible and pregnant mark of "The Boxer."

This expressive holding the clenched hand, with the wrist rounded outward, has not been produced in art before, certainly not by any modern artist. But it is the very sign and symbolization of the modern boxer. It is, in a special way, the imprint of Sullivan. It tells the genius of the sculptor and the instinct of the athlete. In that premonitory wrist and fist we see the very natal spring of the round blow. He has but to throw up his elbow slightly, and hand, arm, shoulder, and right leg are ready, and the champion's round blow flies like a thunderbolt.

There is no need to say that this is a wonderful statue — a work of art that will become famous everywhere, that will attract as much attention next year in the Paris Salon as this year when exhibited in Boston. It tells its own greatness to every beholder. Subject and artist came at the right moment; and America is enriched with a work of art that would have won a crown in Periclesian Athens.

Sullivan enters on a fight unlike all other men. From the first movement his action is ultimate.

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Other boxers begin by sparring; he begins by fighting — and he never ceases to fight. He is as distinct from other boxers as a bull dog is from a spaniel. He is a fighting man. Every other American boxer, and from report, every English boxer, is of the sparring kind. Kilrain is a superb pugilist — strong, skilful, good-tempered, and a hard hitter. He is the *safest* boxer living, and next to Sullivan easily the best pugilist in the world. But Kilrain is not a natural fighter — he is too gentle. He waits to see what his opponent is going to do. It takes five or six rounds to get his heart at full beat and his nervous reservoir opened.

But from the first instant of the fight, Sullivan is as fierce, relentless, tireless as a cataract. The fight is wholly to go in *his* way — not at all in the other man's. His opponent wants to spar; he leaps on him with a straight blow. He wants to breathe; he dashes him into the corner with a drive in the stomach. He does not waste ten seconds of the three minutes of each round.

And look at the odds he offers — and offers to all the world! They are not ten to one, nor twenty to one, but nearer to one hundred to one. Observe, he will not only defeat all-comers, but he will defeat them in four rounds — in twelve minutes! And this is not all — he will defeat them with his hands muffled in large gloves.

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Consider the odds here: he throws away for himself all the chances of a long fight, and he offers to his opponents all the chances of enduring even his opposition for a short one. Mace defeated King only after forty-three rounds, and Brettle after forty rounds. Heenan fought Sayers thirty-seven rounds, to what the Englishmen called a draw. Sayers beat Paddock in twenty-one rounds. He fought Aaron Jones sixty-two rounds to a draw, and only defeated him after eighty-five rounds more; while the fight of Sayers with Poulson consumed three hours and eight minutes, in which one hundred and nine rounds were fought.*

* Longest bare-knuckled battle on record — six hours, fifteen minutes, James Kelly and Jonathan Smith, near Melbourne, Australia, November, 1855.

Longest bare-knuckle battle in England — six hours, three minutes, Mike Madden and Bill Hayes, Edenbridge. July 17, 1849.

Longest bare-knuckle battle in America — four hours, twenty minutes, J. Fitzpatrick and James O'Neil, Berwick, Maine, Dec. 4, 1860.

Longest glove fight — five hours, three minutes, forty-five seconds; seventy-six rounds, Wm. Sheriff and J. Welch, Philadelphia, Penn., April 10, 1884.

Largest stake fought for in America — $10,000, Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, Rock Point, Md., Feb. 7, 1849.

Largest stake fought for in England — £2,000, Tom King and John C. Heenan, Wadhurst, England, Dec. 10, 1863.

First ring fight in America — Jacob Hyer and Thomas Beasley, in 1816.

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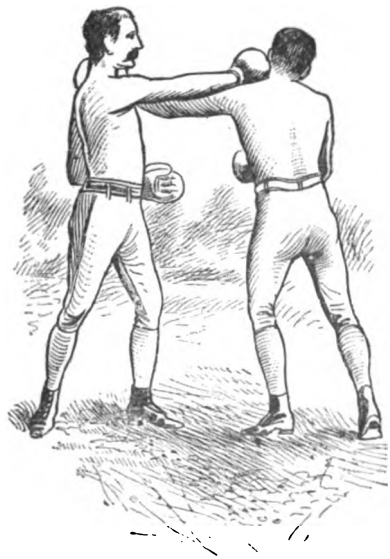
If Sayers could not knock out Poulson in one hundred and eight rounds, with bare hands, what effect would he have had on him in four rounds with large soft-gloves?



CROSS-COUNTER.

As Sayers, with bare hands, was to Poulson (an inferior man) in one hundred and nine rounds, so is Sullivan, with large gloves, to the best man in the world in four rounds. That is the sum in proportion.

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To show the progress in boxing between Broughton's day and ours, the reader is referred to the Appendix for the best code of rules to govern glove contests that has ever been drawn up. They are the product of a Boston man, Mr. David Blanchard.

XV.

BOXING COMPARED WITH OTHER EXERCISES.

PRIZE-FIGHTING is not the aim of boxing. This noble exercise ought not to be judged by the dishonesty or the low lives of too many of its professional followers. Let it stand alone, an athletic practice, on the same footing as boating or foot-ball.

Putting prize-fighting altogether aside as one of the unavoidable evils attending on this manly exercise, the inestimable value of boxing as a training, discipline, and development of boys and young men remains.

All other athletic exercises, with one exception, are limited or partial in their physical development. That exception is swimming. Swimming takes the whole muscular system into play, uniformly and powerfully. Lungs, heart, trunk, and

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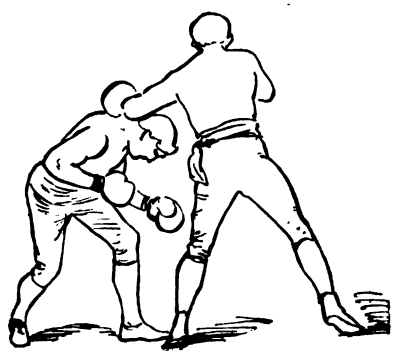
limbs, all but the eyes, have to do their full share of the work.

Boxing leaves out nothing; it exercises the whole man at once and equally — the trunk, the limbs, the eyes — and the mind.

Swimming is, more than any other physical exercise, a reversal to the primitive. The swimmer has no thoughts — only perceptions. He sees, in a vague way, the trees on the shore, the clouds, the ripple on the wave within thirty



"DUCKING" A LEAD WITH THE LEFT.
(Instantaneous Photograph.)

inches of his lips, and he feels the embracing water in a manner that diffuses thought or sensitiveness all over his body, taking it away from the brain. No swimmer thinks — he merely takes care. He is in a condition of animalism. The

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intellectuality of the swimmer is relaxed, or partly suspended.

But the boxer, in action, has not a loose muscle or a sleepy brain cell. His mind is quicker and more watchful than a chess-player's. He has to gather his impulses and hurl them, straight and purposeful, with every moment and motion. It is not the big, evenly-disposed opposition of nature he has to overcome, like the swimmer or the runner, but the keen and precise cunning of an excited brain, that is watching him with eyes as bright as a hawk's.

There is no emulation or controversy so hot, so vital, so deliciously interesting, as the boxer's. The ecstacy of the single-stick is rude and brief; the wrestler's tug is comparatively slow and laborious; even the lunge of the foil is cold, slight, and vague, beside the life-touching kiss of the hot glove on neck, arm, or shoulder.

The nearer you come to nature, when you are not fighting nature, the deeper the enjoyment, whether of living, loving, exercising, playing, or fighting.

The elements of character which boxing, better than all other exercises, develops, are fairness of personal judgment and an acceptance of give-and-take.

The boxer must take as well as give. It is

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only the bully and the coward who want to *give* all the time, and escape *taking;* and if boxing were taught in every American school, as it ought to be, there would be fewer bullies and cowards sent out unpunished and uncorrected.

A few years ago, in New England, a young man who was fond of rowing or riding, or any other vigorous sport, was considered to be on the high road to ruin. It was not respectable even to whistle; and the cheerful whistler is a lost artist in New England.

This is changed completely. In the greatest school in America, Harvard, there is probably the most perfect gymnasium in the world; and the annual games at all the universities and higher schools of America, where the mothers and sisters of the best-bred boys in the country are present in thousands, are not unworthy modern representations of the national games of Greece.

Gymnasiums are growing common in New England in connection with schools—their proper relation. It is beginning to be realized that, under our confined and artificial city life, the bodies of boys and girls need as much and as careful training and cultivation as their minds. "A sound mind in a sound body" promises to become an American, as it was a Roman, proverb. To cultivate the mind at the expense of the body

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is to put a premium on immorality, rascality, and craziness.

There never was a race so fond of athletics as the American is going to be — as it is already — at least, not since the Olympiads. The best of the English field-sports are confined to the aristocracy. There never was a race with so many and so various athletes as the American. Our games are not "sacred" like the Greeks', nor are they national, or periodical, or belonging to a class — except our fox-hunting in scarlet and top-boots. We do not concentrate our athletic efforts into four days every four or five years like the Greeks. Our Olympiads begin every May and last till November, and take in every boy and man who has warm blood in his veins.

The Greeks had runners, wrestlers, boxers, charioteers, quoit-throwers, bull-tamers; the Romans had boxers, wrestlers, and swordsmen. We have more than all these. Base-ball alone in America makes more athletes yearly than the whole curriculum of Elis. The youths who "break the records" for running, leaping, rowing, and foot-ball in American colleges would take all the laurel and parsley crowns at Isthmia and Corinth. For every Greek chariot driver we have a thousand American yachtsmen. Greece and Rome will be nowhere in athletics in compari-

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son with New England alone, twenty-five years hence, if the wave of popular interest in field and water and gymnasium sports, which is now rapidly rising, is allowed to proceed unchecked.

It is no longer regarded as deplorable for a youth to aspire to be an athlete. The whole country hangs in suspense over a college race or foot-ball game. Above all, we are in a fair way to rescue boxing from the boxers, and to restore to its proper place in the training of youth the exercise that leads all others in fitting them to be fair-minded, confident, courageous, peaceful and patriotic citizens.

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APPENDIX.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE illustrations used in this article are made from instantaneous photographs of two famous boxers. This is the first time the instantaneous photograph has been used to record the movements of boxers in excited action; and the result, it will be admitted, is interesting and satisfactory.

Mr. John Donoghue, the sculptor of the great statue of "The Boxer," for which Sullivan stood as his model all through the past Summer, has kindly allowed me to use, for the first time, the beautiful plate in the frontispiece.

Among the illustrations are four or five from excellent drawings, made for "Outing," from two of the best boxers in America, which have been copied by the kind permission of the editor of "Outing." These plates are "A Good Position of Guard," "Set-To," "A Cross-Counter," "An Old-Fashioned Upper-Cut," and "A Cross-Buttock," the latter a wonderfully good picture.

The process of taking the instantaneous photographs of the boxers for this article was very interesting. The lessons the pictures give, even to professional boxers, will not be thrown away. For instance, take the illustration, "Cross-Countered," (page 61), where the man leading has raised his right foot in the air: it is obvious that such a blow could have little strength, and that the cross-blow of his opponent, whose right toe is firmly grounded, must stagger him, at least. The careful boxer whose leg is raised would never believe that this was his position; but the camera cannot lie.

And what a perfect illustration is the first plate, — "Ducking the Round Blow," (page 10), which never could be secured except by the instantaneous process. Except in the sudden bend of an

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excited moment, a man could not assume such a singular, and yet graceful and powerful position. A less cool or skilful boxer than this (he is the light-weight champion of England) would lose his power of recovery in making such an escape as this; but observe, hands, feet, and body are so held that, as soon as the sweeping fist has passed overhead, he can straighten himself where he stands, and get in a powerful right-hander.

Another illustration of extraordinary vigor is "The Upper-Cut, as Sullivan Strikes It" (page 62). Here the camera has captured an upper-cut at its very birth. There is no short-armed fibbing about this blow. It springs, not from the elbow, but from the feet; and, if it reaches its object in earnest, it is frequently the end of a fight.

RULES OF THE RING.

There have been, in England, three notable codes, or "Rules of the Ring," for the ordering of pugilistic contests. The first were known as "Broughton's Rules" (they are given in full at page 45). They governed all prize-fights in England for nearly a century, till the adoption of the code known commonly as "The London Prize-Ring Rules."

The later and better English rules are those known as "The Marquis of Queensberry Rules," which provide for regular rounds of three minutes instead of the former system of ending a round when one of the contestants came to the ground. The "London Ring Rules" are still followed in England; but never, it may be depended on, when the contest is intended to be fair and above-board. They seem to have been framed to enable the worst man to win, by permitting all kinds of cowardly tricks and evasions. Whenever his manlier opponent is in danger of getting an advantage, the schemer can clinch, and immediately slip to the ground.

By the "Queensberry Rules," each round lasts three full minutes, with a minute between for rest. If a man is knocked down during the round, he is allowed ten seconds to get up, unassisted, and return to the contest. Should he be unable to

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rise when "time" is called at the end of the ten seconds, he has lost the fight.

But the best "rules of the ring" ever devised are those lately drawn up by Mr. David R. Blanchard, of Boston, called "The American Fair-Play Rules." So far as can be seen, they cover every point, and provide for a fair and manly pugilistic contest, without brutality. Every future American boxing contest ought to be controlled by these "American Rules."

All other rules have failed to stop the vile clinching which often makes a boxing contest a mere wrestling match, during which the referee has nothing to do but shout, "Break!" But here it is provided that the boxers themselves shall stop the clinching, not the referee. Rule 5 says: "If a contestant should resort to clinching, his opponent may continue hitting as long as he does not clinch himself."

This settles the clincher, who stops his own fighting, but allows his opponent to go on in-fighting. If referees will observe this rule, and decline to cry "break" when the clinch is not mutual, there will soon be an end of clinchers and clinching.

Mr. Blanchard deserves much credit for the careful attention he has bestowed on this excellent code of rules, which at once bars out cruelty, brutality, and cowardice (his ring is only twenty feet square; large enough for a fight, but not for a race-course), and ensures as fair a glove contest as possible.

LONDON PRIZE-RING RULES, AS REVISED BY THE BRITISH PUGILISTIC ASSOCIATION.

It having been found that many of the Rules of the Ring are insufficient to provide for the various contingencies which continually arise in prize battles, an entire revision has been determined on, and a committee of gentlemen, members of the Pugilistic Association, undertook the task. When the revision was complete, the laws were submitted to a general meeting of the members of the Prize Ring (being members of the Association), and unanimously agreed to:—

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1. That the ring shall be made on turf, and shall be four-and-twenty feet square, formed of eight stakes and ropes, the latter extending in double lines, the uppermost line being four feet from the ground, and the lower two feet from the ground. That in the centre of the ring a mark be formed, to be termed "the scratch"; and that at two opposite corners, as may be selected, spaces be enclosed by other marks sufficiently large for the reception of the seconds and bottle-holders, to be entitled "the corners."

2. That each man shall be attended to the ring by a second and a bottle-holder, the former provided with a sponge, and the latter with a bottle of water. That the combatants, on shaking hands, shall retire until the seconds of each have tossed for choice of position, which adjusted, the winner shall choose his corner according to the state of the wind or sun, and conduct his man thereto; the loser taking the opposite corner.

3. That each man shall be provided with a handkerchief of a color suitable to his own fancy, and that the seconds proceed to entwine these handkerchiefs at the upper end of one of the centre stakes. That these handkerchiefs shall be called the "colors"; and that the winner of the battle at its conclusion shall be entitled to their possession as the trophy of victory.

4. That two umpires shall be chosen by the seconds or backers to watch the progress of the battle, and take exception to any breach of the rules hereafter stated. That a referee shall be chosen by the umpires, unless otherwise agreed on, to whom all disputes shall be referred; and that the decision of this referee, whatever it may be, shall be final and strictly binding on all parties, whether as to the matter in dispute or the issue of the battle. That the umpires shall be provided with a watch for the purpose of calling time; and that they mutually agree upon whom this duty shall devolve, the call of that umpire only to be attended to, and no other person whatever to interfere in calling time. That the referee shall withhold all opinion till appealed to by the umpires, and that the umpires strictly abide by his decision without dispute.

5. That on the men being stripped, it shall be the duty of

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the seconds to examine their drawers, and if any objection arise as to insertion of improper substances therein, they shall appeal to their umpires, who, with the concurrence of the referee, shall direct what alterations shall be made.

6. That in future no spikes be used in fighting boots except those authorized by the Pugilistic Association, which shall not exceed three-eighths of an inch from the sole of the boot, and shall not be less than one-eighth of an inch broad at the point; and it shall be in the power of the referee to alter, or file in any way he pleases, spikes which shall not accord with the above dimensions, even to filing them away altogether.

7. That both men being ready, each man shall be conducted to that side of the scratch next his corner previously chosen; and the seconds on the one side, and the men on the other, having shaken hands, the former shall immediately return to their corners, and there remain within the prescribed marks till the round be finished, on no pretence whatever approaching their principals during the round, under a penalty of five shillings for each offence, at the option of the referee. The penalty, which will be strictly enforced, to go to the funds of the Association. The principal to be responsible for every fine inflicted on his second.

8. That at the conclusion of the round, when one or both of the men shall be down, the seconds and bottle-holders shall step forward, and carry or conduct their principal to his corner, there affording him the necessary assistance, and that no person whatever be permitted to interfere in this duty.

9. That on the expiration of thirty seconds, the umpire appointed shall cry "Time," upon which each man shall rise from the knee of his bottle-holder, and walk to his own side of the scratch unaided; the seconds and bottle-holders remaining at their corner; and that either man failing so to be at the scratch within eight seconds, shall be deemed to have lost the battle. This rule to be strictly adhered to.

10. That on no consideration whatever shall any person be permitted to enter the ring during the battle, nor till it shall have been concluded; and that in the event of such unfair

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practice, or the ropes or stakes being disturbed or removed, it shall be in the power of the referee to award the victory to that man who, in his honest opinion, shall have the best of the contest.

11. That the seconds and bottle-holders shall not interfere, advise, or direct the adversary of their principal, and shall refrain from all offensive and irritating expressions, in all respects conducting themselves with order and decorum, and confine themselves to the diligent and careful discharge of their duties to their principals.

12. That in picking up their men, should the seconds or bottle-holders wilfully injure the antagonist of their principal, the latter shall be deemed to have forfeited the battle on the decision of the referee.

13. That it shall be a fair "stand-up fight," and if either man shall wilfully throw himself down without receiving a blow, *whether blows shall have previously been exchanged or not*, he shall be deemed to have lost the battle; but that this rule shall not apply to a man who in a close slips down from the grasp of his opponent to avoid punishment, or from obvious accident or weakness.

14. That butting with the head shall be deemed foul, and the party resorting to this practice shall be deemed to have lost the battle.

15. That a blow struck when a man is thrown or down, shall be deemed foul. That a man with one knee and one hand on the ground, or with both knees on the ground, shall be deemed down; and a blow given in either of those positions shall be considered foul, providing always that, when in such position, the man so down shall not himself strike or attempt to strike.

16. That a blow struck below the waistband shall be deemed foul, and that in a close seizing an antagonist below the waist, by the thigh, or otherwise, shall be deemed foul.

17. That all attempts to inflict injury by gouging, or tearing the flesh with the fingers or nails, and biting, shall be deemed foul.

18. That kicking or deliberately falling on an antagonist with the knees or otherwise when down, shall be deemed foul.

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19. That all bets shall be paid as the battle-money, after a fight, is awarded.

20. That no person, under any pretence whatever, shall be permitted to approach nearer the ring than ten feet, with the exception of the umpires and referee, and the persons appointed to take charge of the water or other refreshment for the combatants, who shall take their seats close to the corners selected by the seconds.

21. That due notice shall be given by the stakeholder of the day and place where the battle-money is to be given up, and that he be exonerated from all responsibility upon obeying the direction of the referee; that all parties be strictly bound by these rules; and that in future all articles of agreement for a contest be entered into with a strict and willing adherence to the letter and spirit of these rules.

22. That in the event of magisterial or other interference, or in case of darkness coming on, the referee shall have the power to name the time and place for the next meeting, if possible on the same day, or as soon after as may be.

23. That, should the fight not be decided on the day, all bets shall be drawn, unless the fight shall be resumed the same week, between Sunday and Sunday; in which case the bets shall stand and be decided by the event. The battle-money shall remain in the hands of the stakeholder until fairly won or lost by a fight, unless a draw be mutually agreed upon.

24. That any pugilist voluntarily quitting the ring previous to the deliberate judgment of the referee being obtained, shall be deemed to have lost the fight.

25. That on an objection being made by the seconds or umpire, the men shall retire to their corners, and there remain until the decision of the appointed authorities shall be obtained; that if pronounced "foul," the battle shall be at an end; but if "fair," "time" shall be called by the party appointed, and the man absent from the scratch in eight seconds after shall be deemed to have lost the fight. The decision in all cases to be given promptly and irrevocably, for which purpose the umpires and the referee should be invariably close together.

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26. That if in a rally at the ropes a man steps outside the ring to avoid his antagonist, or to escape punishment, he shall forfeit the battle.

27. That the use of hard substances, such as stone, or stick, or of resin, in the hand during the battle shall be deemed foul, and that on the requisition of the seconds of either man, the accused shall open his hands for the examination of the referee.

28. That hugging on the ropes shall be deemed foul. That a man held by the neck against the stakes, or upon or against the ropes, shall be considered down, and all interference with him in that position shall be foul. That if a man in any way makes use of the ropes or stakes to aid him in squeezing his adversary, he shall be deemed the loser of the battle; and that if a man in a close reaches the ground with his knees, his adversary shall immediately loose him or lose the battle.

29. That all stage fights be as nearly as possible in conformity with the foregoing rules.

MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY RULES GOVERNING CONTESTS FOR ENDURANCE.

1. To be a fair stand-up boxing match, in a twenty-four foot ring, or as near that size as practicable.

2. No wrestling or hugging allowed.

3. The rounds to be of three minutes' duration, and one minute time between rounds.

4. If either man fall, through weakness or otherwise, he must get up unassisted; ten seconds to be allowed him to do so, the other man meanwhile to return to his corner, and when the fallen man is on his legs the round is to be resumed and continued until the three minutes have expired. If one man fails to come to the scratch in the ten seconds allowed, it shall be in the power of the referee to give his award in favor of the other man.

5. A man hanging on the ropes in a helpless state, with his toes off the ground, shall be considered down.

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6. No seconds or any other person to be allowed in the ring during the rounds.

7. Should the contest be stopped by any unavoidable interference, the referee to name time and place, as soon as possible, for finishing the contest; so that the match must be won and lost, unless the backers of both men agree to draw the stakes.

8. The gloves to be fair-sized boxing gloves of the best quality, and new.

9. Should a glove burst, or come off, it must be replaced to the referee's satisfaction.

10. A man on one knee is considered down, and if struck is entitled to the stakes.

11. No shoes or boots with sprigs allowed.

12. The contest in all other respects to be governed by the the revised rules of the London Prize-ring.

AMERICAN FAIR-PLAY RULES TO GOVERN GLOVE CONTESTS.

1. An honest and competent referee must be chosen, who should be familiar with the rules. His orders must be promptly obeyed, and his decisions in all cases shall be final.

2. A responsible time-keeper must be appointed, who shall take his position near the ropes, and should be provided with a proper time watch. The referee, also, may have the privilege of keeping time, for his own satisfaction, particularly in reference to the twelve seconds after a fall.

3. All contests should take place in a roped square enclosure, twenty foot square, or as near that as possible, with eight posts, which should be padded on the inside. Three ropes, of one inch diameter, should be used, the top one to be four feet from the floor, or ground, and the others at equal distance below it, or sixteen inches apart. There should be a circle, three feet in diameter, drawn in the middle of the enclosure, to be known as the centre, where contestants shall meet for the beginning of each round.

4. Each principal may have two attendants, only one of whom shall be allowed within the enclosure. While the con-

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test is in progress the attendants must take positions outside the ring, and neither advise nor speak to either of the principals, except while they are resting. A violation of this rule may be punished by the referee excluding the offender from serving as an attendant. Either attendant may quietly call the attention of the referee to any violation of the rules. While resting, principals may use a light chair in their corners; but it must be placed outside by the attendants while the contest is in progress.

5. No wrestling, clinching, hugging, butting, or anything done to injure an opponent, except by fair and manly boxing, shall be allowed. *If a contestant should resort to clinching, his opponent may continue hitting, as long as he does not clinch, himself.* A contestant shall not go to the floor to avoid his opponent, or to obtain rest, nor shall he strike his opponent when down, or on one or both knees, nor be allowed to strike below the belt or waist. No ill feeling should exist between contestants, and the custom of shaking hands, before and after the contests, should never be omitted.

6. A round shall be of three (3) minutes' duration, with one minute, between rounds, for rest; and the time occupied in verbal contention or discussion shall be noted by the time-keeper, and it shall not be included as part of a round. In all matches, the number of rounds and weight of gloves should be mutually agreed upon. It is suggested that the gloves should not weigh less than three ounces each.

7. If a glove shall burst or come off, it must be replaced immediately, to the satisfaction of the referee. No tampering with the gloves, by forcing the hair from the knuckles, or otherwise, shall be allowed. The costume should be tights, with stockings and light shoes, and shirt, if desired.

8. If either man is sent to the floor, or accidentally falls, he shall be allowed twelve seconds to rise and walk unassisted to the centre. In the meantime his opponent shall retire to his corner, and remain until the fallen man shall first reach the centre, when time shall be called and the round completed. If, however, the man fails to come to the centre within twelve seconds, the referee shall decide that he has lost the contest.

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9. If a man is forced on to the ropes in such a manner as to be in a position where he is unable to defend himself, it shall be the duty of the referee to order both men to the centre.

10. If either principal becomes so exhausted that it is apparently imprudent to continue, it shall be the duty of the referee to stop the contest, and give his decision in favor of the more deserving man.

11. Spectators should not be allowed within three (3) feet of the enclosure.

12. If at any time during the contest it should become evident that the parties interested, or by-standers, are doing anything to injure or intimidate either principal, or to wilfully interfere in any way to prevent him from fairly winning, the referee shall have the power to declare the principal so interfered with, the winner. Or, if at any time the ring is broken into to prevent the principals from finishing the contest, it shall then also be the duty of the referee to award the contest to the man who, at that time, has, in his opinion, the advantage.

13. If, on the day named for the meeting, anything unavoidable should occur to prevent the contest from taking place, or from being finished, the referee shall name the time and place for the next meeting, which must be within three days from the day of postponement, proper notice of which shall be given to both parties. Either man failing to appear at the time and place appointed by the referee, shall be deemed to have lost the contest.

14. If there is anything said or done to intimidate the referee, while serving, or if the referee has any other good and sufficient reasons why his decision should not be immediately rendered, he shall have the right to reserve his decision, which, however, must be rendered within twenty-four hours after the contest.

15. If the contest should occur in a field, blunt hobbles, not over one-eighth of an inch in thickness or length, shall be used in place of spikes on the soles of the shoes, and must be placed so as to be harmless to an opponent.

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16. In order that exhibitions may be conducted in a quiet and orderly manner, the referee should always request spectators to refrain from loud expressions or demonstrations, and any one guilty of such conduct, while a contest is in progress, should be severely condemned.

SUGGESTION TO REFEREE. — While, in the foregoing rules, broad and unrestricted powers are reposed in the referee, in order that his authority may be unquestioned in preventing intentional violations of the rules and of fair dealing, it is expected that the referees will use the greatest caution and wisest discretion in the exercise of their power, and in distinguishing accidental mistakes, on the part of the contestants or their supporters, from wilful violations of the spirit of these articles.

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THE TRAINING OF ATHLETES TESTED BY EVERY-DAY LIFE.

I.

IS TRAINING INJURIOUS?

THE training of athletes must always be a subject of general interest. If there be an art by which men are made specially strong for some unusual period and purpose, how far can it be applied to the daily lives of average men? Is the training of an athlete a solid building of strength, or is it even consistent with a lasting condition of vigorous health?

These questions must be considered from two very different standpoints, namely, from that of the professional athlete and that of the average person who wants to get into lasting "good condition." Throughout this article, even when treating of special training, the amateur and his modified needs are not forgotten. The information intended for athletes in training for a contest, like their exercise and food, must be

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condensed and particularized; but it will be found to contain matter of common interest, needing only the change suitable to individual circumstances.

It is undoubtedly true that the mass of those who live in cities, and whose occupations involve little manual or physical exercise, allow their bodies, at an early age of manhood, to sink out of all trained and athletic strength and shapeliness. It is only necessary to visit a Turkish bath to find abundant evidence of the muscular collapse which has overtaken the modern city-dweller: bodies "developed" everywhere in the wrong direction; arms like pipe-stems, while the beautiful muscles of the shoulders and back are smothered in layers of vile fat, and spindle-thighs and straight calves weakly support bellies like Bacchus.

When the observer beholds the superb condition of trained oarsmen entering a race, or of boxers going to fight for a championship, he stands in admiration of the firm and massive muscles, the light and elastic step, the strong wind, and the insensibility to blows that would produce concussion of the brain in a common man. Can the rules which produce these results be taken out of the training-school, and followed in common life, even with large modifications?

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The unhesitating answer is — No. The training of an athlete for a contest must continue to be essentially different from the training of a man for his every-day living.

Furthermore, the training of an athlete, with the single view of enabling him to concentrate his entire muscular powers for a struggle lasting from ten minutes to two hours or more, is likely to be injurious when seemingly most successful. The injurious effects, however, may be reduced to a minimum by a careful adherence to physiological rules.

"Training," says a physician, "sacrifices a man to muscle, not less than a prize pig is sacrificed to fat. Muscle and fat being in each case the special object, the success of the art is measured by the amount of the sacrifice. But it is not thus that men and pigs are made healthy."

This is an extreme view, perhaps, particularly in sight of recent improvement in training systems. But all forcing is injurious, and training is a forcing of the muscles. As Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says, it is "burning the vital fire with the blower up." It is like cramming for an examination — an immense amount of information is gathered in a very brief space of time; but too often the mind has been sacrificed to the memory; the over-stimulated brain soon loses its vigor;

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the triumph has been purchased by a life of mediocrity or apathy.

It was noted in ancient Rome that the athletes were short-lived, liable "to rupture of blood-vessels, to apoplexy, and lethargic complaints;" and it has been charged that even the training of our American college athletes, at least in the past, has had an injurious effect on their health.

Still, it must be admitted, in favor of training, that the greatest athletes known in modern times were not short-lived.

From the results of the training adopted at the English universities, it would appear that the constitution is even strengthened, the intellect sharpened, and life lengthened. Dr. John Morgan ("University Oars," 1873), collected statistics of the subsequent health of those who have rowed in the university races since 1829, and he found that, whereas at twenty years of age, according to Farr's life tables, the average expectation of survival is forty years, for these oarsmen it was forty-two years. Moreover, in cases of death, inquiry into its causes exhibited evidence of good constitutions rather than the contrary, the causes consisting largely of fevers and accidents, to which the vigorous and active are more exposed than the sick.

And it was certainly not at the expense of the

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mind, in these cases, that the body was cultivated, for this roll of athletes is adorned with the names of bishops, poets, queen's counsel, etc.

The following table gives the names and ages of twenty-two of the most famous prize-fighters of England, Ireland, and America:

NAME.	BORN.	DIED.	AGE.
John Broughton	1703	1789	85
Tom Johnson	1750	1797	47
Daniel Mendoza	1763	1836	73
John Jackson	1769	1845	76
Jim Belcher	1781	1811	30
Tom Belcher	1783	1854	71
John Gully	1783	1863	80
Tom Cribb	1781	1848	67
Dan Donnelly	1788	1820	32
Tom Spring	1795	1851	56
Bendigo (W. Thompson)	1811	1880	69
Ben Camut	1815	1861	46
Wm. Perry (Tipton Slasher)	1819	1881	61
Nat Laughain	1820	1871	51
Harry Orme	1826	1864	39
Tom Paddock	1824	1863	39
Harry Browne	1826	1865	39
Deaf Burke	1809	1845	36
Tom Sayers	1828	1866	38
"Yankee" Sullivan	1811	1856	45
John Morrissey	1831	1878	47
John C. Heenan	1835	1873	38
		Average Age,	47.

This is not a very bad showing for men whose profession involved numerous severe trainings

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and exhaustive conflicts, and whose lives in the intervals were usually dissipated and full of excitement. But it must be remembered that, to start with, these men were exceptional for health, strength, and probable longevity.

These figures and facts seem to point to a possible training, based on scientific principles, by which the highest possible muscular results may be obtained without injury to health.

II.

THE EVILS OF IMPROPER TRAINING.

THE "system of training" pursued by most of those who train athletes, especially boxers, is, in the main, traditional, arbitrary, and unscientific. The main evils and dangers of the "system" are over-training, reduction of nervous force for the sake of muscular power, disregard of instruction in respiration, subjecting individuals of different needs and appetites to the same rule, and training men who are from the first unfit to be trained.

The end of training is to keep up the top speed or top force for a short or a long period. To do the latter requires the full development of the body, and long, careful, and patient preparation.

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In a long contest, of any kind, a bad man trained will beat a good man untrained. This is a notable fact.

Training implies a struggle of some kind. It ought to be based on the principles of physiology and the special needs of the individual athlete. The usual time allotted to training a man, or a crew, for a contested struggle, is six weeks. The objects to be obtained in this time are:

1. The removal of superfluous fat and water.

2. The increase of contractile power in the muscles.

3. Increased endurance.

4. "Wind," or the power of breathing, and circulating the blood steadily, in spite of exertion.

The first is arrived at mainly by a change of food; the second and third by various muscular exercises; the fourth by steadily keeping up such exercise as can only be sustained when the breathing and circulating organs do their full duty, such as running. Of course, each of these aids reacts on and helps all the others.

Before considering the training that is beneficial, it may be well to glance at the unfortunate effects of the traditional systems of training that are too commonly followed.

Though the training of our athletes grows better year by year (owing principally to the

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higher intelligence applied in the case of college oarsmen and gymnasts), it is a fact that to-day almost every boxer, and many other athletes, trained for a contest, are over-trained and seriously weakened. Quite recently, I saw a man on the day of his contest, whom his trainer spoke of as being "in splendid condition—hard as nails; lost twenty pounds in six weeks." The man was gaunt; there was a look in his eye that was unnatural. His muscular system was wonderful to look on; but it had drained almost his entire nervous vitality. He could bear hammering, and he could strike hard; but the subtle and precious moral and nervous strength that would sustain him in a close fight, enable him to endure, and to leap into renewed opportunity, was drained dry to feed his hard muscles. He was naturally a brave and confident man; but that day, when the struggle tired and tested him, and his muscles were weary with opposition, he had no nervous force to sustain him, and he suffered, dodged, and at last yielded, half-beaten, like a coward. The man had been trained out of humanity into a spiritless and thoughtless animal.

It is notorious that "over-training" leads to a condition of system in which the sufferers describe themselves as "fallen to pieces." The most peculiar symptom is a sudden loss of voluntary

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power after exertion. It is sometimes called "fainting;" but there is no loss of sense, and it is quickly relieved by liquid food. It is no uncommon thing to see a man in the ring or on the track come to a dead stop, though full of muscular power.

This is sometimes caused by loss of "wind" (to be explained hereafter); but much oftener it is the result of the complete overlooking of the nervous strength by a trainer who thinks of no force except that which he can handle and measure.

"The power which is to drive the muscles as the power of steam drives an engine, is produced by the nerves — a fact much overlooked."

The effects of over-training and ignorant training are strikingly shown in the following remarks by a leading English medical journal, "The Lancet," on the condition of John C. Heenan, the American boxer, when he fought King for the championship of England, in December, 1863:

"The immense development of the muscles about the shoulders and chest was very remarkable. They stood out prominently, and as little encumbered with fat as if they had been cleaned with a scalpel. In firmness they resembled cartilage. But, with all this splendid development, it was evident that Heenan had received a shock from which his system was only slowly recovering; though whether this loss of power was due to punishment received in fight, or to the hard training which he had previously undergone, may be a disputed point. As physiologists, it seemed to us highly probable that his training had been too prolonged and too severe. When Heenan went into

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training on Wednesday, the 23d of September — just eleven weeks before the match — his weight was fifteen stone, seven pounds. As he stepped into the ring on the 10th instant, he was exactly fourteen stone. At the same time King weighed thirteen stone, though he was three quarters of an inch taller than Heenan, whose height was six feet one and one half inches. Those who know what severe training means will, perhaps, agree that Heenan was probably in a better condition five weeks before meeting his antagonist, than on the morning of his defeat, although when he stripped for fighting the lookers-on all agreed that he seemed to promise himself an easy victory, while exulting in his fine proportions and splendid muscular development. It is now clearly proven that Heenan went into the contest *with much more muscular than vital power.* Long before he had met with any severe punishment — indeed, as he states at the close of the third round — he felt faint, breathed with much difficulty, and, as he described it, his respiration was "roaring." He declares that he received more severe treatment at the hands of Sayers than he did from King; yet at the termination of the former fight, which lasted upwards of two hours, he was so fresh as to leap over two or three hurdles, and distance many of his friends in the race. It was noticed on the present occasion that his *physique* had deteriorated, and that he looked much older than at his last appearance in the ring. Without offering any opinion as to the merits of the combatants, it is certain that Heenan was in a state of deteriorated health when he faced his opponent; and it is fair to conclude that the deterioration was due, in a great measure, to the severity of the training which he had undergone. As with the mind, so with the body, undue and prolonged exertion must end in depression of power. In the process of physical education of the young, in training of our recruits, or in the sports of the athlete, the case of Heenan suggests a striking commentary of great interest in a physical point of view. While exercise, properly so called, tends to development and health, excessive exertion produces debility and decay."

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III.

MUSCULAR POWER SECONDARY TO RESPIRATORY POWER.

"MUSCULAR power," says a leading English authority on training (Maclaren), "plays quite a secondary part in rowing; respiratory power makes the first claim, and makes it more exactingly than in any other mode of physical exertion in which men can be engaged."

I do not think that rowing makes a greater claim on "the wind" than any other exercise. I am convinced that a heavier demand on the lungs is made by both fast swimming and boxing — undoubtedly by the latter. Probably nine pugilistic contests out of a dozen are decided by superior "wind," and this is true of almost all fast-swimming matches.

In another place in this article reference is made to the need of deep-breathing for the attainment of general health. But it is not deep-breathing alone that the struggling athlete needs. He must, by practice, attain *the art of holding his breath and adding thereto.* Even in deep-breathing the lungs are never emptied of resident air. Fresh air must be stored for a time in the lungs

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before it is allowed to reach the blood. We retain about two hundred and fifty cubic inches of this resident air (which is the tempered reservoir whence the blood derives its oxygen), and gradually renew and change it by breathing. We inspire only some twenty-five to thirty cubic inches of fresh, cold air at each breath. This is a man's normal resting condition; of course, when strong exercise begins the blood demands more fresh air. The novice, or the uninstructed athlete, when exercise begins, commits the grave mistake of breathing out his resident air, to make room for a deeper inspiration. But the cold, fresh air is not allowed by nature to reach the air-cells: if it chances to get down too far it makes us cough; it is too cold, and has too much oxygen. Therefore, a vacuum, or half-filled space, is created; the novice gets "out of breath;" and, if he cannot gradually recover what he has lost, he must come to a stop.

The properly trained man, on the contrary, endeavors to keep all the air he has got, and to add to it, by intruding on the complementary space. When he has regained the small quantity necessarily lost at starting the muscular action, and increased on it, he has got what is called his "second wind," and then he is able to go on while his muscular power holds out.

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Running is the best exercise to increase the breathing and staying power, as the muscles used in propelling the runner's body do not interfere with those of respiration. The runner can hold his breath, with the chest fully extended, for a long time, while the rower, for instance, must fill his lungs at each stroke, — from thirty to forty times a minute. But, with practice, the rower can keep his chest well filled without letting out his resident air; he lets out a small quantity only, and fills this up again, so as to keep the full *complement* of air necessary for the blood without changing a great quantity at each breath.

As the arm increases in girth from using the dumb-bell, the chest of the runner and oarsman accustoms itself to the larger demands made upon it, both for breathing and holding the wind.

It must be remembered that many persons, though muscular and athletic, can never learn to do anything that demands rapid respiration. They can put forth their strength slowly; but they always get "winded" in a rapid and vigorous test. Persons, with this peculiarity, usually try to cure themselves by muscular exertion; but this is wrong. What they need is intelligent and long-continued exercise of various kinds for the breathing organs.

"Indigestion, sleeplessness, nervous indecision,

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palpitation of the heart, and irregularity of the bowels disappear under proper training," says an able physician and athlete; "but if they exist, the regimen should be entered upon with more than usual caution."

IV.

THE FOOD OF ATHLETES IN TRAINING.

"HARD work trains," says an authority (Woodgate), "and diet keeps the frame up to its work." This has been the principle on which training, of beast and man alike, has been carried out since the benefits of "condition" were first appreciated.

Trainers usually begin with excessive emetics and aperients, "to clear the blood." There is no particular harm in this, if they do not make the man or crew work hard till "tone" is recovered. Then comes regular feeding, good in itself, but with the usual order — "the less drinking the better — liquids swell and soften the body." In defiance of the physiological fact that different individuals need different quantities of liquid as well as of solid food, this practice will be applied generally. Of course it brings about a rapid reduction of flesh; but it severely reduces strength, nervous and physical, at the same time.

The true rule for drinking while "in training'

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is — first bar out seductive and injurious drinks, and then drink when you want; but only drink water. The "swelling" and "soft flesh" are rank nonsense.

Trainers exclude most vegetables, as being "watery food," — another flagrant error. The acids of vegetables are necessities for the blood, for digestion; and, besides, their strength as food is very great.

Under all systems of training and rules of diet, it must never be forgotten that "what is one man's food is another man's poison."

The Greeks of old fed their athletes on wheaten bread, fresh cheese, and dried figs; later they advanced to beef and pork; but the bread and meat were taken separately, the former at breakfast, the latter at dinner. Except in wine the quantity of food and drink for Greek athletes was unlimited. The exercises consisted, besides the ordinary gymnastic instruction of the *palæstra*, in carrying heavy loads, lifting weights, bending iron rods, striking at a suspended leather sack filled with sand or flour, taming bulls, etc.

The modern athlete, in training, eats meat at least three times a day. The best systems are those pursued at the great universities of England and America. As an example, I give here the Oxford system of training for the summer boat-race:

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A DAY'S TRAINING AT OXFORD.

Rise about 7 A.M.		
Exercise.....	A short walk or run.....	Not compulsory.
Breakfast at 8.30 P.M.	Of tea.....	As little as possible.
	Meat, beef or mutton.....	Under done.
	Bread or dry toast.	Crust only recommended.
Exercise in forenoon.....	None.....	
Dinner at 2 P.M.	Meat much the same as at breakfast.....	
	Bread.....	Crust only recommended.
	Vegetables, none..	Not always adhered to.
	Beer, one pint	
Exercise.....	About five o'clock start for the river and row twice over the course, the speed increasing with the strength of the crew.....	
Supper at 8.30 or 9 P.M.....	Meat, cold.....	
	Bread, and perhaps a little jelly or water-cresses.....	
	Beer, one pint.....	
Bed at 10 P.M....		

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Dr. T. K. Chambers, a renowned British scientific authority, says of this system:

"It may be considered a typical regimen for fully developing a young man's corporeal powers to fulfil the demands of an extraordinary exertion, a standard which may be modified according to the circumstances for which the training is required."

The Cambridge (England) system differs very slightly from the above; and in neither is any exaggerated severity of discipline enforced, nor any rigid suppression of peculiarities or wish for variety.

The system of training pursued by the Harvard University crews is generally the same as that followed by the English universities. It may, however, be noted that the same degree of perfection has not yet been attained by Harvard, nor is it claimed by the gentlemen who have this care in hand. "The chief difference to be found in favor of Oxford or Cambridge, England," says a Harvard oarsman and athletic authority, "is the permanency of their principles. They do not swing around the compass either at defeat or victory."

The system at Yale, independently of the varying styles of rowing, resembles also that of the English universities. Yale, however, in the matter of training, has the best-organized college system in America.

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The following extremely valuable contribution to the physiological lore of training, undoubtedly one of the ablest treatises ever prepared on the special subject, has been written for this book by a distinguished Boston physician, who has made it a particular study,—Dr. Francis A. Harris, Medical Examiner of Suffolk County, Professor of Surgery in the Boston Dental College, Demonstrator of Medico-Legal Examinations in Harvard University, etc. : —

The question of the alimentation, or feeding of the athlete, is one to be determined by the consideration of several factors in the result to be obtained.

These factors are, in general, first, the development of the body to such a degree, that, with the best muscular condition, there shall also be the nicest possible balance between the various systems, muscular and nervous. The human body is, as it were, a sort of chemical engine; and, however perfect the machine may be made, if the motive power be not kept supplied, the machine is useless.

A second factor is the removal of the superfluous, and the superfluous only. Athletes and their trainers are too apt to carry the reduction of fat to a point below the requirements of proper physical health. Fat, beside other functions, supplies heat to the body; and, for most chemical processes, a certain temperature is requisite; and, in so far as the fuel necessary for sustaining that temperature is taken away, so far are the chemical changes interfered with. This is especially true of the changes in man. Most men are trained too fine. It is a matter of history, that, in the Oxford-Harvard race of 1869, two of the crew, by training till two others who joined them weeks later were in condition, were so far below their own best physical condition as to render the crew, as a whole,

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not fit to do its best work, and caused a defeat, which, perhaps, was unavoidable, greater than it otherwise would have been. I am aware that this statement has been disputed; but, as one present at the time, I am firmly convinced such was the case.

A third factor is the development of what is essential for perfect condition to a degree consistent with a proper working of all parts, — muscular, nervous, respiratory, and digestive.

All this involves the consideration of the following matters: —

1. The kind of food.
2. The quantity of food.
3. The methods of preparation.
4. The variety.
5. The conditions under which the food is used, as to time, relative to exercise and sleep, and the interval between meals.
6. The question of fluids; and
7. Indirectly, the question of alcohol and tobacco.

The determination of the kind of food depends upon broad physiological principles. Each trainer may, and generally does, have a diet-list which he considers the only proper one. Yet each is so far good, and so far bad, as it coincides with, or departs from, the general principles of physiology. The human machine, reduced roughly to its lowest common denominator, is a mass made up of chemical elements; chiefly carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, together with lime, sulphur, phosphorus, and iron.

The oxygen is, of course, chiefly supplied from the air, and, to a less degree, from water. Hence the necessity of good respiratory apparatus, — lungs that shall not only work well, but shall have as great volume as possible. The oxygen is rapidly consumed in the body. The greater the amount of exercise, the greater the waste, or rather expenditure, of material, including oxygen, and the greater the necessity for having large reservoirs from which to draw.

Wind is as essential, perhaps more essential than muscle; for a man in rowing, or running, may have plenty of muscle to go farther, but his exertions have expended more oxygen than

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his lungs can replace, and the machine won't go. The battery is run out. The lungs can be developed, as well as any other portion of the body, by exercising them in their own functions. Deep inspirations while at rest, running, and the use of those muscles (as those of the upper arms and shoulders) whose movements tend to expand the chest, will so enlarge the capacity of the lungs that great amounts of one of the most important chemical foods of the body can be taken into the system.

The other elements are to be found in any ordinary list of articles of diet; and, as a matter of fact, two or three articles may supply them all, — meats; including beef, mutton, veal, lamb, pork, poultry, and game; vegetables, including potatoes, corn, spinach, onions, peas, and beans; fish; bread in its various forms, oatmeal, eggs, milk, and fruit, make a list from which, with the addition of condiments, all necessary supplies obtainable from food may be had. From such a list, however, selections are obviously to be made with advantage.

Not alone is the food itself to be taken into the stomach; but, to accomplish its desired end with the least difficulty to the organism, the food must be of such kind as to be most easily and readily digested and assimilated.

For that reason, of the meats; beef, mutton, lamb, and game are to be preferred, as well as the dark, rather than light, meat of fowls.

Fish of the white-meated variety.

Oysters raw, not cooked.

Potatoes and oatmeal suffice for starch.

Bread well cooked, and not of the finer grades of flour.

Milk is to be regarded as a solid food, and not a beverage. It is very rich in nutriment, and is very readily digested and assimilated.

The quantity of food is, in a measure, to be proportioned to the amount of work done as well as to the individual according to size. As to the amount to be taken, experience has shown, that, for a hard-working man, thirty to forty ounces a day are sufficient. But quantity depends on one other thing. That food may be properly digested, a certain amount of distension

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of the stomach is necessary; that is, for example, if all the food necessary for twenty-four hours could be condensed into three boluses, or pills, these pills would not nourish the body like the same food taken in the ordinary form. From this, it is easy to see that fish is a desirable article of food, as it satisfies the cravings of appetite; and, though taken in considerable quantity, is so deficient in nutritive matter, as compared with meat, that it does not largely tend to replace the fat used up in the body. It is true that a person, by change of diet from one containing much starch (that is, articles like potatoes, bread, oatmeal, etc.) to one of meat chiefly, loses his fat. This loss, however, is due to the natural consumption of the fat in consequence of exercise, and the fact that it is not replaced by the food taken. From the starchy foods come the sugar, and on the sugar is largely dependent the formation of fat.

But, even at risk of repetition, I cannot too strongly urge the use of good judgment in this matter of reduction of fat. Fat is useful, it is essential, and it is too common a practice to endeavor to get rid of it all. Yet, in so far as it is reduced beyond its proper ratio to the rest of the body, just so far does the body fall short of the perfect machine sought to be developed. As it is, however, at the start, generally in excess, the diet, in the matter of fat-producing foods, should be restricted. Not over one pound of bread or potatoes, out of a whole diet of forty ounces, should be eaten.

The method of cooking has much to do with the nutritive qualities of a given food after it is eaten. Meats should be roasted or broiled, rather than baked or fried or boiled. In this way their juices are best retained. Starchy foods and fish should be thoroughly cooked, while meats should be a little underdone.

The list of foods mentioned above should furnish sufficient variety; indeed, a very small portion of the list would furnish all the essentials; but variety itself is an essential. The long-continued use of a single article inspires disgust, and, in consequence, a smaller amount of food is taken, and even that amount less readily digested, as the fluids necessary to that

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process are not poured out as freely as for those things which are appetizing. It is not necessary that the mouth should "water," but it must not be dry.

The conditions under which food is taken are of great importance. It should not be taken, in any considerable quantity, either directly before or directly after sleep. It should not be taken either immediately before or after severe exercise. The nervous system, after the complete rest of sleep, must have a little time to get in working order, to acquire momentum, as it were, before it furnishes the motive-power for digestion; and, on the other hand, if called on to do it at a time when sleep is required, it is apt to work imperfectly or not at all, and so both digestion and sleep are interfered with. The same principles apply to exercise. When the body is exhausted by violent or long-continued work, it is not in condition to perform the function of digestion; nor, if called from the performance of this function to perform severe muscular exercise, can it do so without, as it were, neglecting the work imperative to be done in digestion.

In such a case the food passes undigested into the bowels; it acts as an irritant, and bowel troubles ensue as a consequence of nature's attempt to get rid of what is really foreign matter.

Without laying down a rule to be absolutely followed in all cases, it is safe to say that some such plan as this should be followed:

Rise at six; bathe; take about two ounces (a small cup) of coffee, with milk, — this is really a stimulating soup. Then light exercise, chiefly devoted to lungs; a little rest; the breakfast of meat, bread, or oatmeal, vegetables, with no coffee; an hour's rest. Then the heaviest exercise of the day. This is contrary to rule; but I believe the heaviest exercise should be taken before the heaviest meal; a rest before dinner. This meal, if breakfast be taken at seven, or eight, should be at one, or two, not leaving a longer interval than five hours between the meals. At dinner, again meat, vegetables, bread, perhaps a half-pint of malt liquor, no sweets. Then a longer rest; exercise till five. Supper light, — bread, milk, perhaps

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with an egg. Half an hour later a cup of tea, and bed at nine.

This is, of course, but a rough outline; but indicates the general plan.

In the rest after dinner there must be no sleep. While breakfast and dinner should be the important meals, the dinner should be the heavier, and should be in the middle of the day.

The amount of fluid taken should be only moderate, especially when it is a question of reducing fat. By rendering the solution of food in the stomach more dilute it promotes the rapidity of absorption, and, in fact, increases the actual amount of nutriment absorbed. Yet, water is, probably, the most important article taken into the stomach of man. A person can endure hunger much longer than thirst; and the demand for water will make itself felt more quickly and more imperatively than the demand for food. It is my belief, that, as a rule, in training, too little water is allowed. Three quarts, rather than three pints a day. There are good reasons for this. Many of the refuse particles, left after the chemistry of the body, are carried out by the kidneys. If there is not supply of water enough to hold these matters in solution, the effect of too concentrated secretion from those organs will make itself felt in serious disturbance, if not in actual disease; and, when it is remembered how much of the water is carried off by the lungs and skin,—in breathing and in perspiration,—an additional reason for caution in undue deprivation of water, is manifest.

Of course, if milk or beer is used, that, to a certain extent, will diminish the necessity for water.

It should be stated here, however, that milk, if used in the diet, is to be regarded rather as a solid food, than as a beverage, —a pint of good milk being nearly the equivalent in nutritive properties to a pound of steak. One reason that milk is said to be hard of digestion by certain people is, that after a hearty meal they drink milk for a beverage, putting, as it were, one steak on top of another; and wondering why the stomach will not manage it all. Another reason why there

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should not be too great a deprivation of water is, that this loss is so keenly felt as to almost cause suffering, — certainly irritation, — and so disturbs the tranquillity and perfect working of the nervous system as to destroy that balance which is so necessary.

On this point, a word about sleep. The brain must have its exercise and its rest as well as the muscles. It must be nourished. Foods containing phosphorus (as fish) should be used. During the intervals between muscular exercise it should be kept moderately employed, and not too much stimulated. Reading, chat, discussions not too exciting, and games not calculated to arouse too great an excitement (that is, chess — not poker). The man should have plenty of sleep. While some men can go without much sleep, the average man, and especially the man in training, should have eight hours.

In the nervous system is the motive-power of the machine; and in so far as that is exhausted, or impaired, or neglected by exclusive attention to the other systems, in so far will the machine fail to work.

As to alcohol and tobacco: it may safely be said that, on general principles, they are both artificial demands, unnecessary, and therefore not beneficial. As, however, in these days, a large proportion of men are habituated to their use, and the system has become, in a measure, dependent upon them for the performance of certain functions, that the immediate and entire abandonment of their use is not to be advised. The amount of alcohol should be very much restricted, — only what would be contained in a pint of malt liquor, at the most, and that at meal-time, should be taken. Tobacco should, also, be restricted, and gradually diminished till none at all is used. The heart, which has been long accustomed to be whipped up by alcohol, and soothed down (though irritated) by tobacco, will not work so well till it has been gradually accustomed to other treatment.

As all the digestive functions should be performed properly, and as the diminution of water supply is likely to be considerable, certain vegetables, like spinach and onions, and certain

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fruits, should be occasionally allowed, in spite of their sugar, for laxative purposes, — a method much better than the resort to more artificial means.

Whether severe training is good for a man, or not, is a matter of dispute. I cannot believe that it will increase longevity. The average condition is better than intermittent, severe strain. When one thinks what the heart is called on to do in severe exercise and training, it is hard to see how the lasting power of that organ can be increased by it, — that little organ, not larger than the fist, with its delicate, translucent valves, yet which, with proper care, will send a current of blood, one eighth the weight of the body (that is, seventeen pounds in a man weighing one hundred and forty) through that body every twenty seconds, waking or sleeping, from birth, perhaps, for a hundred years. This muscle has no chance to rest like the others. When that rests, the machine is broken. It has to be ready to work harder in sickness and accident. Isn't it asking too much of it, in addition, to do the extra work in training, and expect it to carry us to our three-score years and ten?

V.

A DAY'S FOOD AND EXERCISE IN TRAINING.

THE training of athletes will vary, of course, with the nature of the contest; but one may give a generalized sketch of a day's exercise in training, differing more or less from the foregoing systems. It will be observed that Dr. Harris, in his suggestions, which ought to be invaluable to athletes, materially differs from

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the Oxford system of training. It may be safely concluded that Dr. Harris writes with a careful regard to the circumstances of American life, and that his rules are better suited to the needs of American athletes.

An athlete, in training, devotes his whole time to the regular observance of rules. This regularity is not possible for persons employed in shops, stores, and professions. They are sure to be far from their running-ground, their boat, their swimming-bath, &c. Still, there are many oarsmen, and others, who have to work all day — even while training — and they must adapt their exercises to their needs and time. The one exercise none can afford to neglect is running, to clear the wind.

Seven o'clock is a good time for an athlete in training to rise. He ought to get a good dry-rubbing, and then spunge his body with cold water, or have a shower-bath, with a thorough rubbing afterwards. He will then go out to exercise before breakfast, — not to run hard, as is commonly taught, but to walk briskly for an hour, while exercising his lungs in deep-breathing.

Few men can stand running before breakfast. It produces nausea, spoils the breakfast, and throws them out for the whole day. The food

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eaten at night has long been consumed, and it is obviously wrong to make a violent effort while the muscular and nerve organs are in a state of inanition. But the walk and the open air will give a man an appetite for his breakfast.

Charles Westhall, the pedestrian, who gave much intelligent and experienced consideration to training, says: —

"The walk should be taken at such a pace that the skin does not become moist, but have a good, healthy glow on the surface, and the man be at once ready for his breakfast at eight o'clock."

Westhall recommends that, before this walk, an egg in a cup of tea, or something of the kind, should be taken.

The breakfast need not always consist of a broiled mutton-chop or cutlet; a broiled steak, broiled chicken, or broiled fish, or some of each, may be taken, with tea or coffee. (Dr. Harris's regimen is excellent throughout.)

After breakfast, a good rest for digestion. About half-past ten, a man training for a boxing-contest might "punch the bag" (always an air-bag) for fifteen or twenty minutes, and spar four three-minute rounds briskly with his attendant. For the last two weeks of his training, this ought to be increased to eight or ten, or even fifteen, three-minute rounds, and the time-keeper should

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see that he gets full time in each round. At no time during the day ought a man in training to loll about idly.

Whether for boxing, rowing, wrestling, or swimming, there ought to be a regular running exercise before the mid-day meal. This exercise ought to begin moderately for time and distance, and increase gradually; the last quarter of the run should always be at the top speed.

If the men are training for rowing, they ought to exercise in the boat twice every day. Let it not be forgotten that constant exercise, spread over a long period, is necessary to bring the muscular system into condition *which can be depended upon*.

"Muscle may be full and firm, yet, if it be inactive for the greater part of its existence, it will not be capable of long and sustained exertion. Look at the muscle of the breast of a fowl or a pheasant: it is not deficient; it is large and plump; it serves its purpose when called upon. But, if we contrast it with that of a grouse or a wood-pigeon, what a difference may be observed! The muscle of the latter bird is so dark from arterialized material and blood-vessels, that it looks black beside the 'white meat' of the former. The one is incessantly in motion, taking active exercise in quest of food and shelter; the other scarcely moves about at all. Now, we want to approach the condition of the grouse, not of the hen, to be capable not only of a violent and short, but also of a long-sustained, effort; and, for this, many hours' exercise every day is needed." — H. CLASPER.

Dinner may be far more varied than is usually

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allowed by the trainer's "system." Any kind of butcher's meat, plainly cooked, with a variety of fresh vegetables, may be taken, with ordinary light puddings, stewed fruit, but no pastry. A good time for dinner is one o'clock.

An American athlete, when thirsty, ought to have only one drink, — water. The climate and the custom in England favor the drinking of beer or claret; but, beyond question, the best drink for a man in training is pure water. After dinner, rest, but no dozing or *siesta*. This sort of rest only spoils digestion, and makes men feel slack and "limp."

After two-and-a-half hours' rest, with walking exercise, the final work of the day — running, boxing, rowing, or hand-ball exercise, or all of these — always more than one. There should be two full hours of exercise at this period of the day, varied in speed, care being taken, whether in rowing, running, or boxing, that not too much is done at the top speed. "If a man or a crew has been exercised at high pressure on one day, he should be allowed to do less the following evening, and he will be all the better on the third."— (McLaren.) When work is over, a man may have a bath, and be well rubbed down. (I have seen a rough silk mitten, manufactured in Boston, which is most excellent for the rubbing,

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both wet and dry.) If the athlete be thirsty, let him drink water, rinsing his mouth frequently. Supper, at six o'clock, should not be a second dinner; but neither should it consist of "slops" or gruel. The food recommended by Dr. Harris is excellent and sufficient. The athlete ought to be in bed by ten o'clock, in a room with open window, and a draught through the room, if possible, though not across the bed. He ought to sleep on a mattress, warmly but lightly covered, *and without a pillow.* As explained later on, pillows are unnecessary to all but certain sick people. They injuriously affect the breathing, weaken the muscles of the neck, making the neck lose one or two inches in girth, and take away the greatest luxury of rest and sleep.

Running, though indispensable for clearing the wind in the early weeks of training, should usually be dispensed with at least two weeks before a boat-race. "A crew," says W. K. Woodgate, "that has rowed a slow stroke, and has meantime got fit (into condition), by running, will row a quick stroke with more uniformity later on than a crew that has done no running, but has got fit by fast rowing. The latter crew has always been abroad when 'blown,' and so has contracted faults. The former, when the time

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for quick strokes comes, is like machinery in action, fit in wind, and has, therefore, neither exhaustion nor irregularity to throw it out of gear when the fast stroke is essayed."

It may not be out of place to say that men are more often injured by the *going out of training* than by the training itself. A reckless and sudden change from asceticism to license is more harmful than all the severities of training. "To make the conclusion of training an excuse for indulgence and excess not only injures health of body, but stultifies the lessons of practice, of self-control, and fixed habit, which are among the chief moral recommendations of modern athletics."

VI.

VARIOUS EXERCISES AND HOW TO PRACTISE THEM.

THE best exercise for a man training for a boxing-match is boxing; the next best is running.

The best exercise for a crew training for a rowing-race is rowing; the next best is running.

The best exercise for a man training for a swimming-match is swimming; the next best is running.

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And so with other contests: running is not only second best, but is absolutely necessary in each, for running excels all exercises for developing "the wind." This is simply because the muscular action of the runner enables him to hold and increase his wind more easily than is possible under the varied and violent arm and chest motions of the boxer, the oarsman, or the swimmer.

A boxer, in training for a contest, ought not to confine his sparring to one or two men. He ought to spar with new and able men, and with as many as possible. It is a radical and common error to confine the exercise to one opponent, no matter how good he may be. After a dozen bouts together, two men know every stop on each other's gamut — even the variations are not surprises. New men, new ways. The boxer or the swordsman who uses himself only to a single opponent, is very apt to lack confidence with a stranger. On the other hand, he who is used to many antagonists welcomes a new man with a powerful sense of knowledge and confidence.

Another exercise in sparring, next best to the opposition of a living boxer, is a hanging bag — not a sand-bag or a flour-bag, as of old — but an air-bag.

The heavy sand-bag (thirty or forty pounds

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weight), which moved only a few inches even when struck heavily, was good, mainly, for one thing which, it is to be hoped, is out of date and unnecessary — the hardening of the knuckles and skin of the hands. For practice in hitting, it was not good. One might as well strike the wall. It calls for no rapidity, no swift directness, no agile "ducking," retiring, or stepping aside to escape a return.

The air-bag (a leathern foot-ball is best) is as quick and as straight in return as a first-rate boxer. To strike it hard, very hard (so that it rebounds from the ceiling three or four times, according to the force of the blow and height of the room), is an excellent kind of solitary boxing exercise; so, also, is the rapid and continuous hitting it with one hand. Besides this, it is *interesting* exercise. A man has to *work* with a sand-bag; he has fun with an air-ball, and he can return to it with pleasure and interest two or three times a day.

For muscle-hardening exercise, there is nothing better than the dumb-bell — *only it must be a very small dumb-bell* — not a very large one, as of old. The best size is an iron, two-pound dumb-bell. This is the size with which the strongest men exercise nowadays.

It is admitted, at last, that the object of exer-

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cise is not to strain but to strengthen. Heavy dumb-bells strain; light ones strengthen.

"The effects of exercise," says an English medical authority on training, "are twofold: on the one hand a stimulus is given to the action of the heart and lungs, which enables the blood to be more thoroughly oxygenated and more rapidly circulated; on the other hand, there is an expenditure of force accompanying the increased activity of the organic changes. Exercise strengthens the parts exercised, because it increases the nutrition of those parts. When any organ or muscle is inactive, the circulation in it becomes less and less; the smaller net-work of its blood-vessels are empty or but half filled; the streams gradually run in fewer channels, and the organ, ceasing to be thoroughly nourished, wastes away. When the organ is active all its vessels are filled; all the vital changes, on which depend its growth and power, proceed rapidly. The force expended is renewed, unless the expenditure has been excessive, in which case there is a disturbance of the mechanism, and depression, or disease, results. . . . The advantage of exercise to a student, politician, or any other brain-worker, is that it *lessens* the over-stimulus of his brain, distributes the blood more equally, calling to his muscles some of those streams which would impetuously be rushing through his brain."

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In other words, exercise with the arms, legs, or trunk, relieves the congested brain as surely, and, of course, far more healthfully than bleeding.

To return to the need and superiority of the light over the heavy dumb-bell: exercise with the latter is necessarily brief. The single heavy dumb-bell can be lifted from four to twenty times, say, according to its weight. The whole body is violently strained for the brief effort. Quite often, if the lifting be not carefully graduated in weight, the in-rushing blood bursts some of the finer net-work of the vessels, or the delicate covering of the muscles is rudely torn, and the would-be athlete is an invalid for life.

The one-pound or two-pound dumb-bell strains nothing: it only adds to the swing of the hands. The exercise can be varied so as to develop upper and lower limbs and trunk. It is particularly adapted to those who are not trained athletes. Say, the arms are thin and weak and soft, and you want to increase their size, strength, and firmness. There are only a few regular motions for this, and they can be learned in a minute. The hands, grasping the dumb-bells, are hanging by the sides: begin by raising them, bending the elbow and touching the front of the shoulder with the ball of the thumb; down again, and up again: that is all. You re-

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peat this motion twenty times, thirty, on to fifty or sixty before you are tired.

Then stop, — always stop any exercise when it tires you: this is nature's advice.

But begin in a minute or so, and go over it again. You will probably this time reach seventy. Then change the motion: extend the arms like a cross, on a level with the shoulders, and double in from the elbow, alternately, just touching the tips of the shoulders with the hands. Keep this up till you are tired, and then go back to the first motion.

In a week you will be able to raise the hands in the first motion hundreds of times, in a few weeks a thousand times.

This means — what? It means that you keep the muscles of the arms working actively for from a quarter of an hour to an hour; that the lately dried-up blood-vessels are now full of warm blood, feeding the hot muscles as a trench full of water feeds a famished field. It means also that the girth of the arm is one, two, or more inches larger than it was a few weeks ago; that the flesh is firm and solid; and that arm, shoulder, and hand are so strong that there is a new pleasure even in swinging an umbrella or shaking hands with an old friend.

Proceed in the same way with the muscles of the

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feet, legs, sides, abdomen, back, and neck; and in three months the world and life will have almost as new a look and meaning for you as if you had been born over again.

Any low-priced treatise on athletics will teach you the motions for the different muscles.

VII.

THE CURSE OF THE CLOSED WINDOWS.

REMEMBER, always, it is not the handling of heavy weights that is beneficial, *but the number of times you perform a motion*. The object desired is to draw the blood to the wasted or undeveloped muscles, and keep it there long enough to feed the old, and to form new cells. The blood remains in the muscles while they continue exercising.

I dwell on the use of dumb-bells because they are so handy and so varied in excellence. Dumb-bell exercise is in every one's reach. Twenty-five cents will buy a pair of two-pound iron dumb-bells. You need no gymnasium other than any upper room in your house, *with the windows wide open*. Never exercise with closed windows.

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Remember that the largest vein in your body is open at one end; and it is not filled with blood, but air, — your wind-pipe.

It invites disease to fill your lungs with bad air, when you breathe heavily under exercise, inhaling all the floating threads and dust of a closed room. This open vein makes a breathing man part of the outer world; the atmosphere is his bellows. This is why we ought to love and value the country, and hate the city. We are truly and actually part of the place we live in: its life enters with every inspiration into our lives. We are one with the reeking streets; with the foul exhalations of bar-rooms, with their stale drinks and hideous spittoons; of smoke-filled cars; of crowded halls; and, again, we are one with the fresh morning air of the fields; with the balsam of the strong and beautiful pines; with the sweet breathings of cattle; with the wholesome smell of the fresh-dug earth; with the fragrance of the meadows and the hedges and the trees; with the sound-washed atmosphere of the sparkling river.

Even in a physical sense, the word of the poet is true: "He who has Nature for a companion must, in some sense, be ennobled by the intercourse."

"You will find," says St. Bernard, "something far greater in the woods than you will find

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in books. Stones and trees will teach you that which you will never learn from masters."

"There is no riches above a sound body," says Ecclesiasticus, "and no joy above the joy of the heart."

"Life is only life when blessed with health," says Martial.

"It is the misfortune of the young," says Sydney Smith, "to be early thrown out of perfect tune by the indiscreet efforts of their parents to force their minds into action earlier than Nature intended. The result is dissonance, want of harmony, and derangement of function. The nervous system is over-excited, while the physical system is neglected. The brain has too much work to do, and the bodily organs too little. The mind may be fed, but the appetite is lost, and society is filled with pale-faced dyspeptics."

"The ancient Greeks," says Dr. Samuel Smiles, "among their various wisdom, had an almost worshipful reverence for the body as being the habitation of the soul. They gave their body recreation as well as their mind."

"And what thinkest thou," said Socrates to Aristodemus, "of this continual love of life, this dread of dissolution, which takes possession of us from the moment that we are conscious of existence?"—"I think of it," he answered, "as the

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means employed by the same great and wise Artist deliberately determined to preserve what he has made."

"If we are asked," says a scientific authority, "which of the many necessaries of life is best entitled to the chief place we must surely reply, oxygen. This gas forms about one fifth of the bulk of the atmosphere, and our wants are supplied by the act of breathing, so regularly and ceaselessly performed by every one. It is possible to live for a long time without the protection of a house or of clothing; it is even possible to live for many days without food; but if we are deprived for only one or two minutes of oxygen, the consequences are serious, and may be fatal. . . . Again, oxygen is so closely connected with the great vital processes upon which our growth and daily energy depend, that food itself is useless unless accompanied by a large supply of it. Indeed, when the quantity of oxygen which a man consumes in his lungs daily is calculated, it is found to be greater in weight than all the dry food he requires during the same period. Yet, again, if we wish a house and clothing and food, we must work for them; but for oxygen there is nothing to pay. It is free to all, and lies around us in such abundance that it never runs short. Here, then, we see every means taken to

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insure that all our demands for oxygen shall be freely and fully met, and yet we are assured by medical authorities that a very large proportion — some say one fourth — of all the deaths that take place is caused, directly or indirectly, by oxygen starvation."

What is the reason that so many must suffer and die for want of this endless blessing, — fresh air? The chief reason, answers the same authority, is city life. Instead of living in the country, where every household might have a large, free space of air around it, we draw together, for the convenience of business, to great centres. There the houses are crowded closely together, often piled one on the top of the other, so that, instead of an overabundance, there is only a limited quantity of air for each. This is made unfit for the support of life by the very act of breathing; the impurities are increased by the waste products of manufactories; and oxygen is destroyed by every fire and lamp and gas-light. The winds and certain properties of the atmosphere constantly remove much of the impure air, and bring in a pure supply; but the crowding together in many parts of a town is so great, and the production of poisonous matter goes on so continuously, that instead of each breath containing its full proportion of oxygen, the place of

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that gas is taken up to some extent by what is actually hurtful to life. When this is the condition of the atmosphere outside the dwelling, it is necessarily much worse within it, for there the displacement of impure air by pure cannot take place so rapidly. The consequences are as already stated. Large parts of our town populations never have sufficient oxygen; their lives are feeble and full of suffering, and numbers die before their time. Such facts are painful to contemplate; but a knowledge of them puts the wise man on his guard, and he may do much for himself. In the choice of a house he will remember the advantage of a great air-space around it, and of plenty of space within it, so that bedrooms may not be overcrowded. Or, if a large house is beyond his means, he will take care that the rooms are not crowded with furniture, for every piece of furniture excludes an equal bulk of air. When he enters the house he will see that at all times as much fresh air from the outside is admitted, by means of open doors and windows, as can be allowed without inconvenience from cold; and as often as possible he will have a blow through, to clear out all odd corners where foul air may linger. "Pure air and good food make pure blood, and only pure blood will give good health."

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VIII.

EXERCISE FOR CITY DWELLERS AND SCHOOL CHILDREN.

But let us return to the city and the gymnasium.

Dumb-bells are first-rate. Next, weights and pulleys: you can buy them for two dollars, and set them up in any room where you may open the window when you want to exercise. They increase the volume and power of the extensors of the shoulder, arm, and forearm, — muscles rarely used.

"There are many troubles which you cannot cure by the Bible and the hymn-book," said Henry Ward Beecher; "but which you can cure by a good perspiration and a breath of fresh air."

A breath of fresh air! What does it mean? It means the country, of course; but it means the city, and your own room, with the window wide open, if you cannot get to the country. The air is God's; and He cleans it even for the vitiated city.

Most human beings breathe imperfectly; and without good breathing health and strength are impossible.

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"It is estimated," says a recent clever writer (H. T. Finck), "that there are from seventy-five to one hundred cubic inches of air *which always remain in a man's lungs*. About an equal amount of 'supplemental' air remains after an *ordinary* expiration; and only twenty to thirty inches of 'tidal air,' as Huxley calls it, passes in and out."

You have seen in a river-bend, where the deep water is stagnant, a floating log lie stationary for weeks and months. It would lie there, in the green scum, if let alone, till the freshet came in the spring. There is a lot of that kind of still air in the lungs, waiting for a freshet — which some placid people never experience (these are the nice, pallid, delicate dyspeptics).

The unused and undisturbed air in the lungs, if originally breathed in from close and exhausted rooms, can become as foul as the stagnant river-pool. It must be expelled — and how? *By deep-breathing*.

"There are few persons," says the author of "Personal Beauty," "whose health and personal appearance would not be improved vastly if they would take *several daily meals* of fresh air — consisting of twenty to fifty deep inspirations — in a park or some other place where the air is pure and bracing."

Deep-breathing is a mighty means of preserv-

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ing and restoring health — indeed, it ought to be called the first means. The air is a great and cheap doctor.

> "The wise for cure on exercise depend;
> God never made His work for man to mend."

Many leading authorities are of opinion that the best way to learn deep-breathing is to inhale slowly as much air as you can get into the lungs without discomfort, and then exhale again just as slowly. A clever physician, however, and one of the best athletes in America, told me a better way, which I have tried and recommended with unfailing success. It is to inhale slowly and fully, without straining, and then shoot the air out of the lungs with a sudden gust, by a collapse of shoulders and chest. Then slowly fill the lungs again (through the nostrils), — and gush! out it goes (through the mouth) with a sound like a small locomotive. In the street, you may be noticeable, by the noise, perhaps; but you can get through your twenty or thirty puffs twice a day without much trouble.

The effect of this practice is almost incredible. Take two or three spells of thirty breaths each day for one month; and you will increase your chest-measurement in that time from two to four inches! And this is not like the trainer's increase: it is permanent. And, besides, you will

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have unconsciously contracted a habit of deep-breathing for the remainder of your life.

One of the misfortunes of New England is the rarity of horseback-riding as an exercise. "The saddle is the seat of health," says Dr. Smiles; "riding may be regarded as the concentrated essence of exercise."

"Who is your doctor?" said some one to Carlyle. "My best doctor," he replied, "is a horse."

The Puritan finds it hard to believe, though, that "idleness is not all idleness." Cicero said: "No one seems to me to be free who does not sometimes do nothing." And elsewhere he says: "There should be a haven to which we could fly from time to time, not of sloth and laziness, but of moderate and honest leisure."

Every American, young, middle-aged, ay, and old, ought to take from two to four weeks at least, every summer, for rest and sport. Shooting, fishing, driving tours, walking tours. We can all enjoy one or more of these exercises. George Stephenson knew the folly of trying to take too much out of one's self. When he found his friend Lindley exhausted and depressed by too excessive application to engineering, he said to him: "Now, Lindley, I see what you are after —you are trying to get thirty shillings out of

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your pound. My advice to you is — *give it up.*"

Children in school growing narrow-chested and round-shouldered stooping over desks and books, ought to be taught to breathe as well as to read, and they ought to be kept at it as constantly. And prizes and honors ought to be given to the girls and boys who can run best, swim best, throw the farthest ball, and whose chest-measurement, taken monthly by the teacher, is largest, as well as to those pale-faced students in spectacles, who can demonstrate a problem in Euclid or construe Greek at sight — or rather at half-sight.

The examination of the eyes of Boston public-school children, by a distinguished oculist, a few years ago, brought to light the shocking fact that the vision of the majority was defective. The Hygiene Committee of the Boston School Board, in a report dated Nov. 22, 1887, said: "It has been settled beyond question that school-life has a damaging effect on the eyesight of children."

Listen to the congregation in church on Sunday morning, where there is nothing to divert attention. From end to end of the church you will hear an endless hacking and wheezing from bronchial tubes in all stages of disease and decay. Suppose you had a flock of sheep, and that you came on them quietly some day, and heard such a

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coughing and wheezing as this of the congregation, would you not shake your head? And, then, suppose you learned that the young ones were growing dim-sighted? What kind of farmer would you be to go on treating those afflicted sheep on the old condition that had caused their injury?

Plato reprehended a boy for playing at some childish game. "Thou reprovest me," said the boy, "for a very little thing."—"Custom," said Plato, "is no little thing."

And not only are we to be (unless we turn to athletics for the cure) a race of bald-headed, round-shouldered spectacle-wearers, but a race of ugly dyspeptics, divided between lank-sides and pot-bellies. What, with our horse-cars, crowded on bright days, when every one should walk, with our corseted women and girls crushing their livers into their abdomen, and their hearts into their lungs; with our narrow-chested weaklings with quavering stomachs, depending on the deadly revival of the cocktail — may the Lord have pity on our descendants!

Beecher was right — there are some things you cannot learn out of a hymn-book half so well as out of a tree. And there are other things you can learn better than a precept can teach, out of a sallow face, or a red nose, or dull eyes, or peevish mouths, and miserable homes. You

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can learn, for instance what rum does, what dissipation does, what self-indulgence does, not only on the morals but on the personal appearance.

Vanity is a moral force as well as a moral weakness: it depends on the direction and object.

When you cannot reach a young man's conscience by a temperance argument, you may reach his vanity by leading him up to a shaky, bleary, lying, home-cursing drunkard, and tell him that he is *beginning to look like that!*

Instead of lecturing a young woman on the folly of fashion, tell her, and prove to her, that her beauty will be murdered; that her eyes will grow dim; that she will die an old maid, sour and wrinkled, if she continue to outrage the laws of Nature by tying herself in the middle with corset-strings like a living blood-pudding. Horrible taste! Tell her to open her bed-room window, and let in the part of her that is outside,—the fresh part, the sweet air that belongs to her heart, that her poor blood is rotting for. Tell her that unless she does these things, and walks and breathes and bends like an animal, as she is, instead of riding on horse-cars and buggies, and mincing on high-heeled shoes that distort her feet, and breathing contamination in her hermetically-sealed bedroom, she will get wrinkles round her toothless mouth, and blue circles under her

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dull eyes, like all the other querulous, ill-tempered and sour-faced maids and matrons who crowd the horse-cars, and worry and abuse the poor, tired girls in the stores.

Better burn all the school-books and school-houses in America than go on another half century congesting the children's brains with memory-cramming, blinding their sight and crooking their backs with constant study.

Give us a rest! Give us time to play while we *are* children; for, God knows, we shall have work enough, and too much, as men and women.

The whole system of American life, from childhood to old age, might have been invented by a distorted mind, bent on degrading the natural beauty of the human form, and producing a race of ugly, weak, near-sighted, selfish, vain, prejudiced, ill-tempered, and unwholesome men and women.

"A drunkard is always a liar," says an authority; and he might have added that a weak, dyspeptic, devitalized man or woman is apt, if not certain, to be a shirker, a snarler, a sensualist, a sneak, and a coward, or more than one of these.

And to think of the endless, empty talk, talk, talk of the future puling, bald-headed abnormality of the cities! For, with the decay of your real man, surely swells the gaseous self-opinion of

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your weakling. What he loses in stamina, he is sure to make up in gab. He will prate correction, but do none, either for himself or others. He will preach labors and sacrifices he is afraid and unable to practise. He will run not only to head, but to the sensual centres. Your big-chested, bright-eyed, large-shouldered athlete is never a vile sensualist. It is always your pot-bellied, purple-fleshed, dew-lapped, soft-handed creature, on the one hand, or your pallid, tremulous, watery-eyed specimen on the other.

The only use in such men and women is to manure the earth, to hold a warning up to history, and to be pushed out of the path of the strong races, whom they tempt by their luxury to become their conquerors and successors.

To make the future American all he ought to be, physically, mentally, and spiritually, we must build gymnasiums as well as schools and churches. We must honor the teaching of health and strength and beauty, as the Greeks did, as well as the teaching of books and sciences. We must cover our incomparable rivers and lakes with canoes and light outrigged boats, as we are covering our bays with white-sailed yachts. We must see that every square fifty yards of clear ice in winter is covered with merry skaters (the best of all exercises for developing grace); and that the vile rinks for

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roller-skating, with their atmospheres almost as filthy as their morals, are closed or torn down.

There ought to be a first, second, and third prize in every school, public and private, for such accomplishments as walking, swimming, running, jumping, boxing, and climbing. Our scholars should be taught to cultivate body as well as mind; to breathe as well as to calculate; to know that strength is as sure to follow exercise as knowledge to follow study. Then they will truly know the meaning of the wise man (Johnson), who said: "Such is the constitution of man that labor may be said to be its own reward;" and of the eloquent man (Cicero), who said: "It is exercise alone that supports the spirits and keeps the mind in vigor."

IX.

CORPULENCE, DIET, AND SLEEP.

"PHYSIC, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise and temperance," says Addison.

"The only way for a rich man to be healthy is by exercise and abstinence, to live as if he were poor," says Sir W. Temple.

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"A hale cobbler," says Beckerstaff, "is better than a sick king."

"In these days," says Bulwer Lytton, "half our diseases come from the neglect of the body in the overwork of the brain. In this railway age the wear and tear of labor and intellect go on without pause or self-pity. We live longer than our forefathers; but we suffer more from a thousand artificial anxieties and cares. They fatigued only the muscles; we exhaust the finer strength of the nerves."

Corpulence is one of the penalties of under-exercising, under-breathing, over-eating, and over-drinking.

For the reduction of corpulence, the following rules (Dr. T. K. Chambers) may be observed for a three weeks' course:—

"Rise at 7, rub the body well with horse-hair gloves, have a cold bath, and take a short turn in the open air. Breakfast (alone) at 8 or 8.30 on the lean of beef or mutton (cutting off the fat and skin), dry toast, biscuit, or oat cake, a tumbler of claret and water, or tea without milk or sugar, or made in the Russian way with a slice of lemon. Lunch at 1 on bread or biscuit, Dutch cheese, salad, water cresses, or roasted apples, hung beef or anchovies, or red herring or olives, and similar relishes. After eating, drink claret and water, or unsweetened lemonade, or plain water, in moderation. Dine at any convenient hour. Avoid soup, fish, or pastry, but eat plain meat of any sort, except pork, rejecting the fat and skin. Spinach, haricots, or any other green vegetable may be taken, but no potatoes, made dishes, or sweets. A jelly, or a lemon-water

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ice, or a roast apple, may suffice in their place. Take claret and water at dinner, and one glass of sherry or Maderia afterwards. Between meals, as a rule, exercise must always be taken to the extent of inducing perspiration. Running, when practicable, is the best form in which to take it. Seven or eight pounds is as much as is prudent to lose during the three weeks. If this loss is arrived at sooner, or, indeed, later, the severe parts of the treatment may be gradually omitted; but it is strongly recommended to modify the general habits in accordance with the principle of taking as small a quantity as possible of fat and sugar, or of substances which form fat and sugar, and sustaining the respiratory function. By this means the weight may be gradually reduced for a few months with safety."

If a man in training, or in every-day life, finds that he cannot get off his flesh, and so clear his wind, with the ordinary routine of exercise, cut off his sugar and his potatoes, just to try how it acts. "With some digestions, sugar makes no difference," says W. B. Woodford ("Oars and Sculls";) with others an ounce or two of sugar in a day makes a pound or so of fat, which, but for the sugar, would have turned into muscle. The four or five lumps, or spoonfuls, that a man would take at breakfast and supper would, with some men, put on more fat in one day than a two-mile run would take off."

For a more permanent reduction of fat, there is nothing that can be depended on except a well-prescribed regimen, such as that of Banting, who reduced his weight forty-six pounds, and his bulk

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over twelve inches round the waist, "and this after having vainly tried all that medical aid could do for him." Banting's plan consisted in abstaining as much as possible "from bread, butter, milk, sugar, beer, and potatoes, which had been the main (and I thought innocent) elements of my existence." At first this looks like sweeping the table clean; but we are reassured by the bill-of-fare that remains. "For breakfast," says Mr. Banting, "I take four or five ounces of beef, mutton, kidneys, broiled fish, bacon, or cold meat of any kind, *except pork*; a large cup of tea (without milk or sugar), a little biscuit, or some dry toast. For dinner, any fish, except salmon, eels, or herrings; any meat, except pork; any vegetable except potatoes; some dry toast; fruit out of a pudding; any kind of poultry or game. For tea: fruit, a rusk or two, or toast, and tea without milk or sugar. For supper: meat similar to dinner." For alcoholic drinks, Mr. Banting only ruled out champagne, port, and beer.

Undoubtedly this regimen has been successful in innumerable cases. Its author, indeed, declared that it not only reduced his corpulency, but cured him of deafness and other ailments.*

* A specialist writing on corpulence, says: — "A constant free indulgence in vegetable foods favors the accumulation of

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Sidney Smith, writing to Lord Murray, said, half playfully, "If you wish for anything like happiness in the fifth act of life, eat and drink about one half of what you could eat and drink. Did I ever tell you my calculation about eating and drinking? Having ascertained the weight of what I could live upon so as to preserve my health and strength, and what I did live upon, I found that, between ten and seventy years of age, I had eaten and drank forty horse-wagon loads of meat and drink more than would have preserved me in life and health! The value of this mass of nour-

fat. The same may be said of thick soups, sauces and spices, puddings, pies, cakes, all sweets, milk, and even water, if drunk to excess. Alcoholic and malt liquors are notorious fat-producers. The majority of those people who use them continuously and in considerable quantities, sooner or later show an increase in fat. Here a question arises: Is the fat produced by alcoholic liquors, such as whiskey, brandy etc., of the same character as that put on by malt liquors? It would appear that there is a difference. Malt liquors do not degenerate the system of the indulger as does alcohol, which has rightly been termed 'the genius of degeneration.' Malt liquors have nutritive properties, and they contribute to bodily support. The beer-drinker is fat and florid, and within certain limits his fat is wholesome. He has an excess of blood, and suffers from what is known as plethora, while the tippler of alcohol, sooner or later, suffers from anæmia, or poverty of the blood. The following is a modification of the various regimens which have been advised by different physicians who have closely studied the disease. This list is generally accepted by the profession.

"Foods which may be eaten: Beef tea, mutton broth,

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ishment I consider to be worth seven thousand pounds sterling. It occurred to me that I must, by my voracity, have starved to death nearly one hundred persons! This is a frightful calculation, but irresistibly true; and I think, dear Murray, your wagons would require an additional horse each!"

Says Shelley, the poet: —

"On a natural system of diet, old age would be our last and our only malady; the term of our existence would be protracted; we would enjoy life, and no longer preclude others from the enjoyment of it; all sensational delights would be infinitely more exquisite and perfect; the very sense of being would then be a continued pleasure, such as we now feel it in some few and favored moments of our youth. By all that is sacred in our hopes for the human race, I conjure those who love happiness and truth to give a fair trial to the vegetable system. Reasoning is surely superfluous on a subject whose merits an experience of six months would set forever at rest."

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chicken soup, stewed oysters, beef, mutton, veal, ham, eggs in any form, game, poultry, and fish of all kinds, onions, celery, cresses, cabbage, tomatoes, radishes, squash, turnips, stale bread sparingly, toast sparingly, gluten biscuit, only three ounces of breadstuff per day. Grapes and oranges are allowed. As much water as the system needs should be indulged. On this point no rule can be given. Some people suffering from obesity drink but very little water, less, even, than they actually need. They should drink more freely. On the other hand, the obese person who makes it a habit of drinking several quarts of water a day should lessen the quantity considerably. Tea or coffee without milk or sugar is allowed. Sour wines may be taken occasionally, but sweet wines are prohibited. If digestion is reasonably good, none of the articles advised in the fore-

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How to insure sleep has become a matter of speculation. Some think early rising is a sovereign remedy.

> "Early to bed, and early to rise,
> Make a man healthy and wealthy and wise."

There is no need to prescribe recipes for sleep to a healthy, well-exercised man or woman. They will fall asleep as naturally as they breathe. But many persons, whose constitutions are out of gear, adopt artificial methods. Says Dr. Smiles: —

"One tries to sleep by repeating the multiplication table; another repeats some bit of well-known poetry. A missionary, troubled with sleeplessness, repeated the Lord's Prayer until Satan sent him to sleep to get rid of it; and he says that he never found that recipe to fail. Another looks at an imaginary point, and follows it far off in the distance, thus inducing the hypnotism of brain. Some, like Dr. Franklin, believe in the air bath, and others in a pillow of hops."

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going will prove burdensome. If there is much dyspepsia, and it does not soon disappear under this diet, why, then, the sufferer must refrain from eating what he knows by experience aggravates his trouble. Eat slowly and chew the food thoroughly, is a golden rule for all to follow.

"To regulate the diet is by no means all a fat person must do to become thin. He must exercise freely and judiciously. Walking is good exercise, if one does enough of it and walks properly. If he merely saunters along for four or five miles, with his hands in his pockets, it will probably do him very little good. He will need to 'make a business' of walking — swing his arms, and, in fact, work the whole upper part of his body. There is a variety of apparatuses now on sale under the names 'home exercises,' 'noiseless chest weights,' etc. One

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The following is the method of producing sleep, according to Dr. Binns, in his "Anatomy of Sleep": —

'How to Produce Sleep. — Let him turn on his right side; place his head comfortably on the pillow, so that it exactly occupies the angle a line drawn from the head to the shoulder would form; and then, slightly closing his lips, take rather a full inspiration, breathing as much as he possibly can through the nostrils. This, however, is not absolutely necessary, as some persons breathe always through their mouths during sleep, and rest as sound as those who do not. Having taken a full inspiration, the lungs are then to be left to their own action; that is, the respiration is neither to be accelerated nor retarded. The attention must now be fixed upon the action in which the patient is engaged. He must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream; and, the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart, imagination slumbers, fancy becomes dormant, thought subdued; the sentiment faculties lose their susceptibility; the vital or ganglionic system assumes the sovereignty; and, as we before remarked, he no longer wakes, but sleeps. This train of phenomena is but the effect of a moment. The instant the mind is brought to the contemplation of a single sensation, that instant the sensorium abdicts the throne, and the hypnoctic faculty steeps itself in oblivion."

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of these can easily be set up in home or office, and very great benefit will in a short time follow its use. These contrivances are especially adapted to develop the upper part of the body. Walk to develop the lower part. If one cannot afford a 'home gymnasium,' which costs from six to ten dollars, let him buy a cord of wood, and saw on that for half an hour a day; he will find himself a much better man physically, as well as mentally, in a very short time."

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Another method was that followed by Dr. Southey. To James White, he said:

"Follow my practice of making my last employment in the day something unconnected with other pursuits, and you will be able to lay your head upon a pillow like a child."

The late Archbishop Whately, of Dublin, was a hard brain-worker, and required a compensating amount of sleep. He knew well that the brain weakens under continued and protracted labor, especially at night. Accordingly he adopted a method of ensuring sleep and rest. One winter day a medical friend accompanied Dr. Field to the archbishop's house at Redesdale, Stillorgan. The ground was covered with two feet of snow, and the thermometer was down almost to zero. As the couple of doctors passed they saw an old laboring man felling a tree, while a heavy shower of sleet drifted pitilessly in his wrinkled face. One of them thought, what a cruel master that man must have. The other said, "That laborer, whom you think the victim of prelatical despotism, is no other than the archbishop curing himself of a headache. When his Grace has been reading and writing more than ordinarily, and finds any pain or confusion about the cerebral organization, he puts both to flight by rushing out with an ax and slashing away at some

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ponderous trunks. As soon as he finds himself in a profuse perspiration he gets into bed, wraps himself in Limerick blankets, falls into a sound slumber and gets up buoyant."

X.

HINTS FOR TRAINING AND GOOD HEALTH.

Do not run before breakfast: if you want exercise, walk. It is well even before a walk to take a cup of tea or coffee.

Before cold bathing in the morning, a brisk rubbing down with rough gloves or towel will increase the pleasure and efficacy of the bath. After bathing always a thorough rubbing. (There are rough-silk mittens made by George F. Brown, of Boston, which are excellent for both wet and dry rubbing.)

Take a Turkish bath once a fortnight.

Moderation is the secret of good training and good health — moderation in exercise, as well as in eating, drinking, and sleep.

Never sleep on a pillow, unless you are sick, and it is ordered for some special reason. Nature never intended man, or any other animal, in sleep-

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ing to raise the head higher than the shoulders. Pillows interfere with the breathing, and weaken the muscles of the neck. To sleep without a pillow, on a perfectly flat mattress, is the luxury of rest, because of the natural position. It soon increases the girth of the neck from one to two inches, by making the neck-muscles stretch and fully do their work. It allows the chest to deepen its breathing; and it prevents, to a large degree, wakefulness and snoring. The discomfort of putting away the pillow lasts less than a week, and once you have tasted the delight of a free, level sleep you will never be induced again to double your chin down on your breast, or your ear over on your shoulder, by using a pillow. All children should be told these reasons, and then their pillows should be taken away. A horse's or a dog's shoulders are higher than a man's; but he who wants to sleep well can learn from those animals how the head should be laid.

Go to bed at ten and get up at seven.

Open your bedroom window, and, if possible, make a draught through the room, but not across your bed.

Never exercise in a room with closed windows.

If you have no time for open-air exercise, go through various muscular motions with dumb-bells in your room, with the windows open, on

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rising and before lying down. Open-air exercise is not indispensable to health.*

The test of moderation in exercise is *fatigue*. Never go on with any muscular exercise when you are tired.

A celebrated physician asked an old man, remarkable for his health, what regimen he used. "I take only one meal a day," he answered. "Keep your secret," said the physician; "if it were known and followed, our profession would be ruined."

* Mr. John M. Laflin, of New York, the "model-man" of the Vienna Exposition, is an accomplished athlete, and a champion in many lines. For several years he stood in the Paris Life School for Gerome and many other famous painters of the human figure, and he has drawings made by them which show him to be one of the few perfectly-formed men. He is six feet two and one-half inches in height, with a forty-six inch chest, seventeen-inch biceps, and every muscle of his body equally developed. He has given lifelong attention to athletics. He says: —

"The best of all-round exercises is rowing. It brings all the muscles into play, particularly those least used in ordinary light exertion. The sliding seat proved to be not only a good thing for racing, but a great improver of rowing as an exercise. It brings the muscles of the legs, loins, stomach, and back into better action. For women nothing is so beneficial as rowing.

"Using heavy bells is worse than useless. You can get up all the perspiration you want by swinging a one-pound iron in each hand in lively fashion for a minute or two. If you do not perspire freely, or are subject to pains in the joints or muscles, or your circulation is sluggish, you can attach a battery to the

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"There is no disease, bodily or mental," says Shelley, "which adoption of vegetable diet and pure water has not infallibly mitigated wherever the experiment has been fairly tried." I do not recommend a vegetable diet, but these experiences induce thought on the matter of healthy food.

Eat no rich gravies, nor meat twice cooked; and eat nothing fried that you can have broiled.

Stupid people say "sawing wood is good exercise." Remember that good exercise must be

bells. That is a new idea, and a very good one. An electric battery of considerable power can be enclosed in a box not much bigger than a well-filled pocket-book. This is hung about the neck by a cord, so as to fall upon the breast. Two wires connect it with the dumb-bells, and when the bells are grasped, a regulated current passes through the body, starts the circulation, and wakes one up generally. The wearer can walk around the room swinging the arms, striking in any direction, and getting exercise and electricity all at once. If that does not start the perspiration nothing will. Another good apparatus, and a cheap one, is a striking-bag. It is easily made. Put a ring in the ceiling; tie a stout cord to the ring, and at the lower end of the cord fasten a foot-ball, to hang at about the height of the chin. To the lower side of the foot-ball attach a piece of rubber gas pipe, and make the end fast to a ring in the floor. That prevents the ball from flying all about the room when struck, and brings it back quickly. Punching that foot-ball is pretty lively work, and the best kind of exercise for a boxer. Then the rubber straps with handles, which can be obtained almost anywhere, give a great variety of exercise, are inexpensive, and take up no room. With such apparatus a man or woman can have a gymnasium at home, and one

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recreation (re-creation, or renewal of vigor), and there is no recreation in sawing wood, or any other laborious occupation.

Remember that pleasure is a means as well as an end. The exercise that has in it the element of amusement is ten times as healthy as a listless walk.

Never attempt severe mental or bodily labor after a meal.

If possible take your heavy tasks, mental or bodily, in the forenoon.

hour out of twenty-four devoted to exercise and rubbing, will keep anybody in good condition, and make him healthy and cheerful, if not wealthy and wise. Swimming is one of the best of exercises, but unfortunately the opportunities for indulging in the sport are limited. It is good for the arms, legs, back, and almost all parts of the frame, and it increases the lung power better than anything else.

"One need not train like an athlete, and a man does not require a physique like mine, to be perfectly healthy; but if men and women could be kept healthy for a few generations, physical development like mine would be the rule, not the exception. Nine-tenths of the diseases that now keep the doctors busy would be absolutely unknown. No healthy man ever got pneumonia, no matter what the exposure. There is no case on record of a sailor having pneumonia. This is because a sailor's lungs are kept in good order by pure air, and he gets plenty of exercise. The amount of exercise necessary to keep the body in good condition is less than you might suppose. Fifteen minutes a day, rightly employed, will do wonders. A person ought to exercise a few minutes in the morning, and then take a sponge-bath in salted water, followed by vigorous rubbing with hair gloves or a coarse towel. The

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Every morning, in the open air, fill the lungs twenty times slowly with fresh air (inhaling through the nostrils), and expire suddenly through the mouth. This will strengthen the lungs, renew the resident air, induce a habit of deep-breathing, and enlarge the chest.

The best of all exercises for physical development is all-round glove-boxing, practised with skill and temper; the next best is long swimming, with the over-hand stroke and an occasional change of hands; then follow these exercises

movements of the muscles start the impurities to the surface, and the bath cleans the pores. The exercise ought to be light. I don't believe in exertion that taxes the muscular strength. Heenan and all those old-time athletes thought they must use hundred-pound dumb-bells and trot around with great lead soles on their shoes. That made them heavy and slow, and exhausted their strength needlessly. One-pound dumb-bells are heavy enough for anybody, and Indian clubs should not weigh more than four or five pounds at the outside. Gymnasts should not use heavy weights at all. What is needed to develope muscle is movement, action — not strain. You don't train a trotter by hitching him to a loaded coal-cart, and making him drag that around the track. Hanlan doesn't get into a whaleboat for a scull race. The lifting of heavy weights is bad for a man, and the men who trained themselves to lift a ton killed themselves. Over-training and over-exercising of any kind is injurious, and that is why college boat-racing is not always a good thing. The weakest man in the boat must work too hard. A man is only as strong as his weakest point. and you put too much strain on him and he will give away at that point. That is why I advocate light exercise for health. The exerciser should never get tired."

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which I place in the order of their excellence: river-canoeing (double paddle), shell-rowing, hand-ball, lawn-tennis, fencing, walking, and all kinds of gymnasium work.

During exercise, especially in walking, keep the abdominal muscles well under the will, so that the abdomen may be drawn in, and kept in, for any length of time. The abdominal muscle is the test of condition. Some people never control it; and from youth to age the belly leads the man. When the abdominal muscle gets the better of a man, he has said good-by to his athletics.

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ANCIENT IRISH ATHLETIC GAMES, EXERCISES, AND WEAPONS.

I.

THE MUSEUM OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY, DUBLIN.

THE gladiatorial shows of Rome had corrupted and brutalized the world, for, with the exception of Ireland, the entire Western world was within the Roman Empire. After Italy, the countries most famous for their amphitheatres, were Gaul (France), North Africa, and Spain.

To the honor of Greece, it was the only Roman province where the brutalities of the arena were never shown or permitted.

In ancient as in modern times, the Irish, as a nation, were devoted to athletic games and skill with weapons, and had won extraordinary distinction for feats of arms, agility, and strength.*

*Professor Forbes, of the University of Edinburgh, some years ago instituted an extensive series of observations of the size and strength of the students attending the University. He found that the Irish students were the tallest and strongest men. Professor Quetelet, of the University of Brussels, instituted similar investigations, covering a number of years, testing

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The games and athletic exercises of ancient Ireland ought to have a large volume devoted to them. They are unlike those of all other nations, though least unlike those of Greece. They possess extraordinary archæological and ethnological value.

It is sincerely to be hoped that some student of Irish antiquities will soon follow in the lighted footsteps of Prof. Eugene O'Curry, Dr. O'Donovan, and Sir William Wilde.

the quality of Belgians, Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen. He found the average height of the Belgian to be sixty-eight inches, of the Englishman sixty-eight and one half, of the Scotchman sixty-nine, and of the Irishman seventy inches; that the average weight in pounds of the Belgian was one hundred and fifty pounds, of the Englishman one hundred and fifty-one, of the Scotchman one hundred and fifty-two, and of the Irishman one hundred and fifty-five pounds; and that the average strength as indicated by a blow given to the plate of a spring dynamometer, in pounds, was, of the Belgian, three hundred and thirty-nine pounds, of the Englishman four hundred and three pounds, of the Scotchman, four hundred and twenty-three pounds, and of the Irishman, four hundred and thirty-two pounds.

"The Irish are thus," says Sir Robert Kane, L.L.D., "the tallest, strongest, and heaviest of the four races." And Sir Robert Kane adds, "Mr. Field, an eminent mechanical engineer of London, had occasion to examine the relative powers of British and Irish laborers to raise weights by means of a crane. He communicated his results to the Institute of Civil Engineers in London. He found that the utmost efforts of a man, lifting at the rate of one foot per minute, ranged in Englishmen from eleven thousand five hundred and five to

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O'Curry's great work "On the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish" is a mine of information for the archæological scholars of all times and nations; as are the works of Dr. Petrie, Prof. Sullivan, Dr. P. W. Joyce, Lady Wilde, Prof. Whitley Stokes, and others.

It may be well to say here that a wonderfully interesting collection of the ancient weapons, mentioned in this article, may be seen in Ireland.

twenty-four thousand two hundred and fifty-five pounds, and in Irishmen from seventeen thousand three hundred and twenty-five to twenty-seven thousand five hundred and sixty-two pounds. I have no reason to doubt that these figures represent the existing conditions of these respective populations. Those experiments were carefully made at the time, and the results were as given."

Sir John Davies, an eminent Englishman, who was Attorney-General of Ireland in 1616, in his "Historical Tracts," says, "The bodies and minds of the Irish people are imbued with extraordinary abilities by nature."

At the present day the most famous athletes of the world are of Irish birth or extraction. They hold the highest places on record in almost every branch of athletic sport, both amateur and professional. Bicycle-riding alone seems to be the athletic exercise least attractive to men of the Irish race, at least in America; though Con. Dwyer, an Irishman, is the champion amateur bicycle-rider of all the Australasian colonies.

In swimming, for one hundred and five hundred yards, J. Haggerty, an Irishman, beat Chas. Beckwith in London, in May, 1887, and won the world's championship. The best under-water swimmer in the world is T. W. Reilly, who won the championship at Stockport, England, in July, 1887; in

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Sir William Wilde says: "The largest, most varied, most highly-decorated collection of bronze weapons existing is to be found in our museum [Royal Irish Academy, Dublin], along with numerous specimens of the moulds in which they were cast, discovered on the very spot where the ancient workman had lit his furnace."

America, the three best swimmers are T. Riley, R. P. Magee, and C. Dunlevy.

Edward Hanlan, an Irish-Canadian, of Toronto, was the sculling champion of the world, till he was beaten in Australia in November, 1887, by W. Beach, an Irish-Australian.

In collar-and-elbow wrestling, J. H. McLaughlin is the champion of the United States; and in Græco-Roman wrestling, the United States championship is disputed by Wm. Muldoon and Denis Gallagher; while John Connor who held the championship of the Australian Colonies, yielded it up in May, 1887, to T. Cannon, another Irish-Australian.

The champion high-jumper of Australia is J. W. Byrne, who also holds the record for the hop-step-and-jump (forty-three feet eight and one-half inches); but the champion of the world for a hop-step-and-jump is J. Purcell, of Ireland, who, at Limerick, in June, 1887, cleared forty-eight feet three inches. On the same ground, September, 1887, J. S. Mitchell threw the sixteen-pound hammer one hundred and twenty-four feet and one half inch, the best amateur throw ever made. He also threw the fifty-six-pound hammer thirteen feet and one half inch high.

The Shamrock Lacrosse Club, all Irish-Canadians, holds the championship of Canada for years past.

The hand-ball championship of the world is held by Phil. Casey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who beat the former champion, J. Lawler, of Dublin, Ireland, in August, 1887.

G. Tracy, of Halifax, is champion amateur half-mile runner

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This effectively disposes of the verdict of Professor Lindenschmidt, of Mayence, who asserted, in one of his earlier works, that "all the bronze articles found north of the Alps were imported from Etruria."

Again, says Sir William Wilde ("Ancient Races of Ireland"): "Ireland possesses not only the largest native collection of metal weapon-

of Canada (Halifax, 1887, two minutes one and three-fifths seconds).

In boxing, there is no need to say that the Irish race has the best men in the world. John L. Sullivan is the heavy-weight champion of the world. Jem Smith, an Anglo-Irishman, is the heavy-weight champion of England, and next to him is Charles Mitchell, also of Irish parents. In America, John, or "Jake," Kilrain stands next to Sullivan, and John Dempsey is the middle-weight champion of the world. Jem Carney, an Anglo-Irishman, is the light-weight champion of the world.

Among the greatest walkers, for speed and distance ever known in America, are Daniel O'Leary, John Ennis, and Patrick Fitzgerald. The champion walker of Australia, Scott, is an Irishman. Lawrence Foley, an Irishman, is the champion heavy-weight boxer of Australia; and Irish-Australians are the leading athletes in cricket, foot-ball, and rowing clubs. The best runner Australia ever had, Bob Watson, was an Irishman; and among the most famous professional oarsmen of Australia are the names of Hickey, Punch, Rush, Clifford, and Matheson, all Irishmen, or sons of Irishmen.

Among base-ball players of the highest order in America, the names of Irish-Americans have the foremost places, and they are too numerous to mention. Michael J. Kelly is the leading player of America. There is, in fact, no branch of athletics in which Irishmen, or the sons of Irishmen, do not hold the first places against all the world.

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tools, usually denominated 'celts,' of any country in the world, but the second largest amount of swords and battle-axes. And, moreover, these, and all the other ancient metal articles of Ireland, show a well-defined rise and development from the simplest and rudest form in size and use to that of the most elaborately constructed and the most beautifully adorned."

The time is approaching when this marvellous collection of antiquities will be a centre of world-interest, especially to those of Irish or Celtic extraction. An Irish-American traveller from Boston, last year, a scholar and observer, declared on his return that the most interesting and instructive day he had spent in any European country was that on which he had visited the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy.

II.

THE MOST ANCIENT WEAPONS USED IN IRELAND.

THE weapons and armor of the ancient Irish were, in the main, like those of the Greeks, with a greater variety in the length and shape of both spear and sword.

"In the year of the world 4465," translating

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from the "Book of Leinster," "died the monarch Lughaidh Laighné, of the line of Eber, after a reign of seven years. He was the first that made bronze and bronze spears in Erinn."

"The stone man," says Prof. W. K. Sullivan, Ph.D., Secretary of the Royal Irish Academy, "appeared before the bronze man, and the latter before the iron man. Wherever a bronze spear, or other implement of the same nature, was found, a Celt had passed there; an iron weapon was a sure mark of the footsteps of an Anglo-Saxon, or some other branch of the great Teutonic stem."

Without entering on the rich question of the analyses of bronzes, it is enough to state that ancient weapons of true bronze, and of bronzes more or less mixed with tin and lead, have been found in Ireland in great abundance. The spears of the Tuatha Dé Danann (1200 B. C.), however, are described as "sharp, thin, and hard," which, probably, means that they were of iron.

From the earliest records, relating to the battles between the Firbolgs (Ireland's primitive people) and the Tuatha Dé Danann (the battle of Magh Tuireadh, between the Firbolgs and the Tuatha Dé Danann, was fought B. C. 1272), we learn that the accoutrements of a Firbolg warrior going to the field were "a hooked shield"; two *craisechs*, or thick-handled spears, for thrusting;

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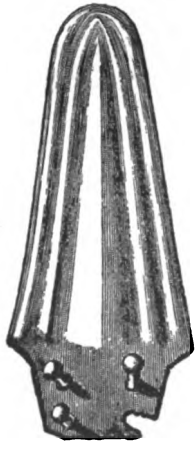
a sword; a club, or mace (see page 191); and a square helmet: while a chief of the Tuatha Dé Danann used a shield, a sword, and two spears.

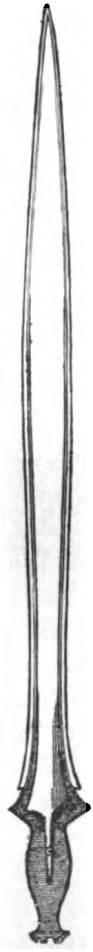
The *craisech* of the Firbolg was a pointless spear, rounded and sharpened on the front edge, *and fastened to its pole by rivets*. The spear of the Tuatha Dé Danann was "thin-pointed and sharp," and the sword "hard and sharp."

Whence the Tuatha Dé Danann came to Ireland has not been settled. They were a highly-civilized people. They conquered the Firbolgs, and ruled Ireland for two centuries, till conquered in their turn by the Milesians, who came from Spain. (Ancient Irish annalists call them Scythians.)



No. 1.
FIRBOLG CRAISECH.

All these weapons were made of fine bronze, as were all the weapons of the Irish down to about the Christian era.



No. 2.—TUATHA DAN. SWORD.

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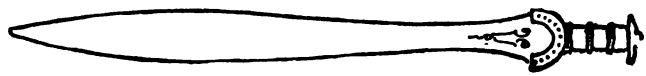
The ancient Irish, also, used slighter, pointed spears (the *slegh* and the *laighin*) for both thrusting and throwing; some splendid bronze specimens of these are preserved in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy.



No. 3.—BRONZE SWORD.
(Similar weapon used by ancient Romans, Scandinavians and Irish.)

The weapons mentioned as having been used in the first battle of Magh Tuireadh (B. C. 1272) are the *craisech*, or pointless spear; the *fiarlanna*, or curved, pointless blade (see No. 31, page 209); swords and maces; the *manais*, or broad thrusting spear (see pp. 186, 187 and 217); the *slegh*, or pointed casting-spear (see pages 226 and 227). Later, we find the *fogha*, or short spear; the *saighead-bolg*, or belly-dart; and the *lic-tailme*, or sling-stone (see page 196).

Besides this latter curious missile (doubtless exactly like that with which David killed Goliath), the Irish used a round stone for throwing, which they carried in a strap inside their shields.

In the year B. C. 307 there was added "the broad green spear," undoubtedly of green bronze (see No. 32, page 216); and in B. C. 123, at the battle of Ath Comair, we find the *lia lamha laich*, or champion's hand-stone. (See next page.)

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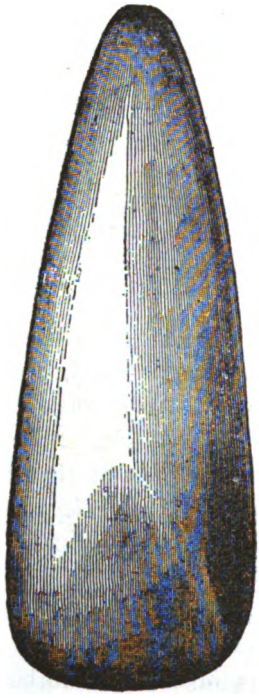

No. 4.
LIA LAMHA LAICH,
OR CHAMPION'S HAND-STONE.

"It is remarkable," says Professor O'Curry, "that in none of the more ancient historical or romantic tracts of Ireland is there any allusion whatever to bows and arrows; and what is more remarkable and important, there is no model found for them among the other stone and metal weapons which have come down from the ancient times, either in Erinn or any of the neighboring countries. No barbed instrument in ordinary stone or bronze has yet been discovered; nor has there been ever found in Erinn, as far as we know, a flint arrow-head in company with any one or more bronze spears, darts, or swords."

The sword, spear, javelin, and shield continued in use in Ireland for at least two thousand years. They were the only weapons of offence and defence in St. Patrick's time (A. D. 432), and they were the arms of the Irish in the Danish Invasion

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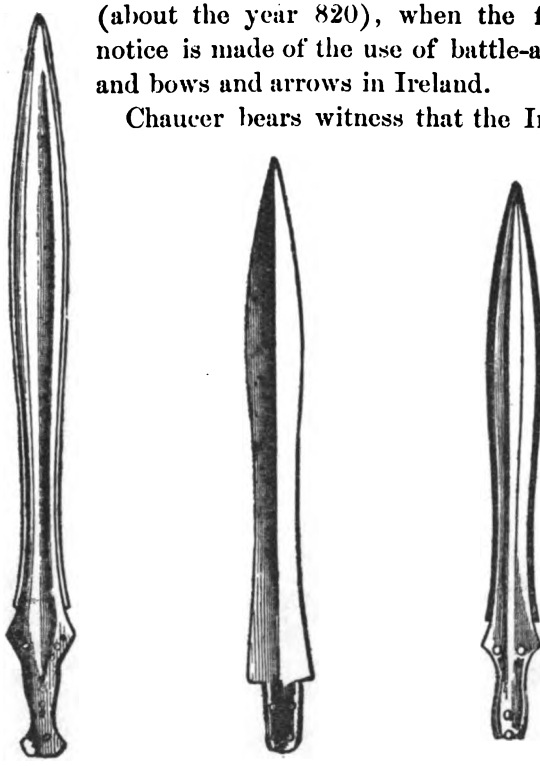
(about the year 820), when the first notice is made of the use of battle-axes and bows and arrows in Ireland.

Chaucer bears witness that the Irish



No. 5 No. 6. No. 7.

TUATHA DE DANANN SWORDS.—Described as "hard and sharp."

allies of Bruce, on the field of Bannockburn (A. D. 1314), knew the use of bow and arrow, for, in apology for the English defeat, he writes:

"To the Scots we would not yield,
But Irish bowmen swept the field."

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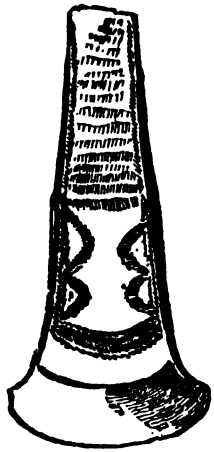
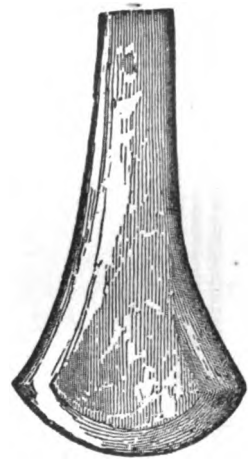
A very interesting Irish weapon, specimens of which are found in great abundance all over the country, in stone and bronze, is commonly called a "celt," or "palstave." This weapon was obviously a battle-axe, — though it is not easy to find





No. 8. No. 9.

BRONZE BATTLE-AXES, CALLED "CELTS."

the manner of fastening the handle to those without eyes,— while again, others have a straight socket, as if they had been used as spear-heads. These latter (Nos. 13, 14, and 15, p. 182) are probably Tuatha dé Danann weapons, while the others (Nos. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, and 16, pp. 180, 181, and 183) are of Firbolg origin.

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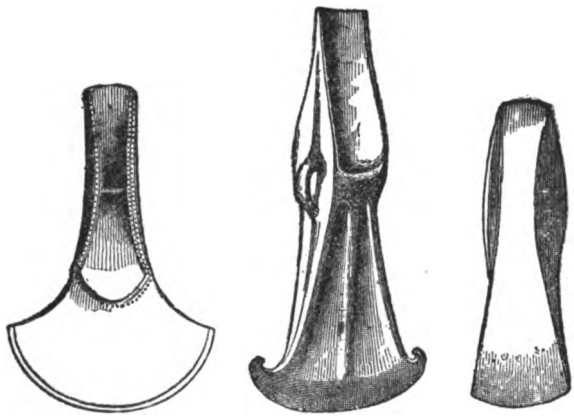
The axes Nos. 11 and 12 (page 181), represent the weapon called a "palstave," by British antiquarians, and a *paalstab*, by German writers; but this is certainly wrong, as the name implies a pointed instrument, and not an axe. The old Norse *pálstafir* was a harpoon.



No. 10. No. 11. No. 12.

BRONZE BATTLE-AXES, OR "CELTS."

Figures 8 to 16 embrace all the forms of battle-axe used in ancient Ireland, except the *spardha*, which was a spear and axe combined, and closely resembled the piked axe of the last two centuries.

The royal seal on page 184 (No. 17) is interest-

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ing on several accounts besides that for which it is used here, which is merely the shape of the king's sword. It will be seen that this weapon corresponds in blade with the ancient bronze sword (No. 3, page 177), and with the still more ancient blades of the Tuatha Dé Danann

No. 13. No. 14. No. 15.

BRONZE BATTLE-AXES, OR "CELTS."

(Nos. 5, 6, and 7, page 179). The latter swords, judging from the rivet-holes, had, probably, cross-hilts.

The history of this antique seal is very interesting. The following, from the "Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy," Vol. IV., pp. 484–5 (25th February, 1850), will suffice:—

"Sir William Betham exhibited an impression of an ancient seal, lately found near Beverley, in Yorkshire, on which is rep-

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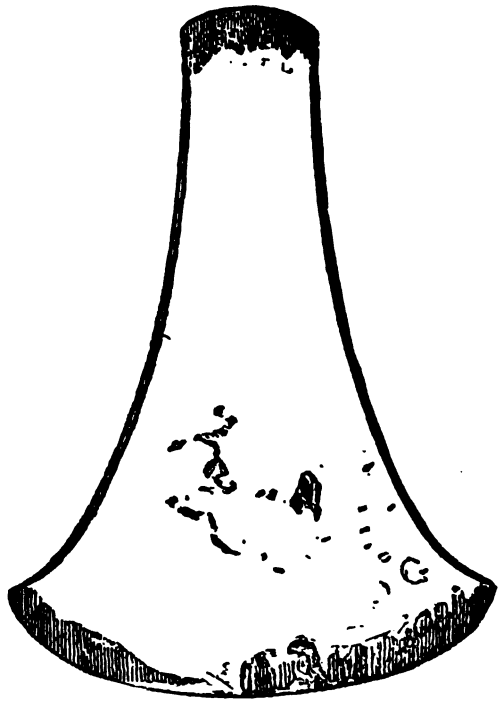
resented a mounted cavalier, with a very long sword drawn in his hand, round which is the following inscription:—

'S. BRIEN REGIS. DE KENEL. EOGAIN.'



No. 16.

FIRBOLG BATTLE-AXE.— Bronze.

"Brian O'Neill was King of Cineal Eoghain (Kinel Owen, or Tyrone) from A. D. 1241 to 1260, when, along with many others of the Irish chieftians, he was slain in the battle of

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Druim Dearg (i. e., of the Red Hill, or Ridge, now Down). His head was cut off, and sent to England to King Henry III.; and probably this seal fell into the hands of the English victors, who carried it to England, and this accounts for its being found in Yorkshire."

No. 17.
ANCIENT IRISH SEAL.
Found in Yorkshire, England.

Sir Richard Cox, in his "Hibernia Anglicana" (p. 69), states that this battle was fought in the streets of Down. His words are: "Many of the Irish chiefs were slain, namely, Brian O'Neill, the chief of Ireland [Macgeoghan's translation calls him *King of the Irish of Ireland*], and fifteen chiefs of the family of O'Cathain (O'Kane) were slain on the field."

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III.

THE WEAPON-FEATS OF CUCHULLIN.

CUCHULLIN, or Cuchullain (literally the hound of Chullin), was the renowned champion of his time (A. M. 4480). He was not only the ablest soldier, but the best hurler in Ireland; and after his visit to a famous war-college in Alba, or Scotland, the head of which was, strange to say, a woman, named Scáthach, he became the greatest "all-round" athlete in the Celtic world. Scáthach taught him various feats (*cleasa*) of championship, which are thus enumerated in a very ancient Gaelic tale called "The Courtship of Emer, and the Education of Cuchullain:"

"*Ubhall-cleas*, the ball-feat; *faebhar-cleas*, the small, sharp-edged shield-feat; *Torand-cleas*, the thunder-feat, which was performed with the war-chariot; *faen-cleas*, the prostrate feat, which I cannot explain; *cleas-clitenech*, the dart-feat; *ted-cleas*, the rope-feat; the *cleas-cait*, the cat-feat, of which I know nothing; the *coriech n-errid*, or champion's salmon-sault or leap; the *imarchor n-delend*, or proper carrying of the charioteer's whip; the *leim-dar-n-eimh*, the leap over a fence (?); the *filliud erred nair*, the whirl of a valiant champion; the *gae-bolga*, or feat of throwing the belly-dart; the *bai-braissé*, literally sudden death (?); the *roth-cleas*, wheel-feat, something like casting the sledge of the present day; the *othar-cleas*, invali-

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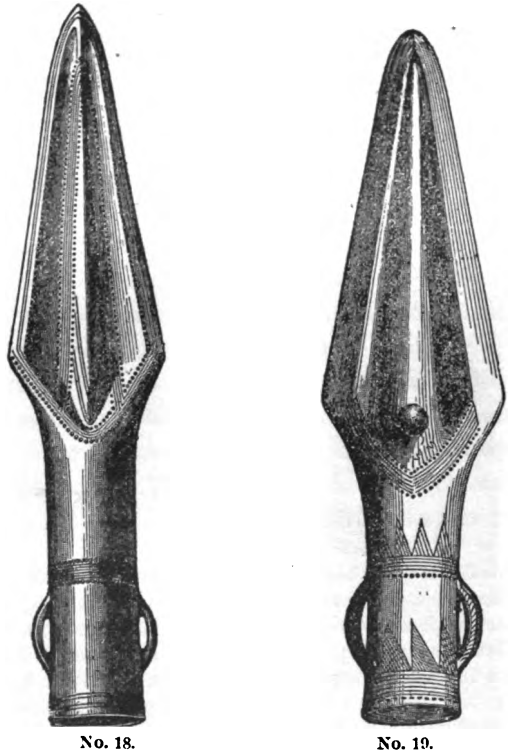
dating feat, as well as I can understand the term; the *cleas for analailh*, literally 'the feat of the breathings;' the *bruid-giné*,



No. 18. No. 19.

MANAIS — BEAUTIFUL BRONZE SPEARS, TUATHA DE DANANN.
(See page 177.)

literally 'gnashing of the mouth,' as well as I can understand it; the *sian-cauradh*, or champion's war-whoop; the *béim co*

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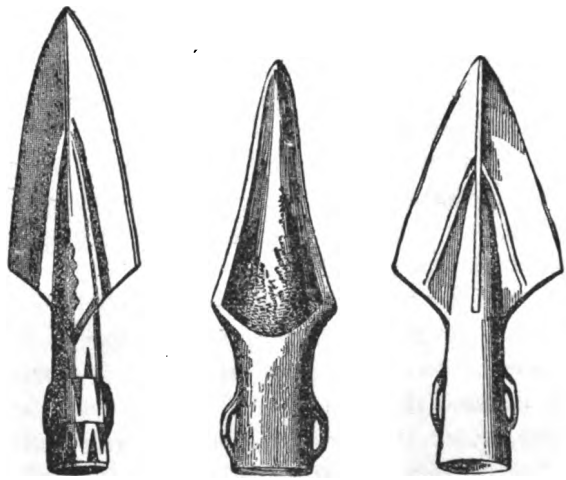
famus, cutting off an opponent's hair with the sword; the *taith-béim*, 'vertical stroke,' which fixed an antagonist to the ground; the *fodh-béim*, 'sod-blow,' by which the sod was cut, in contempt, from under the feet of an antagonist by a stroke of the sword [hence, undoubtedly, the common Irish phrase, "cutting the ground from under his feet"]; the *dreim fri foghuist*,



No. 20. No. 21. No. 22.

MANAIS — TUATHA DE DANANN SPEARS, BRONZE.
(See page 177.)

climbing a rock; the *fonaidhm niadh for rinnibh slegh*, 'coiling of a champion around the blades of upright spears;' and the *carbad-searrdha*, the feat of the armed or scythed war-chariot."

Surely, the man who "held the record," in modern sporting parlance, for all these feats, de-

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served to be called the champion of Ireland. The Gaelic tale from which this detail is taken, also states that the feats of championship which distinguished the Knights of Emania (the ancient capital city of Ulster, where stood the majestic *Craebh-Rhuadh*, or House of the Royal Branch) were limited to three, namely: the feat with darts, the feat with balls, and the feat with edged weapons, (*fœbhar-cleas*) such as knives, swords, and sharp-edged shields.

Many, if not all, of these feats, were not regarded as feats of arms intended for actual use in combat, but were merely ornamental accomplishments and proofs of skill.

In the Brehon Laws (the great Celtic code observed by the Irish people from the earliest historical days down to the year 1600) is particularly enacted the education of the different social classes, under the law of "Fosterage and Tutorage"; and here we learn that the sons of kings and chiefs were taught "riding, swimming, chess, draughts, or backgammon; with the use of the sword, spear, and all other weapons offensive and defensive."

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IV.

MILITARY ATHLETES OF ANCIENT IRELAND.

THERE is no reliable authority for the existence of any national military organization or profession of fighting-men in Ireland, other than chiefs, down to the reign of Conn "of the hundred battles," who was monarch at Tara from A. D. 123 to 157, in which year he was slain. Still, it is stated that Conn himself came to the throne from the command of the celebrated national militia, popularly known as the *Fianna Eireann*, of whom Finn Mac Cumhaill, and his father, Cumhall, were the most famous commanders.

This militia of ancient Ireland is highly interesting in the history of athletics. Its members were tested athletes to a man, and their preparation and competition for enlistment were most arduous and remarkable.

The name *Fianna* (hence the modern Fenians) is explained in an antique glossary preserved in a volume of Brehon Laws. This is the translation from the Gaelic: —

"*Fianna, a Venatione, id est.* It was from the hunting which they practised they were so named. Or, *Fianna*, that is

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fineadha (families) because it was in tribes they were formed. Or, *fianna*, that is *feinneadha* (champions) because they were the champions of the Monarch of Erinn."

In a poem, written in Gaelic, by a bard named Cineadh O'Hartagan, in 975 A. D., while the remains of the royal palace at Tara were still distinct and intact, and while the written history of that famous hill was still clear and abundant, there is a description of a spacious barrack, at Tara, where seventy-five hundred of the *Fianna* were lodged.

The following are the stanzas of this most curious poem, which refer to the barrack at Tara: —

"The great house of thousands of soldiers, —
To generations it was widely known;
A beautiful fortress of brave men;
Seven hundred feet was its length.

It was not filled with the foolish and ignorant,
Nor over-crowded with the wily and arrogant;
It was a large work to plan its divisions:
Six times five cubits was its height.

The King had his place there, the King of Erinn.
Around whom the fairest wine was distributed.
It was a fortress, a castle, a wonder;
There were three times fifty compartments in it.

Three times fifty champions with swords
(No weak defence for a fortress),
That was the number, among the wonders,
Which occupied each compartment."

The whole of this highly interesting poem is

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published in Dr. Petrie's "Antiquities of Tara," a work that ought to be found in all our large American libraries.

In A. D. 1024, died a poet named Cuan O'Lothchain, who had also written about the great

No. 23.
BRONZE MACE. (See page 176.

barrack at Tara. Here is the stanza relating to it:—

"I speak farther of the fortress of the champions;
(Which was also called the fortress of foolish women);
The house of the champions was not a weak one,
With its fourteen opening doors."

The best account of the *Fianna Eireann* is given by the Rev. Dr. Geoffrey Keating, in his

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well-known abstract of the History of Ireland, (written in the native Gaelic, about the year 1630, and translated into English about one hundred and thirty years ago).

Dr. Keating had before him numerous invaluable Irish records and books of great antiquity, many of which have since been destroyed or carried off by the English conquerors, whose policy has always been to obliterate every record of Ireland's national greatness and ancient culture, and cast discredit and ridicule on what could not be controverted. I may here quote a striking paragraph from Prof. O'Curry's work on "The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish." (Vol. 2, page 354) : —

"It is very unfortunate that the important poem here referred to [an ancient Gaelic poem mentioned in the 'Ogygia,' describing an Irish school of war in the third century] is not to be found in any of the MS. collections known to us; it is only known to exist among those locked up in England in the custody of Lord Ashburnham, by whom Irish scholars are not permitted to examine treasures properly belonging to our own people; but the legal ownership of which is at present, unhappily vested in a stranger, unsympathizing alike with our pursuits as Irishmen, and with those of the literary world at large. In this poem there is, probably, much calculated to throw light on the subject of education in ancient Erinn."

Prof. O'Curry's work was published in London in 1873; and this precious Irish MS., locked up by an ignorant English lord, has never seen the light to this day.

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Dr. Keating wrote from books existing in his time. He says, quoting from the "*Leabhar-na-h-Ua Chongbhala*," or "Book of Navan": —

"The Monarch of Erinn (Cormac MacAirt) appointed an army over the men of Erinn, and over it he appointed three times fifty royal Feinian officers, and he gave the command of the whole and the High Stewardship of Erinn to Finn Ua Baiscne."

The *Fianna* had a fixed stipend; but from May to November they had to support themselves by hunting. Their life was one of extreme abstinence and exercise. Their duty in peace times was that of a national police: "to check thieves, to enforce the payment of taxes, to check outlaws, and all other evils which may affect the country."

After a long chase, before eating, they invariably bathed, "and then began to supply their sinews and thews (by gentle exercise), until they had in this manner put off from them their fatigue, after which they ate their meal."

There were several conditions which every man who was received into the Fianna was obliged to fulfill: —

"The first condition was, that he should not accept any fortune with a wife, but select her for her moral conduct and her accomplishments.

"The second was, that he should not insult any woman.

"The third was, that he should not refuse any person asking for food.

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"The fourth was, that he should not turn his back on (that is, fly from) any less than nine foemen."

"Additional conditions Finn Mac Cumhaill attached to the military degrees, which every man was obliged to accept before he was received into the Fianna.

"The first was, that no person was admitted into them at the great meetings of Uisneach, nor at the fair of Tailten, nor at the feast of Tara, until his father and mother and relatives gave security that they would never avenge his death on another person, in order that he should not expect any one to avenge him but himself, and no matter what evils he might commit, that his friends were not to be sued for them.

"The second condition was, that candidates should have read the Twelve Books of Philosophy, or Poetry.

"The third condition was, that no man was received into the Fianna until a wide pit had been dug for him, in which he was to stand up to his knees, with his shield in one hand, and a hazel stake, the length of the champion's arm, in the other. Nine warriors armed with nine *sleghs* (or spears), came to within the distance of nine ridges (of ground) of him, and these used to throw their nine spears all at once at him; and should he be wounded despite the shield and the hazel staff, he was not received into the order of the Fianna.

"The fourth condition, no man was received into the Fianna until his hair was first plaited, and until he was then chased by selected runners through a forest, the distance between them at the start being but one tree. If they came up with him, he could not be taken into the Fianna.

"The fifth condition, no man was received into the Fianna if the weapons trembled in his hands.

"The sixth condition, no man was received into the Fianna if a single braid of his hair had been loosened out of its plait by a branch in the wood (as he ran through it).

"The seventh condition, no man was received into the Fianna whose foot had broken a withered branch in his course. (This to insure light and watchful runners.)

"The eighth condition, no man was received into the Fianna

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unless he could jump over (the branch of) a tree as high as his head, and stoop under one as low as his knee, through the agility of his body.

"The ninth condition, no man was received into the Fianna unless he could pluck a thorn out of his heel with his hand without coming to a stand.

"The tenth condition, no man was received into the Fianna until he had first sworn fidelity and obedience to the king (or commander) of the Fianna."

This famous body of military athletes continued to be the national guard of Ireland till they were annihilated, at the battle of Gabhra, by Cairbre and his forces, A. D. 284.

V.

HURLING: THE CHIEF GAME OF ANCIENT IRELAND.

THE chief game, or sport, of the ancient Irish was hurling. For over a century past, even this game, and others, like football, wrestling, boxing, etc., have been discountenanced by the English rulers, whose object has ever been to unman and degrade Irishmen until ignorance of conflict, even in sport, had robbed them of self-confidence and fitted them for the position of hopeless subjection designed for them. But within a few years, all

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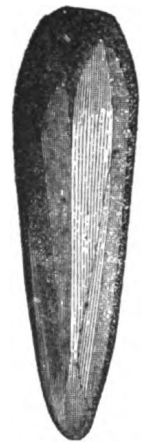
over Ireland, the ancient games have been revived; and now there is a hurling club in almost every parish in Ireland.

Tailten and Carman (now Wexford, or near the present town of Wexford) were the two principal places in ancient Ireland most celebrated for games.

No. 24.
STUIC, OR IRISH WAR-HORN.



No. 25.
LIC-TAILME, OR SLING-STONE.

(See page 177.)

Hurling, *iomain* (pronounced *imman*), was the great out-door game of the ancient Irish. *Iomanuïdhe* (pronounced *iomaunee*) was the hurler, or driver; for it signifies that, also. The goal was called *baire* (pronounced as spelled). The hurl

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was *caman* (pronounced as spelled; the a long). All through ancient Gaelic literature there is constant mention of hurling.

The following is a description of a game of hurling, from one of the best of the Ossianic tales, "The Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne," translated and published in Dublin, in 1880, by the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language: —

"There arose a dispute between two women of the Tuatha Dé Danann, that is, Aoife, the daughter of Mananan, and Aine, the other daughter of Mananan, the son of Lear, viz.: Aoife had become enamoured of the son of Lughaidh, that is, sister's son to Fionn Mac Cumhaill, and Aine had become enamoured of Lear, of Lith Fhionnchaidh, so that each woman of them said that her own man was a better hurler than the other; and the fruit of the dispute was that a great goaling match was set in order between the Tuatha Dé Danann and the Fenians of Erin, and the place where the goal was played was on a fair plain by Loch Lein, of the rough pools.

"The Fenians of Erin and Tuatha Dé Danann answered that tryste. . . . We, the Fenians of Erin, and they were for the space of three days and three nights playing the goal from Garbhabha na bh-Fiann, which is called Leamhaw, to Cromghleann na bh-Fiann, which is called Gleann Fleisge now; and neither (party) of us won a goal. Now (the whole of) the Tuatha Dé Danann were all that time, without our knowledge, on either side of Loch Lein, and they understood that if we, the Fenians, were united (all) the men of Erin could not win the goal of us. And the council which the Tuatha Dé Danann took, was to depart each again, and not to play (out) that goal with us."

The first thing we hear about both Cuchullain

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and Finn, the great chiefs, is in connection with hurling, when they were mere children.

Mr. T. O'Neill Russell, in an interesting letter to me on this subject, says: —

"I find from a very old man from the county Clare, that in his time, 'and ever and always afore him,' great games of hurley, between counties or parishes, were played with twenty-

No. 26.

MILITARY FORK. Distinctly Irish weapon (iron; drawing one-third the actual size).

one men on each side, — *mōr-sheisir air lar, mōr-sheisir air y-cūl, a's mōr-sheisir air fuadach;* that is, 'seven (literally a big six) in the middle.'"

"In the 'Book of Rights,' it is recorded, that *comāin,* or hurleys, are mentioned among some of the presents from the

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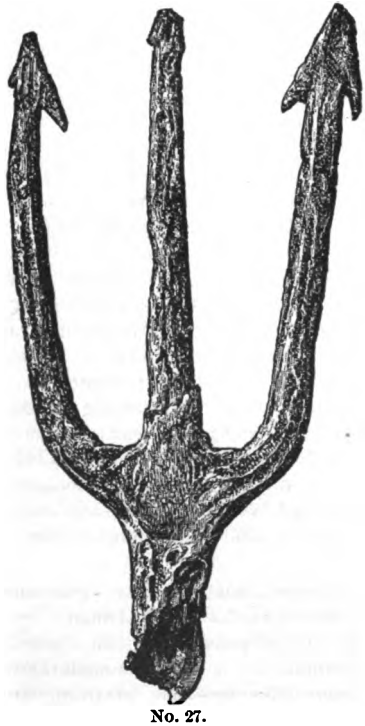
Arch King to his clients. Foot-ball and hand-ball do not seem to have been practised; and I do not remember to have



No. 27.
MILITARY FORK. (Iron; one-third actual size.)

seen any mention of boxing or wrestling;* but the former surely was known, for in the 'Death of Cuchullain,' in the

* The following extract from a very ancient Gaelic book, "The pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne," shows that wrestling,

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'Book of Leinster,' that chieftain is said to have given one of his assailants a blow of his fist, which knocked out his brains."

"Next to hurling, the great out-door sport of ancient Ireland was horse-racing. Tailten and Carman were the places for it. There is much mention of horse-racing, a 'sport for kings'; but I am glad to say that there is no mention of *betting* at horse-races at all; but the Irish are mentioned as betting at chess, and betting heavily, too.

"As for hunting, Irish MSS. are full of it. The game most mentioned — in fact, the only game mentioned — is the deer. The usual way of hunting was with hounds. There are the names of more than a hundred hounds given in one of the Ossianic poems I have. The boar is, to my knowledge, only once mentioned, and that is in the 'Boyish Exploits of Finn,' where he is said to have killed a fierce, wild boar, and presented his first wife with its head. Chariot-racing was much practised. I do not remember any book in which there is any particular account of it; but I remember to have seen it mentioned in many places. Swimming is often mentioned. Another of Finn's *boyish* exploits was to drown nine boys who enticed him to swim with them in order that *they* might drown *him*. There is, also, some mention of boat-racing, but not very much. So much was the deer hunted, that, in many parts of Ireland, a hunt is still called *fiach* instead of *seilg*, pro-

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at least, was practised; and that the 'cross-buttock' was as well known in ancient as in modern Ireland:"—

"Then, said Dubh-Chosach, that he, himself, would go to fight with Diarmuid. . . . Then he and Diarmuid rushed upon one another, like wrestlers, straining their arms and their sinews. And this is the fashion of the sore strife that took place between them: They threw their weapons out of their hands, and ran to encounter each other, and lock their knotty hands across one another's graceful backs. Then each gave the other a mighty twist; but Diarmuid hove Dubh-Chosach upon his shoulder, and hurled his body to the earth, and bound him firm and fast upon the spot."

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nounced *shelig*. *Fiach* does not mean hunt; it means simply a deer; but, at last, it came to mean a hunt, because a deer was the animal usually hunted.

No. 28.

ANCIENT CHESSMAN.

A king — found with several others in a bog, in the county of Meath, Ireland. Preserved in the Royal Irish Academy.

"The great in-door game, — in fact, the only one mentioned, — is chess; *Fithchill* (pronounced *Fichill; feat-fichille*, a chessman). Innumerable are the mentions of this game in Gaelic MSS. There is every reason to think the game was played just as it is now; but the pieces were very large, made of bronze; some of them have been found. You will see a drawing of one in the 'Book of Rights.' [See Figure No. 28.]

"You must bear in mind that we know only very little yet about ancient Ireland, and cannot know all until *all* the

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MSS. are translated. One thing is certain: there was very little drunkenness amongst the ancient Irish; to my knowledge, there is only one mention of it, in a tract called the '*Meicera Ulladh*,' or 'Drunkenness of Ulster,' when Cuchullain, and some more of the 'boys' of the period, got drunk, and for a long time, too; for they never stopped until they reached Kerry, having set out from Armagh! Whiskey is never once mentioned in the old MSS. They seem to have known no drinks but wine, *fion;* and *lann*, ale."

VI.

THE ANCIENT GAMES AT TAILTEN AND CARMAN.

THE Corinth and Olympus of ancient Ireland were Tailten and Carman, where the national fairs were periodically held.

"The great fairs anciently held in Ireland," says Prof. W. K. Sullivan, of the Royal College of Science, "were not, like their modern representatives, mere markets; but were assemblies of the people to celebrate funerals, games, and other religious rites, during pagan times; to hold parliaments, promulgate laws, listen to the recitation of tales and poems; engage in, or witness, contests and feats of arms, horse-racing, and other popular games. They were analogous, in many ways, to the Olympian and other games of ancient Greece."

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"The Taltenian sports," says Ware, "were a sort of warlike exercises, something resembling Olympic games; consisting of racing, tilts, tournaments, or something like them, and other exercises. They were held every year at Tailten, a mountain in Meath, for fifteen days after the 1st of August. Their first institution is ascribed to Lugaidh Lam-fadha, the twelfth king of Ireland, who began his reign A. M. 2764, in gratitude to the memory of Tailte, the daughter of Magh-Mor (a prince of some part of Spain), who, having been married to Eochaid, king of Ireland, took this Lugaidh under her protection, and had the care of his education in his minority. From this lady both the sports, and the place where they were celebrated, took their names. From King Lugaidh, the first of August was called Lugnassa, or the memory of Lugaidh, *nassa* signifying memory in Irish."

There is an ancient Gaelic tract on the origin of the names of places in Ireland, which is called the "*Dindsenchas*." From it we learn that the fair of Tailte, or Tailten, was instituted to commemorate the name of Tailtin, the daughter of Magh-Mor, king of Spain, and wife of the Irish King Eochad Garbh, who built the "mound of the foreigners" at Tara. According to the "*Dindsenchas*," the fair of Tailten was instituted 3500

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years B. C.; according to the "Annals of the Four Masters," A. M. 3370. These dates, whatever be their real value, certainly indicate the great antiquity of the fair.

One of the greatest figures in the history of Ireland, ancient or modern, is buried at Tailten; namely, Ollamh Fodhla (pronounced Olav Folah), who is recorded to have become monarch of Ireland A. M. 3882, and to have died in the year A. M. 3922, after a reign of forty years. He was the fortieth monarch of Ireland. The original name of this prince was Eochaidh; but, from his great learning, he obtained the distinction of Ollamh (chief poet, or doctor) before he became king; and, afterwards, he was called Ollamh Fodhla, which was one of the ancient names of Erinn.*

Mr. Michael C. O'Shea, of Boston, a Gaelic scholar of deep research, gives the following interesting note relating to ancient athletic exercises in the county Kerry: —

"Inshigeelach, a town in the county of Cork, Ireland, means intervale, or river-margin, of gymnastics, and is so called from a broad and level piece of river margin, in close vicinity, on which gymnastic sports were practised in former times; and the last of the princely O'Donoghues of Ross Castle, on the

* Ollamh Fodhla was the founder of the "Senchus More," or "Great Law," the title of the Brehon Laws (translated by

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shore of the lower lake of Killarney, was titled *Donald na Ngeelach*, Donald of the Gymnastics, from his wonderful gymnastic skill, which gained him the reputation of a necromancer, or man of superhuman powers. He is the Merlin of the legendary lore of the ancient Kingdom of Kerry, a chief who never died, but rode his silver-shod steed into the lake, and still appears once in every seven years, riding over its surface, viewing his ancient domain."

Teltown (the ancient Tailten) is one of the most famous spots in Ireland; next to Tara, probably it is the most ancient, if not the most notable. The history of Tailten, Pagan and Christian, would be the history of Ireland in symbol, — its fairs, games, laws, sports, poetry, marriages, etc. By the way, it is worth noting that "a Teltown marriage," often spoken of in Meath to-day, lasted just a year and a day. Sir William Wilde ("Beauties of the Boyne and Blackwater,") describes this singular old-time Irish marriage, which took place at the fair of Tailten: —

"On the northeast side of the great fort (*Rath Dubh*) the most remarkable of the Teltown ceremonies took place — the marriages or betrothals. Upon one side of the great embankment were ranged the boys, and on the other the girls; the

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O'Donovan and O'Curry). He organized a triennial parliament at Tara, of the chiefs, priests, and bards, who digested the laws into a record called the "Psalter of Tara." He founded schools of history, medicine, philosophy, poetry, and astronomy, which were protected by his successors. Kimbath (450 B.C.) and Hugony (300 B.C.), also, promoted the civil interests of the kingdom in a remarkable and somewhat similar manner.

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former ogling, the latter blushing. Having had a good view of each other they passed down to where there is a deep hollow in the land, called *Lug-an-Eany*, where they became separated by a high wall. In this wall, say the local traditions, there was a door with a small hole in it, through which each girl passed her middle finger, which the men on the other side looked at. If any of them admired the finger, he laid hold of it, and the lass to whom it belonged forthwith became his bride. The marriage held good for a year and a day. If the couple disagreed during that time, they returned to Tailten, walked into the centre of Rath Dubh, stood back to back, one facing the north and the other the south, and walked out of the fort, a divorced couple, free to try their luck again at *Lug-an-Eany*."

This very ancient site of the palace of Tailten, one of the four royal residences of Ireland, in early times, is situated on the northern bank of the Boyne, about midway between Kells and Navan. It is in the centre of the most fertile land in all Ireland, and probably in all Europe. The ancient earthworks of fort and rath are still there — will be there while the earth lasts. The remains of trench, embankment, and foundation are greater, even, than those of Tara, at least those now existing there.

In "The Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland by the Four Masters" there is a notice of Tailten, saying: —

"In the year of the world 3370, in the reign of Lugh Lamhfhada, the fair of Tailten was established, in commemoration and remembrance of his foster-mother, Tailte, the daughter of Maghmor, King of Spain, and the wife of Eochaidh, son of Erc, the last King of the Firbolgs."

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The fair of Tailten (Teltown) continued down to the time of Roderick O'Connor, the last monarch of Ireland, and was held annually on the 1st of August, which month derives its name, in the Irish language, from this very circumstance, being called *Lugh-nasadh*, or Lugh's fair — the Lammas day — to which many ancient rites and ceremonies still attach throughout Ireland.

"Upon the occasion of the fair of Tailten," says Sir William Wilde ("Beauties of the Boyne and Blackwater," p. 150), "various sports and pastimes, a description of Olympic games, were celebrated, consisting of feats of strength and agility in wrestling, boxing, running, and athletic manly sports, as well as horse-races and chariot-races. Besides these, the people were entertained with shows and rude theatrical exhibitions. Among these latter are enumerated sham battles, and also aquatic fights, which were exhibited upon the artificial lakes, the sites of which are still pointed out."

The most satisfactory account preserved of these meetings, is that of the fair of Carman. This account is preserved in the fragments of poems in the precious old "Book of Leinster" (a work known to have been compiled from ancient MSS. in the year 1150), which is one of the treasures of the library of Trinity College, Dublin. The

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ancient Book of Ballymote, preserved in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, also contains a description of the fair of Carman.

The complete obliteration of the ancient Carman, and the growth of another city, or a city with another name in its place, is accounted for by the fact that that part of Ireland was the stronghold and for many generations the home of the Danish invaders. Wexford is one of the few cities that the Danes have named in Ireland; and nearly all the other places bearing Danish names in Ireland are also on the east coast.

Considering how prominently the Danes figured in Irish history, this is a singular fact. Worsae (page 71) gives a table of 1373 Danish and Norwegian names in the middle and northern counties of England, names ending in *thorpe*, *by*, *thwaite*, *with*, *toft*, *beck*, *næs*, *ey*, *dale*, *force*, *fell*, *tarn*, and *haugh*.

Dr. Joyce's "Irish Names of Places," Vol. I, page 105, says:—

"We have in Ireland only a few Danish terminations, as *ford*, which occurs four times; *ey*, three times; *ster*, three times; and *ore*, which we find in one name. We have only fifteen Danish names in Ireland, almost all confined to one particular district.* 'This,' says Dr Joyce, 'appears to me to

* "The only names I can find that are wholly or partly Danish are Wexford, Waterford, Carlingford, Strangford (Lough), Old-

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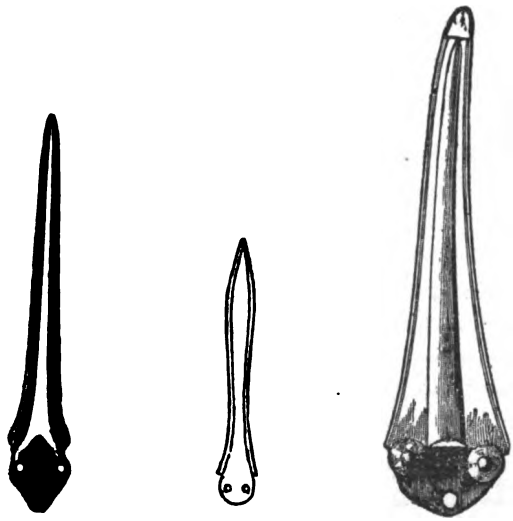
afford a complete answer to the statements which we see sometimes made, that the Danes conquered the country, and their chiefs ruled over it as sovereigns.'"



Nos. 29 and 30. (See page 177.) No. 31.

CRAISECH, with Firbolg fastening and Tuatha Dé Danann point.

FIRBOLG FIARLANNA, OR CURVED POINTLESS BLADE.

The truth is, the Danes never had any permanent settlement in Ireland except in a few seaport towns; and even there they had not much ownership of land, but were sea-traders and merchants.

erfleet, Carnsore, Ireland's Eye, Lambay, Dalkey, Howth, Leixlip, and Oxmantown . . The termination *ford* is the northern word *fiord*, or inlet of the sea." (Joyce, "Irish Names of Places.")

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The famous fair was held at ancient Carman every three years. The Gaelic poem, or poems, in which it is described, have been translated by Prof. Eugene O'Curry, M. R. I. A.; and the evidence goes to show that the fragments were originally part of one continuous poem.

This poem is of profound importance for the ancient history of Ireland, which is long due to the world. All such expressions as this article, though written with a special motive, will extend the knowledge of these wonderful antique literary treasures, will tend to show their value to readers of the Irish race and others, and help toward their future study by the scholars of the world. The archæologist, the philologist, the ethnologist, of centuries to come, will find in ancient Erinn such treasures as almost no other country has yet to deliver up to the generations.

Carman was one of the seven chief cemeteries of Erinn, the others being Tailten, Cruachan, the Brugh of the Boyne, Cuile, Tallacht, and Teamar of Dunn Fiuntain.

The poem on "The Fair of Carman" begins with Greek-like abruptness: —

"Carman, why so called? Answer: Three men who came from Athens, and one woman with them, *i. e.*, the three sons of Dibad, — Diän, Dubh, and Dothur, were their names, — and Carman was their mother. By charms and spells and incantations the mother blighted every place."

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"The grave of Carman, by whom was it dug?
Will you learn, or do you know?
According to all our beloved forefathers,
It was Bres, son of Gladen. *Listen:*—

"Four score and five full hundreds,
Is the number true of years,
From Carman of demoniac spells,
To the birth of Jesus after humanity.

"And the people of Leinster celebrated this fair by their tribes and by their families, down to the time of Cathair Mòr. There were seven races there, and a week for considering the laws and the rights of the province for three years. It was in the kalends of August they assembled there, and it was on the sixth of August they used to leave it; and every third year they were wont to hold it; and two years for the preparations."

Besides the markets of cattle, merchandise, arms, etc., there were poems read, laws revised, contests by bards, seven horse-races, and various kinds of military shows and athletic contests, chiefly with arms.

Another description of this ancient Irish assembly, or fair, is given in the Gaelic poem contained in the ancient "Book of Ballymote," translated by Prof. Eugene O'Curry, M.R.I.A.

"Five kings and thirty, without sorrow, here,
Of the Leinstermen, before the faith of Christ,
Their pride over Erinn had spread,
From thy sweet-sounding harbor, O Carman!

"The Leinstermen continued to hold this fair,
By their tribes and by their families,
From Labraidh Loingsech—theme of poets—
To powerful Cathair of red-spears."

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The poem specifies the positions allotted to the kings and the great chiefs, to witness the games and exercises of the fair.

"In the Kalends of August, without fail,
They assembled in every third year,
They arranged seven well-fought races,
In the seven days of the week.

"Here they proclaimed in clear words
The privileges and laws of the province;
Every rule of our severe law,
In every third year they adjusted.

"Corn, milk, peace, ease, and prosperity,
Waters full and in abundance,
Righteous rules and loyalty to kings,
With troops to guard Erinn were its care.

"The hospitality of the Hy-Drona,
And the steed contests of the men of Ossary,
And the dash of spear-handles
From the entire host, were its termination."

From the poem contained in the ancient "Book of Leinster" (Prof. O'Curry's translation) is the following description of the fair of Tailten: —

"The Leinstermen held this, the fair,
Both as tribes and householders.
. . . . . .
Here they proclaimed, boldly and loudly,
The privileges of every law, and their restraints.

"To sue, to levy, to controvert debts.
To abuse steeds in their career
Is not allowed here by contending racers,
Nor elopement, oppression, or arrest.

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"No man goes into the woman's assembly;
No woman into the assembly of the men;
No abduction here is heard of;
Nor repudiation of husbands, or of wives.

"Whoever transgresses the Law of the Kings,
Which Benen so accurately and permanently wrote,*
Cannot be spared upon family composition,
But he must die for his transgression.

"Here follow its great privileges, —
The rights and enjoyments of the fair.
Trumpets, harps, wide-mouthed horns,
Cusighs, timpanists, without fail;
Poets and groups of agile jugglers."

The poem goes on to enumerate the features of the great fair; the reading of poems, histories, etymologies, precepts; the annals of feasts and fairs; "The History of the Hill of Mighty Teamar" (Tara); the story of the noblest women; of courts, enchantments, conquests, kings; the

* The law of Benen is the famous Irish "Book of Rights" ("*Leabhar na g-Ceart*"), published by the Celtic Society, Dublin, in 1847. It gives an account of the rights of the monarchs of all Ireland, and the revenues payable to them by the kings of the several provinces, and of the stipends paid by the monarch to the provincial kings for their services, etc. This Benen, or Benean, was St. Benignus the disciple of St. Patrick, and his successor as Bishop of Ard Macha (Armagh). He resigned his bishopric in 465; died on the 9th of November, 468, and was buried in Armagh. It is probable that the laws and tributes mentioned in "The Book of Rights" were taken from records of great antiquity, and were digested and, perhaps, put into metre by St. Benignus.

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successions and battles of kings; the victories of saints of Leinster.

Then follows this impressive outline of the field and the fair of Carman: —

"O Leinstermen of the tombs, pray listen!
Twenty-one raths of lasting fame,
In which hosts are laid under ground;
A psalm-singing cemetery of renown
Is there by the side of noble Carman.

"Seven mounds without touching each other,
For the oft-lamenting of the dead;
Seven plains, sacred, without a house,
For the sports of joyous Carman were reserved.

"Three markets were held within its borders:
A market for food; a market for live cattle;
The great market of the foreign Greeks,
In which are gold and costly clothes.

"The slope of the steeds; the slope of the cooking;
The slope of the assembly of embroidering women.
. . . . . .
"There comes of not celebrating this feast,
Baldness, cowardice, early grayness;
A king without wisdom, without wealth,
Without hospitality, without truthfulness."

This remarkable poem, coming down to us from remote antiquity, is one of the many proofs Ireland has to offer of the early civilization and refinement of her people. There are invaluable stores of ancient Gaelic learning and poetry still concealed in the museums and libraries of Europe. "These old poems show," says Prof. O'Curry,

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"the nature of the Assemblies, or Fairs, of Ireland, and how the grave business of legislation was performed on appointed days, in the midst of others set apart for pleasure, or reserved for mercantile pursuits."

Charles O'Conor, of Belanagare, a famous authority on Irish literary antiquities, says:— "Placed in the extremity of Europe, secluded from the rest of the world, unconquered, unmixed, and never affected by the concussions of the fall of the Roman Empire, the Irish must have possessed primeval institutions, which these MSS. are the best calculated to unfold."

VII.

AN HEROIC COMBAT IN ANCIENT IRELAND.

THE most interesting literary relic of ancient Ireland is, probably, the heroic poem called the "*Táin Bó Chuailgne*" ("The Cattle-Prey of Cooley"), which is preserved in the *Leabhar na-h-Uidhri* and in the "Book of Leinster." It is assigned to a period in or about the year 600, A.D.; at least one specimen of the same kind of ancient verse, in the "*Dindsenchas*," was written

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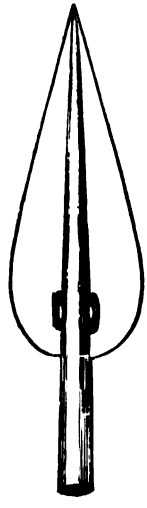
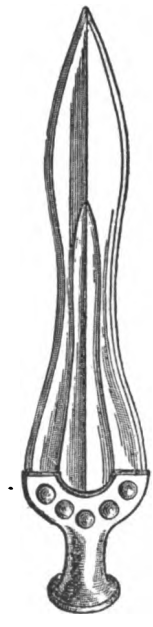
about A.D. 590, by Amergin, chief poet to Diarmait, son of Fergus Ceirbheoil.

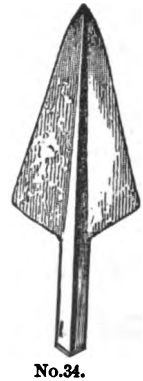
"These compositions prove," says Prof.



No. 32.
"BROAD GREEN SPEAR"
Bronze. (See page 177.)



No. 33.
FIRBOLG DAGGER,
called COLG.



No.34.
MANAIS, OR BROAD
THRUSTING SPEAR.
(See page 177.)

O'Curry, "that the most enchanting form of Irish music is purely native, independent of any Saxon, Danish, or Norman aid."

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The "*Táin Bó Chauilgne*" contains many detailed and picturesque accounts of personal conflicts, weapons, dress, armor, etc., and, in this respect alone, it is interesting to glance at the history of the noble poem.

Saint Ciaran, the founder of the church at Clonmacnoise, in ancient Westmeath, and who died in the year 548, transcribed this poem with his own hand into a book called "*Leabhar na-h-Uidhri*," which book remained at Clonmacnoise for hundreds of years afterwards. The poem was again transcribed from St. Ciaran's MS. about the year 1100, and in the year 1873 it was translated into English and published by the Royal Irish Academy, in the library of which the vellum transcription of the year 1100 is still preserved.

The "*Táin Bó Chuailgne*" is also preserved in the "Book of Leinster," an almost contemporary manuscript, four hundred large pages of which still remain in beautiful preservation. The "Book of Leinster" was transcribed about the year 1150, by Bishop MacGorman, of Kildare, who died in 1160. At this day, therefore, it is at least seven hundred and thirty-eight years old. It contains a splendid copy of the "*Táin Bó Chuailgne*." So that we have this superb literary specimen of ancient Irish poetry from two distinct sources giving an assured copy of the poem as it existed

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in St. Ciaran's time, before the year 548, — or over thirteen centuries ago.

Let me here interpolate a word about the artistic production of these and other ancient Irish books. With reference to the execution of the lettering and decoration, Mr. Digby Wyatt observes that in delicacy of handling and minute but faultless execution, the whole range of palæography offers nothing equal to the early Irish manuscripts, especially "The Book of Kells," the most marvellous of them all. One cannot wonder, therefore, that Giraldus Cambrensis, when living in Ireland, in the reign of Henry II., on being shown an illustrated Irish manuscript, exclaimed: "This is more like the work of angels than of men."

Sir William Wilde, himself a Protestant, writing of the destruction of Irish art ("Sketches of the Irish Past"), says: —

"The gorgeous missals and illuminated gospels, instinct with life, genius, holy reverence, and patient love, were destined to be replaced soon after by the dull mechanism of print; while Protestantism used all its new-found strength to destroy that innate tendency of our nature, which seeks to manifest religious fervor, faith, and zeal by costly offerings and sacrifices. The golden-bordered holy-books, the sculptured crosses, the jewelled shrines, were crushed under the feet of Cromwell's troopers; the majestic and beautiful abbeys were desecrated and cast down to ruin, while beside them rose the mean and ugly structures of the reformed faith. . . . Since that mournful period there has been no revival of art in Ireland.

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"The relics of a civilization three thousand years old may still be gazed upon by modern eyes in the splendid and unrivalled antiquarian collection of the Royal Irish Academy. The golden circlets, the fibulas, torques, bracelets, rings, worn by the Tuatha Dé Danann, are not only costly in value, but often so singularly beautiful in the working out of minute artistic details, that modern art is not merely unable to equal them, but unable even to comprehend how the ancient workers in metal could accomplish works of such delicate, almost microscopic, minuteness of finish." (Sir William Wilde, "Ancient Dublin.")

I have said this much about those ancient and precious Irish books to introduce a description of a fight between two Irish chieftains, which is related in the *Táin Bó Chuailgne*.

The poem is a picture of the time, an evidence of the extraordinary development of Irish civilization at a period when every country in Europe north of Italy was in absolute barbarism. Even at the time of its transcription by St. Ciaran, nearly thirteen and a half centuries ago, literature had not been born in England; indeed, that country was in the rudest condition, just emerging from the darkness of an utterly unsocial state.

I quote and condense from the book of the *Táin*, entitled "The Fight of Ferdiad:"

"And then it was discussed by the men of Eiriu who should go to combat and do battle with Cuchulaind at the early hour of the morrow. [Cuchulaind, or Cuchullain, had challenged all Queen Medb's warriors.] What they all said was: that it was Ferdiad, son of Daman, son of Dáre, the valiant warrior of

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the men of Domnand. For their mode of combat was equal and alike. They had learned the science of arms, bravery, and valor with the same tutors; with Scáthach, and with Uathach, and with Aife. And neither of them had any advantage over the other, *except that Cuchulaind had the feat of the gae-bolg* (the casting of the belly-dart)." *

Message after message was sent to Ferdiad, asking him to come and fight Cuchulaind. But "he knew wherefore they wanted him — to fight and combat with his own friend and companion and fellow-pupil, Cuchulaind, and he came not with them."

Then Queen Medb (Meave or Mab) sent the druids to urge, and the satirists to sting, Ferdiad; and, more out of fear of the bitter poets than the priests, the warrior yielded.

"The subject of the strange belief in ancient Ireland, in the power of a poet," says Prof. Eugene O'Curry, "would be one of great interest to investigate." By their satires they were supposed to be able to bring fatalities on men. Laidcenn, a poet of the fourth century, we are told, satirized the men of Leinster, "so that neither corn, grass, nor foliage could grow for them during a whole year." The belief in this occult power of the poet was general in all the ancient history of Ireland.

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* The *gai-bulga*, or *gae-bolga* (the belly-dart) is unique among the weapons of Ireland. There is a common phrase often heard in Ireland, "Put the *gai-bolg* on him" (meaning a masterful stroke), which I have heard vulgarized in America into, "Put the *kye-bosh* on him." It is strange to trace such a phrase back to a mysterious weapon used thousands of years ago in Ireland.

"This was the character of that dart," says the ancient

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But Ferdiad was resolved not to fight Cuchulaind without high reward:

"And when he arrived he was received with honor and attendance, and he was served with pleasant, sweet, intoxicating liquor, so that he became gently merry. And great rewards were promised him for making the fight, namely: a chariot, with four-times-seven cumals; the outfit of twelve men of clothes of every color; and the extent of his own territory of the level plain of Magh Aié, free of tribute, to the end of time; and Findebar, the daughter of the King, as his wedded wife, and the golden brooch which was in Medb's cloak in addition."

Queen Medb urged Ferdiad to the fight with promise of this great reward; but Ferdiad refused to go without further guarantee. He answered:

"I will not accept it without guarantee;
For a champion without security I will not be.
Heavily will it press upon me to-morrow,
Terrible will be the battle.
Hound, indeed, is the name of Culand;
He is fierce in combat."

Táin Bó Chuailgne: "It was upon a stream it should be set, and it was from between the toes it should be cast. It made but the wound of one dart in entering the body; but it presented thirty inverted points against coming back; so that it could not be drawn from a person's body without opening it."

"Concerning this weapon," says Prof. O'Curry ("Ancient Irish," p. 310, vol. 11), "if we only knew of it from the exaggerated description of the manner in which it tore its way through Ferdiad's questionable armor, its existence at all might be very well doubted; but, in another ancient tale, we have very fair authority to show that Cuchulaind had unwittingly

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Again Medb offered treasures, and made promises of glittering reward. Ferdiad was resolute:

"I will not go without securities
To the contest of the ford.
It will live in fame until the judgment day.
I will not accept though I die,
Though thou excitest me in language."

Then Medb agreed to Ferdiad's terms, and he agreed to fight six champions on the morrow, or

---

killed his own son Conlaech with this very weapon, in an ordinary combat on the shore, near Dundalk."

Like the *Tathlum*, or sling-ball, with which the champion Balor was killed in the battle of the Northern *Magh Tuireadh*, the *gae-bolga* has been assigned an Eastern origin by a very ancient Irish poet. His poem, in Gaelic, opens thus: —

"How was the *gae-bolga* discovered?
Or by whom was it brought hither
From the Eastern parts of the world?

"Inform those who are ignorant
That this weapon originally came hither
From Bolg Mac Buain, in the East,
To Cuchulaind, in Muirtheimhné."

The poet goes on to relate that the champion Bolg Mac Buain found, on the sea-shore, the bones of a monster called the *Curruid*, and "made the wild spear from the bones of the kingly monster." Mac Buain gave the *gae-bolg* to Mac Inbar; who gave it to Lena, his friend; who gave it to Dermeil; who gave it to Scáthach, the teacher of the war college of Alba (Scotland); who gave it to her daughter Aife (Cuchulaind's mistress); who gave the weapon to Cuchulaind.

"Cuchulaind brought the *gae-bolg*
Into Erinn, with all its barbs;
By it he slew Conlaech of the shields,
And Ferdiad afterwards."

Such is the account of the origin and history of the famous *gae-bolg*, as preserved in an extremely old Gaelic poem.

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combat with Cuchulaind, whichever he thought easier.

Fergus, a warrior, proceeded in his chariot to Cuchulaind's residence, to inform him of the agreement. "Thine own friend," he said, "and companion, the fellow-pupil, the co-feat and co-deed and co-valor man, Ferdiad, is coming to fight with thee."

"I am here," answered Cuchulaind; "I do not desire to fight my friend; but, I trust, as I have not yielded before any other man of Eiriu, I shall not yield before him." *

"Should we happen to meet at the ford,
I and Ferdiad of never-failing valor,
It shall not be a separation without history;
Fierce will be our conflict.

"I pledge my word and my vow,
Though we may be much alike in combat,
That it is I who shall gain the victory."

Both champions prepared for the conflict, assisted by their friends. In the morning, Ferdiad ordered his horses to be harnessed. Whereupon his charioteer tried to persuade him not to fight Cuchulaind: —

"It were better for thee to stay;
Thy threats are not gentle.
To encounter the chief hero of Ulster,
It is a meeting of which grief will come.

* Throughout this poem the name of the country is spelled *Eirîu*, not Erinn.

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Long will it be remembered:
Woe is he who goeth that journey."

Ferdiad would not be persuaded. He had made guarantee to fight, and he would. He answered the charioteer: —

"What thou sayest is not right;
A brave champion should not refuse:
It is not our inheritance:
Be silent, then, my servant:
We will be brave in the field of battle;
Valor is better than timidity;
Let us go to the challenge."

Ferdiad, in his chariot, arrived first at the ford, which gave him the choice of weapons. While he waited, he lay down on the cushions, and slept.

Meanwhile, Cuchulaind had ordered his chariot to be prepared, saying: "He is an early-rising champion who cometh to meet us to-day."

When Cuchulaind sprang into his chariot, there shouted round him *Bocanachs*, and *Bananachs*, and *Geniti Glindi*, and demons of the air; for the Tuatha Dé Danann were used to set up their shouts around him, so that the hatred and fear and abhorrence and terror of him should be the greater in every battle. And soon the awful rattle and roar of his chariot was heard coming; and Ferdiad's servant awoke his lord. "Good, O Ferdiad," he cried, "arise; here they come to

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the ford." And again the fateful charioteer forebodes darkly for his master: —

"Woe to him who is on the hillock,
Awaiting the hound of valor!
I foretold last year
That there would come a heroic hound —
The hound of Emain Macha —
The hound of a territory, the hound of battle.
I hear, I have heard!"

Ferdiad reproached his charioteer as unfaithful, and as having received bribes from Cuchulaind.

Then they saw the chariot of Cuchulaind; "the beautiful four-peaked chariot, with a green pavilion, drawn by two fleet, broad-chested, high-flanked, wide-hoofed, slender-legged, broad-rumped horses; one of which was gray, the other black."

"And Cuchulaind reached the ford. Ferdiad came on the south side; Cuchulaind on the north side of the ford." The champions saluted each other; Cuchulaind said he was sorry to have to meet his friend in battle. Ferdiad replied, searching for a reason for disagreement, that when they were pupils in the war-schools of Scáthach and Uathach and Aife, Cuchulaind had been his attendant, to tie up his spears and prepare his bed.

"It is true, indeed," said Cuchulaind, "but it was then as thy junior I did this for thee; and this is not the story to be told hereafter. For there is not in the world a champion I would not fight this day."

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Then they inveighed bitterly against each other; till at last they came to the question of how they should fight. But once more the tenderness of

No. 35.

No. 36.

SLEGH.

Sharp-pointed Tuatha Dé Danann Spears. (See page 177.)

their old friendship overcame Cuchulaind, and he implored Ferdiad to withdraw from the combat: —

"Findabar, the daughter of the king, —
The reward which has been proffered thee, —
To numbers before thee has been falsely promised,
And many like thee has she wounded.

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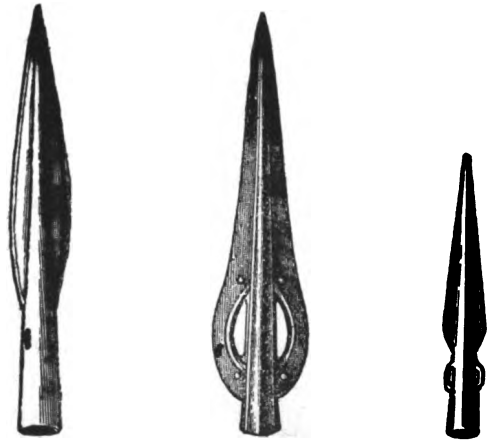
" Break not with me thy vow not to combat,
Break not thy bond — break not friendship,
Break not thy pledged word.

" Unto fifty champions has Findabar been proffered, —
By me they have been sent to their graves."



No. 37. No. 38. No. 39.

SLEGH.

Tuatha Dé Danann Spears. (See page 177.)

And he urges Ferdiad by all the dear old ties between them not to enter on the combat: —

" We were heart-companions,
We were comrades in assemblies,
We were fellows of the same bed,
Where we used to sleep the deep sleep.
To hard battles,

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In countries many and far distant,
Together we used to practice, and go
Through each forest, learning with Scáthach."

"O Cuchulaind of the beautiful feats," said Ferdiad, "though we have studied arts of equal science, and though I have heard our bonds of friendship, of me shall come thy first wounds; remember not thy championship. O Hound! it shall not avail thee, — O Hound! it shall not avail thee."

Then Ferdiad cut short the discussion by asking with what arms they should fight. "Thine is the choice of arms, till night," said Cuchulaind, "for it was thou that first reached the ford."

Ferdiad chose javelins — light spears for throwing. They took their shields, and "their light turned-handled spears, and their light little quill spears, and their light ivory-hafted spears." "They used to fly from them and to them like bees on the wing on a fine day." Each continued to shoot at the other with these missiles from morn till midday, until all their missiles were blunted on the shields. Neither was wounded.

Then they desisted, to change their weapons. "They cast away their missiles into the hands of their charioteers." Ferdiad now chose "straight, smooth, hardened spears, with their hardened flaxen strings in them;" and the fight continued

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till nightfall, when they ceased. "They threw their arms to the charioteers. Each of them approached the other forthwith, and each put his hands around the other's neck and gave him three kisses."

Their horses grazed in the same paddock that night, and their charioteers sat at the same fire. The warriors lay on beds of rushes; and the healers came with herbs and plants of healing, to cure their wounds. Of every herb and healing balsam applied to the wounds of Cuchulaind, he sent part over the ford to Ferdiad, and he did likewise with the food and drink brought to him.

Next morning they came again to the ford, and this day Cuchulaind had the choice of weapons; and he chose the "great broad spear for thrusting," to be used from their chariots.

All day the fight lasted, and at night the horses were wearied and the charioteers dispirited. Again they desisted, and again embraced and parted for the night, "their horses in the same field and their servants at the same fire."

This night Ferdiad sent to Cuchulaind part of all the rich food and drink and healing herbs sent him by the men of Eiriu. Next day they met again, and Ferdiad chose heavy swords for the weapons. "We are nearer to the end of the fight," said Cuchulaind, "than the throwing of the first

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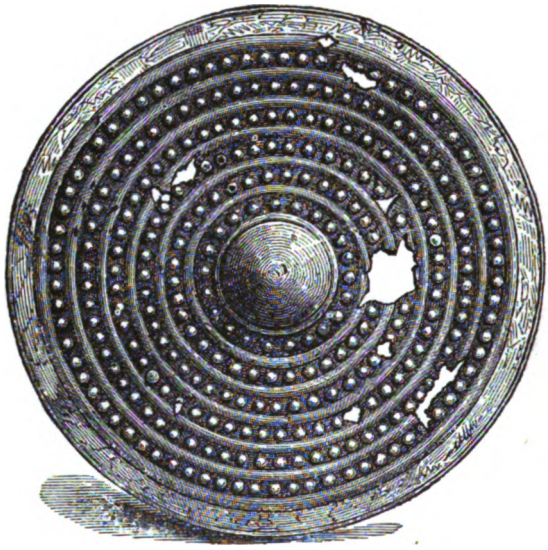

No. 40.

ANCIENT BRONZE SHIELD.*

* "A very beautiful bronze shield, found in a bog forming a peninsula or island in Lough Gurr, in the county of Limerick. The Royal Irish Academy having purchased this beautiful shield from M. Lenihan, Esq., of Limerick, it is now in the national museum. It is a flat disc two feet three and three-quarter inches in diameter. It has six concentric rings formed by about two hundred small hollow bosses about an inch in diameter; and in the centre a large somewhat flattened boss, six inches internal diameter, called by the French *Ombilic d' Umbo*, and by the Germans the *Schildnabel*. The rim is an inch and three-quarters in width. The handle is fastened

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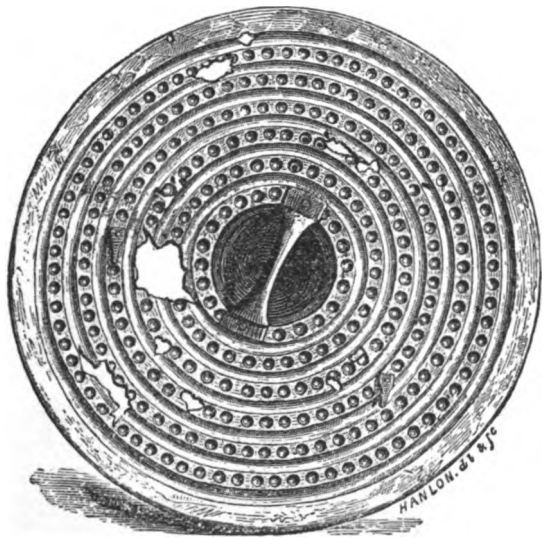

No. 41.
ANCIENT BRONZE SHIELD.

across the back of the central boss. On the back of the shield, in the third circle from the rim, are two bits of bronze so riveted that the heads of the rivets form two of the small obverse bosses. These bits of bronze served to sling the shield over the shoulders. [Figures 40 and 41 represent the face and back of this shield.] The central boss or umbilicus of some Irish shields must have been formed by a spike which could be thrust into the face of an enemy. This was, perhaps, the *Gilech cuach coicrindi* or flesh mangling cup-*Gilech* or cup-spear, which was on the speckled blow-dealing shield of *Laeghaire Baadach.*"—*O'Currys "Manners and Customs."*

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day or the thrusting of the second, by the hewing of to-day." They fought from behind their "long great shields," and both men were many times and deeply wounded, when the darkness fell. When they gave their weapons to the charioteers they were mournful and silent; they did not embrace each other; their horses were not in the same field that night; their charioteers were not at the same fire.

"Then Ferdiad arose early next morning, and went forward alone to the ford of battle. For he knew that that day would decide the fight; he knew that either of them should fall on that day there, or that they both would fall."

"And it was then he put on his battle-suit of combat, before the coming of Cuchulaind. And that suit of combat was [as follows]: He put on his apron of striped silk, with its border of spangled gold, next his white skin. He put on his apron of brown leather, well sewn, over that, on the lower part [of his body]. He put on a flat stone outside over this apron; and again, outside this, a deep apron of purified iron, through fear of the *gae-bolg* (the belly-dart), on that day. He put his crested helmet on his head, in which were forty gems, carbuncles, in each compartment, and it was also studded with crystals, cruan, and rubies from the East. He took his sharp-pointed strong spear into his right hand. He took his curved sword upon his left side, with its golden hilt and pommels. He took his large bossed shield on the slope of his back."

When Cuchulaind came to the ford the fight began with missive weapons (javelins,) and continued till noon. And when midday came, the ire of the men became more furious, and they

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drew nearer to each other. And then it was that Cuchulaind sprang from the brink of the ford, and hung on the boss of the shield of Ferdiad for the purpose of striking him on the head over the upper rim of the shield. And Ferdiad gave the shield a blow of his right elbow and cast Cuchulaind from him like a kid from the brink of the ford. Cuchulaind sprang from the brink and again clung to the boss of the shield, and was again flung off, Ferdiad striking the shield with his left knee.

Then Laeg, the charioteer of Cuchulaind, reproached his master, who, with a mighty spring, again leaped at Ferdiad, caught the boss of his shield, and was flung headforemost into the middle of the ford.

A dreadful close-fight followed, in which the very shields were unriveted and bent, and the *Bocanachs* and *Bananachs* and wild people of the glens and demons of the air "screamed from the rims of the shields and the hilts of the swords, and hafts of the spears." The champions fought with heavy swords, and at length Ferdiad buried his blade in Cuchulaind's body, making a deep but not deadly wound; and still he rained on Cuchulaind his great strokes.

"Cuchulaind could not endure this; and he asked Laeg, son of Riangabra, for the gae-bolg."

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"When Ferdiad heard the gae-bolg mentioned, he made a stroke of the spear downward to protect his lower body. Cuchulaind thrust his spear over Ferdiad's shield and wounded him, and then quickly setting the gae-bolg between the toes of his feet, he cast it at Ferdiad. It pierced the wrought-iron apron, broke the stone beneath, and entered his body, 'so that every cavity of him was filled with barbs.'"

"That is enough, indeed," said Ferdiad; "I fall of that."

Cuchulaind ran to him, raised him tenderly, and carried him across the ford, in order that there should be no question of his victory. Then laying him down, he swooned beside him. When he recovered, he lamented over the corse of his foeman. Laeg came and stripped Ferdiad.

"Good, O my friend Laeg," said Cuchulaind, "open Ferdiad now, and take the gae-bolg out of him, *for I cannot afford to be without my weapon.*"

Laeg came and opened Ferdiad, and took the gae-bolg out of him; and Cuchulaind laid his red weapon by the white side of Ferdiad, and lamented anew:

"O Ferdiad! sorrowful is thy fate!
That I should see thee so gory and pale;
Having my weapon yet unwashed,
And thou a blood-streaming man.

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Sad is the deed which has come of it:
We the pupils of Scáthach,
I, all wounded and red with gore,
Thou, thy chariot no longer driving."

"Good, O Cuchulaind," said Laeg, "let us leave this ford now. Too long are we here."

"We shall leave now, indeed, O my friend Laeg," said Cuchulaind; "but every other combat that I have made was to me as a game and a sport compared with this fight with Ferdiad!"

It is impossible in brief space to convey the richness of imagery, the subtle character-sketching, and the minute detail of this noble and ancient poem. The future has brilliant crowns for Erinn besides those she may win politically. The re-establishment of her literary and artistic genius, the verification of her ancient and unceasing claim, the proving her root to have its deep hold in the earliest known fields of the human race, — this is part of the duty and responsibility that rest on the shoulders of the Irish race of the present.

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VIII.

A GLANCE BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

The retrospect induced by the study of these Irish antiquities may well lead the modern reader to a consideration of Ireland's native resources and power to become once more a great nation. The charges of those who declare that her present poverty and unrest are natural and inevitable, are easily disproved by the records of past and present. In all ages of her history, Ireland was remarkable as a land of abundant wealth. Venerable Bede says of ancient Ireland, that "for wholesomeness and serenity of climate, Ireland far surpasses Britain. . . . . The Island abounds in milk and honey, is not without vines, and is famous for the chase of fish, fowl, stags, and roes." *

Three hundred years ago the illustrious English poet, Spenser, who had lived many years in Ireland, thus described the country: "And sure it is a most beautiful and sweet country as any under heaven, being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of

* Eccl. Hist. bk. i., c. 1.

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fish abundantly; sprinkled with many very sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas, that will carry even ships upon their waters; adorned with goodly woods; also filled with good ports and havens; beside the soyle itself most fertile, fit to yield all kind of fruit that shall be committed thereto. And lastely, the climate most mild and temperate." *

Two hundred and fifty years ago, Sir John Davies, another eminent Englishman, wrote about Ireland as follows: "I have visited all the provinces of that kingdom in sundry journeys and circuits, wherein I have observed the good temperature of the air, the fruitfulness of the soil, the pleasant and commodious seats for habitations, the safe and large ports and havens lying open for traffic into all the west parts of the world; the long inlets of many navigable rivers, and so many great lakes and fresh ponds within the land, as the like are not to be seen in any part of Europe; the rich fishings and wild fowl of all kinds; and lastly, the bodies and minds of the people endued with extraordinary abilities by nature." †

In Browne's "Essays on Trade," published in

* "View of the State of Ireland."

† "Historical Tracts," by Sir John Davies, Attorney-General of Ireland.

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London in the year 1728, this is the report on Ireland: "Ireland is, in respect of its situation, the number of its commodious harbors, and the natural wealth which it produces, the fittest island to acquire wealth of any in the European seas; for as by its situation it lies the most commodious for the West Indies, Spain, and the Northern and Eastern countries, so it is not only supplied by nature with all the necessities of life, but can over and above export large quantities to foreign countries, insomuch that had it been mistress of its trade, no nation in Europe of its extent could in an equal number of years acquire greater wealth."

"Ireland," says Newenham, writing eighty years ago on industrial topics, "greatly surpasses her sister country, England, in the aggregate of the endowments of nature. . . . England, abounding in wealth beyond any other country in Europe, cannot boast of one natural advantage which Ireland does not possess in a superior degree." *

"With respect to the soil," says M. Carey ("Vindiciæ Hibernicæ," Philadelphia, 1823), Ireland is blest in the highest degree. Arthur Young, an English traveller, who devoted half

* "View of the Natural, Political, and Commercial Circumstances of Ireland," by T. Newenham, London. 1809.

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his life to agricultural investigations, has pronounced sentence on this point, from which there is no appeal. He says, comparing England and Ireland, that natural fertility, acre for acre, over the two kingdoms, is certainly in favor of Ireland."*

"There is probably not a country in the world," says Newenham, "which, for its extent, is one-half so abundantly supplied with the most precious minerals and fossils as Ireland."†

It is not too sanguine to express the hope

* "Tour in Ireland." Edit. 1780.

† "There is not a county in Ireland which does not contain some valuable mineral or fossil; several of them, it is now ascertained, abound with treasures of this sort; and these, for the greater part, are most happily situated for the exportation of their products, either in a rude or manufactured state."—*Newenham.*

Ireland contains the following thirty different sorts of minerals and fossils, the figures prefixed denoting the number of counties in which they have been discovered, viz.:

2. Amethysts.	2. Garnites.	4. Pebbles.
1. Antimony.	7. Granite.	2. Petrifactions.
15. Coal.	1. Gypsum.	1. Porphyry.
1. Cobalt.	19. Iron.	1. Silicious sand.
17. Copper.	1. Jasper.	3. Silver.
1. Chalcedony.	16. Lead.	6. Slate.
8. Crystals.	2. Manganese.	1. Soap-stone.
9. Clays of various sorts.	19. Marble.	1. Spars.
	15. Ochres.	2. Sulphur.
5. Fuller's-earth.	2. Pearls.	2. Talc.
1. Gold.		

"The gold mine at Croghan, in the county of Wicklow, began to attract attention about the year 1795. According to

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that at last the sun is rising from the long night of Ireland's suffering and heroic struggle for a nation's rights. It means much for civilization that a people so originally gifted as the Irish should have free scope to express its national genius in all the forms of art, learning and freedom. The ancient glory can be renewed, with increased lustre. An island must become famous for wealth, even among the wealthy, that is so full of natural

a calculation made on the subject, the sum of £10,000 was paid, at the rate of £3 15s. per ounce, to the country people, for the gold which they collected. Before the government took possession of the mine, there was found one piece of gold which weighed twenty-two ounces, and which is believed to be the largest ever found in Europe. From the commencement of the works to June 1801, there were found 599 ounces of gold."—*Newenham.*

"Mr. Lawson, an English miner, stated in evidence before the Irish House of Commons, that the iron-stone at Arigna [the iron-field of Arigna is six square miles in extent] lay in beds of from three to twelve fathoms deep; and that it could be raised for two shillings and sixpence the ton, which is five shillings cheaper than in Cumberland; that the coal in the neighborhood was better than any in England, and could be raised for three shillings and sixpence the ton; and that it extended six miles in length, and five in breadth. He also stated that fire-brick clay, and free-stone of the best qualities, were in the neighborhood, and that a bed of potter's clay extended there two miles in length, and one in breadth. Mr. Clarke, on the same occasion, declared that the iron-ore was inexhaustible. And our distinguished countryman, Mr. Kirwan, whose opinions on mineralogical subjects few will attempt to refute, affirmed that the Arigna iron was better than any iron made from any species of single ore in England."—*Newenham.*

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resources, of precious and useful minerals, gold, silver, iron, copper, zinc, antimony, coal, of marble, porphyry and various building stones, of artistic and useful clays, of rare glass-sand, of inexhaustible fisheries, of incomparable water-power, of singular fertility of soil, of rare native popular intelligence and versatility of mind; and, added to all these, with a position unequalled for commercial advantages, set down in the high-road of the world's traffic, the first land in Europe from the West, where every traveller across the Atlantic would land, and whence every traveller for the outer world would embark.

When the world was young, Ireland proved her capacity by leading in the civilization of Northern Europe. Even the broken leaves and branches of her native customs and literature, preserved in this article on ancient weapons and games, are proof to the eye and the mind, over-riding the aspersions of illiteracy and prejudice.

In her unexampled struggle of seven centuries, during the latter three of which the nation has been prostrate, bound, and gagged, the native arts and industries and varied learning have died or have been destroyed by the stupid conqueror. The language of the Celt has been suppressed; but he has learned the tongue of his oppressor,

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and enriched it with memories and imaginings of his own.

And in the latest day, Ireland is stronger and more hopeful than when the long fight began. She is conquering her enemy by the highest form of victory — by conversion.

The illustrious Englishman, who is leading the higher morality and intelligence of his countrymen, Mr. Gladstone, says: "Under the most cruel pressure of tyranny and torture, in every form, without being invested with suffrage or power, the Irish people has maintained its own vitality and the integrity of its traditions. . . . We must reverse the judgment which the civilized world has formed, to the effect that England, great and pure, and bright in most of the recollections of her history, has one dark, blurred and blotted space on that page which describes her dealings with the sister island, and which, instead of being, as it ought to be, an honor to the greatest of free countries, would be a dishonor to the most despotic and enslaved. Irishmen will hope, must hope, ought to hope, and in the train of that hope will come victory; and in the train of victory, liberty; and in the train of liberty, peace; and in the train of peace, the restitution of that good name to England, which will then, indeed, be relieved from the last blot resting upon it."

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CANOEING ON THE CONNECTICUT.

THE canoe is the American boat of the past and of the future. It suits the American mind: it is light, swift, safe, graceful, easily moved; and the occupant looks in the direction he is going, instead of behind, as in the stupid old tubs that have held the world up to this time.

Who, among the hard workers of our eastern cities, needs two months' vacation, and can only get away from the desk or office for two weeks?

Who feels the confined work tell on his lungs, or his eyes, or shudders at that tremulousness of the shoulders and arms which precedes the breaking-down from over-work?

All this can be cured by the sun and the wind and the delicious splash of the river on face and breast and arms. Those are they to whom a canoe is a godsend. They can get more health and strength and memorable joy out of a two-weeks' canoe trip than from a lazy, expensive and

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sea-sick voyage to Europe, or three months' dawdle at a fashionable watering-place.

Boats are for work; canoes are for pleasure. Boats are artificial; canoes are natural. In a boat you are always an oar's-length and a gunwale's-height away from Nature. In a canoe you can steal up to her bower and peep into her very bosom.

What memories are stored away in the canoeist's mind! My friend, Dr. Ramon Guiteras, and I have canoed together in many rivers, in the same little Racine boat (though we now believe that it is preferable to have only one man to a canoe), and we can enjoy rare hours of reminiscence, recalling delightful scenes and amusing incidents from this or that excursion. And let two canoeists, strangers, meet: their talk is an endlessly-pleasant comparison.

Going on this trip on the Connecticut, when we took our boat to the Boston and Maine depot, in Boston, we found another canoe in the baggage car. I happened to know one of the gentlemen who was tying it up, Mr. Morris Meredith, an experienced canoeman; and with him was a veteran of many rivers, Mr. Frank Hubbard, of Boston. What a chat of hours we had! What rapids we ran over again! What tender touches of memory when some river scene familiar to all was brought

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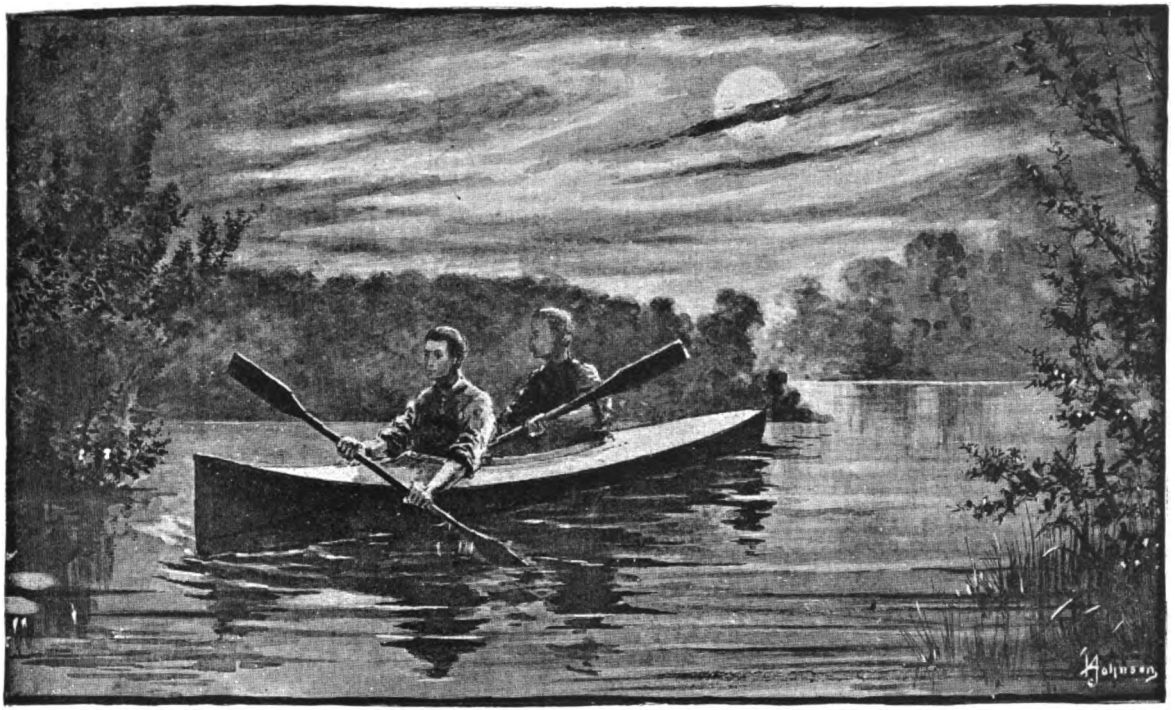

A PADDLE BY MOONLIGHT.

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up! And how unselfishly these two canoemen (who were going on a two-weeks' cruise on Lake Champlain) tore their chart in two, and gave us that part which included the Connecticut River.

When Dr. Guiteras and I started from Boston, we intended to take water at White-River Junction; but, when we reached that place, we found the river full of logs, — the largest quantity ever cut in one year going down this season. But the "end of the logs" was only a few miles above the White River; and we were told that, by going farther up, we should have it all clear as we came down, and might follow the logs to Holyoke.

So we took our little boat farther up, till we came to a favorable spot for launching, and there we slid her into the river from a marvellous white sand-bank, which ran into the deep, slow stream, and from which we took our first glorious "header" into the Connecticut.

All along the river, down to Middletown, hundreds of miles away, we found, at intervals, this remarkable kind of sand-bank on which one may take a race, and dive directly into deep water. And yet the bank is not straight, under water, but a rapid incline, easy and pleasant for landing.

What need of details? Miles in a voyage are of no more account than years in a life: they may

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be filled with commonplace. Men live by events, and so they paddle.

We had ten, fifteen, twenty days ahead, if necessary! We were rich in this. Hundreds of miles of beautiful water, splendid days, a new moon, a well-stored locker, and a boat that danced under us like a duck! So we started, dripping from the embrace of the sweet water.

We paddled about fifteen miles, when we saw a tempting nook, a pine grove above a sand-bank, with a dashing stream; and, not far withdrawn, a comfortable farm-house, where we might buy milk and eggs and bread. As we had started late, we landed for the night, and one set off for the farm-house, while the other made ready for supper.

We had a copious larder. We carried too many things, observers said. So we did; but we both liked many things when we stopped for meals. Our table was the sand-bank, with a rubber blanket spread. Olives, cheese, sardines, bacon, Liebig's extract of beef, — these looked well. Then came the farm supplies, — quarts of rich milk, a dozen eggs, two loaves of bread, and a lot of cooked green peas, thrown in by the farmer's wife; a bottle of good claret. What a dinner and supper in one! Then coffee, then a cigar, then the philosophies, — quiet talk as we

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sat looking at the river with the darkness coming down, the frogs sounding resonant notes over on the New Hampshire side, and the white light of the young moon trembling up over the dark pine hills. Then we wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and slept till morning.

We had no tent; we two had discovered that we needed no tent in July or August, though we do not advise others to follow our example. Fortunately for us, we wake in the early morning with the same feeling of refreshment, — our lungs full of the delicious air, and our faces wet with dew. On this first morning, I leaped up at sunrise, shouting: "This is the way Nature meant men to live and sleep and wake!"

I shall never forget that first glorious morning. For an hour before rising, I had lain awake looking out at the river, and listening to the strange country sounds around me. All over the grass and low bushes, the spider's webs were stretched, glistening with dew. What a wonderful night's industry! Those webs were nearly all, or quite all, new. The little night-toilers had woven them over our olive bottle, over the gun, over ourselves. The field above us was white as snow with this incomparable cloth-of-silver.

As I lay and looked at one of those webs close to my face, I saw a strange thing. A little gray-

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and-black spider ran up a tall grass blade, rested a moment, and then ran off, through empty air, to another blade, six inches off. I looked closer; surely he must have a fine line stretched between those points, I thought. No; the closest scrutiny could find none. I watched him; he was soon off again, straight for another point, a foot above the ground, running on clear space, and turning down and hanging to it, like a monkey, but still going ahead. I called Guiteras, and he came and saw and examined, and smiled in his wise way when he don't know. We could not see the little fellow's cable, or railway, or bridge. He was as much finer than we as we are finer than mastodons.

And the birds, in that first rich morning speech of theirs, full of soft, bubbling joy, not singing, but softly and almost silently overflowing. Two little fellows flew rapidly down to a twig near us, and began bubble-bubbling as if in a great flutter and hurry; and immediately they flew far and high, as for a long journey; at which my philosophic friend moralized:

"Those little fellows are like some canoeists who wake up, and don't wait for breakfast; but bubble-bubble, hurry-hurry, get-afloat, we-have-a-long-way-to-go! Now, *we* don't do that."

Indeed, we do not. This is what we do. We

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light our little alcohol stove, and boil two quarts of the rich milk, into which we put our prepared coffee (Sanford's, — a great and precious compound, which we heartily recommend to all men fond of outing). Then we plunge into the river for a good swim, getting the first of the sun as he comes over the hill. The sand-bank is soft to land on; and so up we go to the meadow above, for a four-round bout with boxing-gloves; and, when this is done, we are in good trim for breakfast.

Here let me say that we were never sorry when we selected a white sand-bank or a pine grove to sleep in; the latter to be preferred, on account of the soft pine needles, the healthy fragrance, and the absence of mosquitoes. If the sand-bank is chosen, first scoop out a hollow for the hips and shoulders; spread the rubber blanket, and then the woollen blanket; turn the latter bag-like up from the feet, and draw the rubber over all. Then your couch is as soft as a feather-bed, and a hundred times healthier.

After breakfast, two hours of easy paddling, during which we keep the gun ready, and usually kill about a half dozen birds to enrich our dinner. Then follow two hours of hard paddling, which prepares us for dinner and a rest. After this, two hours of easy paddling, and two hours of

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hard paddling. Then supper; after which, a slow and easy, meditative paddle in search of pine grove or sand bank. This was our regular daily programme, and its worth was shown by our excellent condition when we reached the end of the river.

Events by the way — how shall I recall them, crowded as they are? We were upset: it was in this way. We had carried our boat round a fall, where the logs ran so furiously that nothing else had a chance to run. At about eight o'clock in the evening we floated her, below the falls, intending just to paddle down till we found a place to sleep. We did not know, from the dusk, that the rapids extended for miles below the falls. We soon found the water extremely strong and swift, full of eddies and whirls, and mixed up with tumbling and pushing logs. It was the ugliest race we had seen or did see on all the river. We swept down like an arrow for about half a mile, and then a thunder-storm of extraordinary violence and continuity burst. The night became pitch-dark. We could only see the black river, running like a wolf at the gunwale, and the lightning zigzagging the night above. Suddenly, we realized that the logs on our left were stationary, while those in the stream on our right were tearing down like battering-

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rams. So long as you go *with* the logs they are gentle as friendly savages, just rubbing you softly like living things, and movable with a finger. But get fast, and let them come down on you, and the ribs of a boat will smash like a match-box under their brutal drive and the jagged fibres of their tapered butt-ends. The logs on our left were stationary; but the rapid water boiled up between them. We ran swiftly along two great logs — then suddenly stopped. An immense log had been forced up and across its fellows, and as its farther end was driven swiftly forward, its heavy butt came straight for the canoe. Dr. Guiteras got the first blow, on the head and shoulder, which rather keeled us. Then the log took me fairly on the chest, and over and down we went. For some seconds, Guiteras's feet having got fast somehow in the boat forward, he was in a bad way; but he soon kicked free, and we swam at our ease with the boat down the river.

To men who can swim well enough not to lose their presence of mind by a sudden upset, there is little danger in canoeing — probably no more than in riding. It is well, though, to know what to do when you find yourself rolling into the water. When you come up, the canoe is, of course, bottom-side up. By catching hold of her

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keel, she is easily righted. If there be two swimmers, they should take the two sides, holding her with one hand and swimming with the other. They can pass through any kind of sea in this fashion, safely, and even with pleasure. If there be only one in the canoe, he ought to hold her by the stern or painter ring with one hand, and swim with the other. If he attempt to hold her by the side he will surely upset her again. It is good drill to upset your canoe in safe water half a dozen times, and get used to it, as we did on the day following our ducking.

We lost, strange to say, only a few insignificant articles. Everything in the locker was safe, and even dry, including our watches. The gun had not rolled out.

To go into further detail would give the affair more weight than it deserves. I shall only say that in our difficulty we were kindly and courageously helped by Mr. Woodman, a farmer on the shore, for whom we shall long keep a friendly feeling.

This was our only mishap of a serious nature. Of course, we got into many tight places; canoeists must expect it. But we emerged without turning a hair, and we paid for all our troubles with endless interest and enjoyment.

We laughed at all things that came: at a

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memory of last year; at simple questions by the country lads, who sat with us at times while we feasted, but who never would join us, being shy and proud; at a certain stupid kind of bird that waited every day to be shot; we laughed infinitely at the logs, when we learned their ways; we named them, patted their rough backs, or rubbed the old bald ones; we leaped out and rode on them, and tried to walk on them like the logmen, and always tumbled in, and came up blowing and laughing.

This reminds me of a story. We had stopped near a camp of logmen, and they paid us a visit. Among them was a big brawny fellow, who evidently was full of conceit, and who, we were quietly told, had been bragging all the season of his prowess as a boxer. It was Sunday evening, and he was dressed as a heavy swell, cloth trousers, silver watch, a "biled" shirt, etc. When the loggers saw the boxing-gloves, they wanted their heavy man to spar. Guiteras (the best heavy-weight ever known at Harvard and the Cribb Club) was willing to set-to with him. But the big fellow "didn't feel well to-day"; he would only smile in a superior way.

At last we got afloat and shoved off. Then the big fellow jumped up and ran out on some logs in the river, and bared his arm to the shoulder.

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"Look at that!" he shouted, as his biceps crept up to his shoulder like a cat.

At that moment, he slipped off the log and disappeared in the deep water, starched shirt, watch, cloth trousers and all; and the hills roared in concert with the logmen and canoemen as he floundered out and crept, dripping, to the shore.

We had another queer experience with an antagonist who "took it out of us," at least for a day — the sun. We make a point of wearing as little covering as possible — no hats, no sleeves, no shoes while in the boat. Healthy men are never sun-struck. Alcohol-stroke or toil-stroke or stomach-stroke is the real name of sun-stroke. If the bare head feels warm in a boat, moisten it and it becomes deliciously cool.

But sun-burn is another thing, and it must be looked to until the skin toughens. It must not be cooled with water, for every drop becomes a burning lens, to score a deeper mark. On our fourth day out we were badly sun-burnt. Guiteras on that day had swam from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M., making about fifteen miles. The sun had taken hold of our shoulders, arms and face, and next day we were both feverish and cross-grained. Every movement was painful. We stopped at a village and bought half a pound of bi-carbonate of soda (common baking soda). That night we made a

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thick solution, poured it over the burnt parts and put on tight cotton shirts with long sleeves. In the morning the pain was gone, though the blistered flesh remained.

Here is an experience of "cures" for sun-burn; we tried many remedies, some on one arm, some on another; some on our faces, and others on our necks. We tried Nature's remedy — *let it alone* — and the burns treated in this way were the first to get well. Moral: do nothing for a sun-burn but to take it out of the sun for a day or two.

As we came down the river one thing was noticeable and very enjoyable — the courtesy and kindness of every one on the banks. At Brattleboro we found two gentlemen who owned canoes (Mr. Harry Lawrence and Mr. Fred. L. Howe), who lent us a pair of single paddles, and who were otherwise exceedingly kind.

At Springfield we stopped long enough for me to lecture in the evening (by previous arrangement). There was a large audience, and Guiteras sat on the platform, brown as an Indian, and fell asleep. Fortunately he was shielded by a large tropical plant. We stopped that night at the hospitable house of my friend Father O'Keefe, of West Springfield, who made the hours short for us.

We had been told that the beauty of the Con-

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necticut ended at Springfield; but it is not so. Indeed, one of the loveliest stretches lies between Hartford and Middletown, though the river under Mt. Tom and Mt. Holyoke is surpassingly beautiful. I never saw more delightful scenery than in the river valley just above and below Northampton.

And let no canoeist pass Springfield without visiting the famous United States arsenal, where,

> "From floor to ceiling,
> Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms."

Nowhere in the world is there a nobler view than from the tower of this building. This is a superlative word, but it was the opinion of the great Humboldt, who, on a famous European river, said: "There is nothing finer than this, except the view from the Arsenal at Springfield."

At Hartford, the Canoe Club met us most kindly, and its commodore, Mr. Jones, made our stay bright and our departure memorable.

From Hartford to Middletown is one of the finest stretches of the Connecticut, and it is by no means low-banked or monotonous. One of the peculiarities of the river is that it is almost as wide and apparently as deep at Hanover as in this latest reach.

It is not necessary to go a great distance up

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AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER.

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the Connecticut to find splendid canoeing water. If one had only a week's time, and entered the river at Brattleboro', or below Turner's Falls, he would find enough beauty to remember for a lifetime.

The distances on the river appear to be quite unknown to residents on the banks, who evidently judge by road measurement. We found, in most cases, that the river distance was at least a third to a half longer than the road.

One of our rarest pleasures came from paddling for a few miles up the smaller rivers that run into the Connecticut. They are invariably beautiful, and the smaller ones are indescribable as fairy-land.

One stream, particularly (I think it is a short distance below White-River Junction, on the New Hampshire side), called Bromidon, was, in all respects, an ideal brook. It had the merriest voice; the brownest and most sun-flecked shallows; the darkest little nooks of deep, leafy pools; the most happy-looking, creeper-covered homesteads on its banks. We could hardly paddle into it, it was so shallow; or out of it, it was so beautiful. Guiteras wanted to write a poem about it. "The name is a poem in itself," he said; "any one could write a poem about such a stream." All the way down the river his muttered "Brom-

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idon !" was like the self-satisfied bubble-bubble of the morning birds.

This leads me to say that, in the rapid growth of canoeing, which is surely coming, it is to be hoped that the paddle will be the legitimate means of propulsion, and not the sail. If men want to sail, let them get keel-boats and open water. The canoe was meant for lesser surfaces. Indeed, the smaller the river, the more enjoyable the canoeing. A few feet of surface is wide enough. With the quiet paddle, one can steal under the overhanging boughs, drift silently into the deep morning and afternoon shadows; study the ever-changing banks, birds, even the splendid dragon-flies and butterflies among the reeds and rushes.

As an athletic exercise, paddling is one of the best, or can easily be made so. A canoe trip of a couple of weeks, diversified by two good swims daily, will bring the whole muscular system into thorough working condition. Dr. Guiteras, who has had unusual experience in athletic training, and has given it special attention, is of opinion that *no other* exercises are so excellent as paddling and swimming in conjunction.

A word about the logs. They are not so bad as they look, nor as their general reputation. We should, of course, prefer a river without

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them; and canoeists on the Connecticut can easily avoid them by finding out when they start and cease running. But they always keep in the current; they people the river with odd and interesting fellow-voyagers, and they are as harmless as sheep in a meadow when you know how to handle them.

Since this trip on the Connecticut, we have canoed many other rivers, some of them streams of much greater volume. We had in these the width of water, the calm greatness of the flow, the splendid reaches unbroken by falls and rapids and dams; but we often missed the over-hanging branches, the flash and twitter among the leaves, the shadows that made the river look deep as the sky, and the murmur of the little brown brooks that are lost in the great stream, leaving only their names, like Bromidon, clinging to the water like naiads.

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DOWN THE SUSQUEHANNA IN A CANOE.

"THIS river runs palpably down hill!" said my friend in the other boat, as our two canoes rounded a sweeping curve, and ran down an unbroken slope of half a mile.

So it did. Beautiful! That first air-borne sensation of a sheer slide was not beaten on the next hundred miles of river. The water was not three feet deep; clear as air — every pebble seen on the bottom, and none larger than your hand; and the whole wide river slipping and sliding like a great sheet of glass out of its frame! At the foot of the sloping water was a little rapid, our first on the Susquehanna, which is even more truly a river of rapids than a river of bends, though the latter is the meaning of its melodious Indian name.

We had stopped paddling on the "palpable hill," and we let the stream carry our canoes into

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the noisy rapid at its foot. Zigzag it crossed the river; and as I led into a well-defined rushing **V**, aiming at the angle, I felt the first grumble of a rock along the keel. Next moment we were pitching on sharp little white-caps below the rush, and scooting down toward the swift, deep water.

We had launched our canoes at Binghamton, J. Smith and I, because the river above is too low in September. Shame that it should be so! The beautiful hills above Binghamton, that a few years ago were clothed with rich foliage for unbroken leagues, are shorn like a stubble-field. The naked stumps are white and unsightly on the mountains, like the bones of an old battle-field.

A monster has crept up the valley and devoured the strong young trees. Every trunk has been swallowed; and the maw of the dragon is belching for more. On both sides of the river, and through many of the valleys that open back to the farm-lands, the railroads wind like serpents; and every foot-long joint in their vertebræ is the trunk of a twenty-year old tree. The hills stand up in the sun, cropped and debased like convicts; their beauty and mystery and shadowed sacredness torn from them; their silence and loneliness replaced by the selfish chirp of the grasshopper among the dry weeds. Never did the hard utility of civilization appear less disguised and less

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lovely. An Indian warrior begging on Broadway; a buffalo from the wilds yoked to a market-wagon; any degrading and antagonistic picture of life were more endurable and more hopeful than these majestic ridges stripped and burned into commonplace and repulsive bareness.

But the injured hills, like all old and strong children of nature, curse their destroyer as they die. The railroads have killed the trees, and the death of the trees is as surely killing the river. Year by year its life-blood decreases; it grows narrower, shallower, yet more fitfully dangerous. Scores and hundreds of miles it runs, drinking in the volume of the streams; but in all this distance its own volume does not increase.

Marvellous and shocking! The Susquehanna is no deeper at Harrisburg than at Towanda. Its evaporation equals its growth. The shorn hills can hold no moisture. The rain and dew are dried in the morning sun like a breath on a mirror. But when the heavy clouds roll in and rain for weeks, there are no thirsty roots to hold the water, no myriad-leafed miles to be drenched before a rill is formed below. Then the dried veins are suddenly and madly filled, tearing down to the lowlands with unchecked violence. The river, swollen with drunken fury, becomes the brute that civilization is always making — leap-

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ing at the bridges, devouring the fields, deluging farm-houses and streets, until its fury is glutted on the blind selfishness that gave it birth.

Pittsburgh riots and Susquehanna devastations are children of the same parents, — Greed and Ignorance. Beautiful trees and beautiful souls, steeped in the coal-pits, scorched by the cinders, thundered over by the roaring wheels that carry treasures to the cultured and luxurious, there is a curse in your defilement and mutilation. Yet our moralists and socialists will not listen and understand.

But who shall be didactic in a canoe on a river that laughs into little rapids every few hundred yards? It was delightful to see Smith take his first rapid. He had only canoed before in still water. A few miles below Binghamton we heard the break of the water, and saw the zigzag line ahead. Not knowing the nature of the thing, whether it was a dam, an "eel-rack," a wood-shoot, or a natural shoal, I paddled ahead, and took a look at it. There was just one place in the line, about three feet wide, where the water rushed down like a sluiceway; and we must go in there. On one side of this passage, a thin spur of black stone rose above the surface, and made a good mark to steer by; but on the other side of the sluice was a great round stone, covered with

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about six inches of rushing water. I paddled back and asked Smith to observe exactly where my boat entered; and, turning her head, I let her go in "with the swim." It was a delightful little shoot of about fifty yards, and when I had reached the smooth water, I turned to see my friend coming down. He neared the rapids, not letting his boat drift, but paddling with all his force, and moving at tremendous speed down the swift water. He was not heading for the opening, but was coming straight for the big stone at the right side. No use shouting; the din of the water drowned all other sound. I expected to see him strike and swing round, and probably get upset and rolled over; but instead of that, the bow of his plucky little boat rose at the stone like a steeple-chaser, till I saw half her keel in the air, — and then over she came, without a scratch, and buried her nose in the deep water below the stone, while the canoeist sat straight, laughing with excitement, and dripping with the shower of spray from the plunge.

"How did it feel?" I asked.

"Glorious!" he shouted.

He thought he had come down *secundum artem*. But before night he knew all about it, for the river was so low that every shallow had an angry brawl. Next day, with a steady hand and cool

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head, he found the way out for me when I had got into a bad place.

It was in this way: I had gone in first on rather a long and rough descent. There was a bend on the rapid, and in going round I struck heavily and unexpectedly, and swung right athwart the race, amidships fast on a huge brown shelf-rock. The divided water caught bow and stern, and held the canoe against the stone. I got one foot out against the rock and stopped her trembling; and there I was, fast. I could hold her steady, but could do no more. The stone was so shaped that I could not stand on it. The water ran deep and strong, and if I pushed off altogether I should be apt to go down broadside or stern first. So I sat thinking for a second or two; and then I looked back to wave to Smith to keep off. I saw his boat, but not him. He was swimming, "accoutred as he was," right across the river above, to give me a hand. His judgment had told him that I was badly placed. In a few minutes he had reached the head of the rapid, stepped from stone to stone till he caught hold of my "painter," and next moment my bow came round to the race, and down I shot like a rocket. In a few minutes he followed in the same course.

Just below that rapid we had an unpleasant experience, — the only one on our whole voyage.

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We fell in with a sordid lout, and up to this day I am sorry we did not thrash him or duck him in the river. We had gone up to a farm-house on the bluff to buy milk and eggs for dinner. Two old women had very kindly served us, and we were coming away when the lout appeared. He was evidently the master of the place: a big, raw-boned, ragged-whiskered, and dirty-skinned brute. He had just caught a snake, about two feet long, and he held it wriggling in his hand, while he laughed a vile chuckle, and opened his filthy mouth in derision as the older woman, his mother, probably, fled, almost screaming with terror. Then he came toward us, and seeing Smith's bare ankles he deliberately put the snake down to bite them, chuckling all the time, and mumbling: "You hain't got the sand! He won't bite. *I* ain't afeard. *I've* got the sand. *I* ain't afeard o' snakes," and so on.

We stepped away from him, and at last told him, in a tone he minded, to drop the snake. He did so at once. His mother said to him from the door: "If you did that to me, and I was a man, *I'd kill you!*"

Then the brute insisted on selling us ten cents' worth of honey, which he called "Th' bam'f a thaousand flaours" (balm of a thousand flowers); and, coming to the boat, he begged for a drink,

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and, at the last moment, wanted us to buy a gallon of "old stock ale, seven year old."

It took us some hours to forget the barbarian. A handsome young trapper, logman, and railroad worker, lower down, who knew him well, told us that the lout was known along the river as a coward, a braggart, and "a man that was no good, anyhow."

The Susquehanna is, in one respect, quite unlike any other river on which I have canoed. There is an endless recurrence of half-mile and mile long deep stretches, and then a brawling rapid. The river rarely makes a bend without shoaling to a foot or two of water; and this is invariably ended by a bar, with a swift descent beyond. These shallow places have been utilized as "eel-racks," by driving stakes or piling stones in a zig-zag line across the river. From Towanda down to Wilkesbarre, with a bold, wooded hill, or "mountain," always on one side, and sometimes on both, the deep stretches become deeper and longer; but in a very few places is the "slow water" more than two or three miles in length.

We had brought a small tent with us, and we carried some provisions, — prepared coffee, Liebig's extract of beef, a jar of delicious butter (which we broke and lost on the third day), a can of corned beef, some "hard tack," and some

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bacon. We had tin cups, a little alcohol stove, and a bottle of very old Jamaica (for the malaria).

We had two canoes of the "Shadow" model, Mr. Smith's, a Rushton, decked and hatched; mine without hatches, and built by Partelow, of Riverside, Mass.,—both good boats of their kind, from good builders. But the "Shadow" is not a good kind of canoe for river work. Her keel is too long and too deep. This makes her heavy in turning sharp curves; and, when she runs on a stone, — even a round or flat one, — the keel throws her on one side; and this is really a canoe's unpardonable sin. A canoe should have no keel. The "Shadow" model is really not a canoe at all, but simply a light boat.

The Indian round-bottomed, birch-bark canoe is the best model for American rivers; and it is a pity that our builders do not keep it as their radical study. It should be modified and improved, of course; narrowed for double paddling, and shortened and lightened for portage; but its first principle, of a bottom that can run on or over a stone without capsizing, ought never to be forgotten. In my opinion, paper will win against lapstreak in the canoe of the future; all that is needed to insure this is a method of patching the wound on a paper bottom.

Never have I seen river-water so clear and

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wholesome as the Susquehanna. One of our daily pleasures was to dip our bright tin cups into the river, drink a mouthful, and pour the rest into our mouths without swallowing.

The sun flamed on the water every day of our trip; the records ashore made it the hottest fortnight of the year. So we lovingly hugged the banks when there was any shade; and, unexpectedly, this habit led us into the two greatest pleasures of our voyage.

The first occurred a few miles above the village of Appalaken. We left the main river to run to the left of an island, where the stream was only twenty feet wide. The island was perhaps three-quarters of a mile long, and the trees on both sides reached over, interlaced, and made the stream as dark as late evening. There was a turbulent little rapid at the entrance, as we swung in from the big river and the noonday blaze; and the water all down the narrow stream ran with incredible rapidity. When we felt ourselves carried along in this silent cool shadow, and looked up at the light sifting through the dense foliage, we both exclaimed, "This is too lovely to be repeated!" And the word was true. Such a superlative canoe-ride one could hardly ever expect to enjoy twice. We laid down our paddles, only fearing to come to the end of our marvellous green

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archway, with its dark gleaming floor; and when, at last, we did sweep out into the broad glare of the river, we sighed and looked back wistfully, as men will. Ten minutes later we were wading over a shallow place and hauling our canoes by the painter.

The other peak of our enjoyment was reached about four miles below the town of Athens. Ah, me! how we did enjoy our evening in that little town! But let the tale bide a little. We had gone down some miles below the bridge at Athens, where the river widened out and grew consumedly slow and commonplace. There was an island, with a narrow opening to the left and a rough little rapid at the entrance, — almost a repetition of the Appalaken archway. After that other experience we did not hesitate, but turned from the big sheet of water, and shot into the narrow turmoil, to the left of the island. Again we dashed into a splendid sweep, but about three times as wide as the Appalaken archway. The water was about four feet deep all the way down, and the bottom was of small pebbles, every one as clearly seen as if laid on a mirror. Once more our paddles were crossed before us, and we sat in profound enjoyment of water, wood, and sky, as we were swept along by the current. Half-way down, we landed on the island, intending to float in the water and

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be carried down after the canoes, holding on by the "painter."

And here we made a discovery that will redound to the fame of Athens,—a discovery which we present to that town in memory of the genial hospitality of one of its chief citizens, the Rev. Father Costello, who gave us an evening not to be forgotten. Here let me tell how, baked and burned and tired and hungry and thirsty, on the night preceding our discovery, we walked up to the house of the good priest at sunset, and were met at the open door with outstretched hands of welcome; and how, before a word was spoken, we were handed two great goblets filled with iced wine,—rich, fruity, American wine; and how we sat down to a dinner for epicures, even if it were Friday; and how we then were taken into the little moonlit garden, with good cigars, and other comforts, while our amiable and accomplished host charmed us with quaint fancy and strange learning, and played for us on the flute so softly that it could not be heard fifty feet away, but so exquisitely that we knew we were listening to the soul of a poet and a master; and how simply and tenderly he told us that he had discovered a similarity between his little Athens in the Pennsylvania hills and the immortal Athens of the Acropolis.

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"Look around," cried Father Costello, pointing to the perfect circle of bold mountains, that were blue even in the moonlight; "those hills are a perfect coronet. This, too, is the City of the Violet Crown!"

Now for our discovery: we give it to Athens with only one condition, — that henceforth the citizen who shall call his town *Aythens* shall be disfranchised or excluded from good society, or both.

Half-way down between the island and the shore we plunged into the swift current, intending to float after the canoes, holding on by the painter, — a most enjoyable and interesting thing to do. When you lie at utter rest in the water and watch the shore go by, it seems too delicious for waking life; but this is not the best. Let your whole body and head sink well under the surface, keeping your eyes open; the river becomes an aquarium, — you see the weeds, the stones, and the fishes as clearly almost as if they were in the air. This is because you have no motion except the motion of the water itself; your eyes are fixed in a crystalline medium, and nothing can express the sense of ease, of utter luxury, which the supporting fluid gives to every limb. You are lolling on or in an air-cushion without surface or friction. The mere swimmer

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can never feel this, nor even he who is *towed* after a boat,—though that is an ideal method of taking an invigorating bath. To see the river's inner life, and to enjoy this complete luxury of resting in the water, you must float in and with the stream, without effort or motion, supported by the painter of your boat.

But our discovery waits: half-way down this lovely and lonely island passage we plunged in, as I have many times said; and we had no sooner struck bottom than Smith uttered a strange shout and threw up his hands. I was startled till I looked at his face; and then I was puzzled beyond measure by his motions and expressions. With his hands above his head, he seemed to be dancing on the bottom of the river, and with every step he gave a shout of pleasure. While I looked at him, astonished, I began to feel the infection of his strange conduct. A thrill like soft music ran through me, and seemed to tingle in my ears and under my tongue; and every movement I made brought a repetition of the inexpressible sound, for a sound it was, like a musical echo.

"What is it?" I cried at length. "This is wonderful!"

"It is a musical beach,—a singing beach!" he answered. "And I should say it was the finest in the world!" And then he said, for by strange

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chance he knew something about such a queer thing, "I believe there are only two or three 'singing beaches' known in the whole world; and this certainly must be the best."

You may be sure we lingered over that mellifluous swim. We pushed the boats ashore, and went in for the weird, sweet music of the stream. It was enough to make one howl with sheer sensuous enjoyment. As we pushed or scraped the pebbly bottom with our feet we felt or heard, I hardly know which, a rich resonance passing through us, clear and sweet as the soft note of distant cow-bells. The slightest displacement of the gravel brought it up, as if it had just escaped from the earth.

When we had tried it a hundred and a thousand times, it occurred to us that neither could hear the note caused by the other, — we only heard the sound of our own feet. Again the tenacious memory of my friend found an explanation. He remembered that divers can only talk under water by placing their heads on the bottom.

Another discovery here: you can't get your head to the bottom of a four-foot stream, unless you catch hold of a stone on the bottom and pull yourself down. You can dive, and get your hands or feet or knees down; but not your chin. We are both good swimmers, and we tried in

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vain. While under water, on the dive, or crawling along the bottom on hands and knees, the river was a drear and silent sluice. At last we got our chins on the bottom, each on a stone, and we heard it, — oh! we heard such melodious discord, such a mixture of near and remote echo-like sweetness as can only be imagined in dreams. The river became as full of music as it was of water, and the inexpressible fusion of notes played through our senses like intoxication. Smith was twenty or thirty feet from me, and in deeper water; but every sweep he gave the pebbles sounded to me like a thousand cow-bells melted into liquid harmony. Never, until we go to the same spot again, shall we hear such strange, suppressed, elfin music.

Now, Athens, go down and bathe at the place where we had this intoxicating bath; and believe that never was there siren or naiad in the rivers or springs of old Athens to ravish with sweeter melody than your own beautiful Susquehanna holds for you.

It would be better, perhaps, if I could follow the river features *seriatim*, as we saw them; but then there are so many miles of every river that are only one uninteresting feature. No one cares for the names of little unheard-of villages, themselves quite featureless. Some whole days we

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did nothing but run insignificant rapids, until at last we came to despise them, so that we sometimes ran our canoes at them without searching for an opening, and for our pains always narrowly escaped upsetting, and always, too, had to get out and wade. The rapids of the Susquehanna teach as much patience and wariness as the logs of the Connecticut. You can manage both, like little children, when you take the trouble of finding the right way; otherwise they will crush your boat and you like the insensate brutes they are when opposed.

About ten miles above Towanda we entered on a memorable experience. The river was wide, about half a mile, and we heard an unusually loud rapid about a quarter of a mile ahead. It was noon, and we landed on a pretty shaded bank on the right, to eat our dinner. The day was hot, and the shade was luxurious. We gave plenty of time to cooking and eating and swimming and smoking, and, like Brer Rabbit, "enjoyin' the day that passes."

About two o'clock, a poor-looking fellow, in a poorer-looking old flat-bottomed boat, drifted past, going towards the rapid water. We asked him on which side the current ran.

"Don't know," he answered, sounding all his r's like a true native: "I was neverr hearr be-

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foarr. I'm a strangerr!" And, looking anxiously ahead, he drifted towards the breakers. We were then dining, and we watched him for our own instruction as we ate. We saw the swift stream take him, changing his course a little, and carry him into the rapid. He went down a few boat's lengths and struck. He jumped out, and saved the scow, hauling his boat back. Why he did not try to drag her down, instead of coming back was a mystery. At last we forgot him; and an hour later we got afloat. The first thing we saw was the old boat, empty and aground, at the side of the rapid. The man was nowhere to be seen. What had become of him? He could hardly have been drowned in three or four feet of water, however rapid. And yet he had said he was a stranger.

We paddled to the other side of the river and shot down a rare piece of swift water without difficulty. We were in a hurry, for the sky behind us was "black as thunder" with an enormous cloud, and already the air was filled with dead leaves from the mountain, carried out on the river by the first gusts. A few heavy drops of rain struck our faces and arms, and made little towers on the river.

The river was running with extreme rapidity, and the increasing wind, right behind us, ruffled

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it into white-caps in a few minutes, and drove us ahead at an exciting pace. We hardly knew what to do, being ignorant of the manner of storms in those parts; but as the gale was in our favor we simply steered straight, and held on. The stream ran "palpably down hill," deep and swift. On our left was a grand mountain, almost precipitous, but wooded to the top, and black with the coming gloom. The river almost ran under its brow.

As we plunged ahead we heard the sound of rapid water above the roar of the gale; we had no time to search for an opening; but fortunately the water was deeper than usual. We kept to the left, as the river fell toward the mountain and dashed for the rapid. Two fishermen in a boat were running before us, about a hundred yards ahead. Suddenly we saw them lurch forward, while the boat swung round and the water leaped into her. They had kept two yards too far to the left, but they had shown us the way. They were in the water up to their waists, holding their boat, as we shot past them without a word. They looked at us with grim faces, quite silent, as if dumbfounded. We were fairly lifted over the stones of that rapid by the wind and waves; and a few minutes later we knew what reason we had to be thankful, when the whole fury of the storm burst on us.

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We had learned that an unbroken stretch of river lay before us, clear to Towanda, six miles away. We could see the spire of a church against the lurid sky far down the valley. The sky ahead was fast filling with heaps of dark clouds, racing faster than I have ever seen clouds move. Behind, from horizon to zenith, the air was like a slate colored cavern, with masses and feathery sheets of dark-brown vapor, tumbling and rushing low down, so low as to strike the mountain. There was no rain — nothing but wind, and it was right astern, and held there by the towering mountain on our left. The waves combed out before us, higher than the boats. We could not have kept a quarter of a point off such a blast. We felt the gale on our backs like a physical pressure. It was a magnificent race. We had not even to steer. We sat still and were driven straight ahead, and, had there been a bend in the river, we should have had to run ashore. As quickly as the storm had risen, it subsided or passed. Far sooner than I would dare to write, we saw the tall bridge at Towanda half a mile ahead of us. We had run down five or six miles of river in as quick time, I think, as canoes could safely travel.

Before we reached Towanda the storm had crossed the mountain and the sun was out. We

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kept to the left of the river, ran under the bridge, round an island, and then dashed through a splendid little rapid, right in front of the city, and ran across to a boat-house.

This reminds me of one of the greatest pleasures of canoeing on the Susquehanna — the courtesy and kindness one meets from every one, farmers, townsmen, rivermen, or railroaders. Only one class of men want to take advantage — the expressmen. They are the same everywhere — exorbitant, if not dishonest, in charge, and careless in work. It is not to the credit of the express system that a traveller must truly say so harsh a thing.

At Owego, or Ah-we gah, as we found its old Indian name to be, we went to the hotel for dinner. We were roughly dressed, sunburnt, and hungry. The landlord, an old man with a singularly pleasant face, observed us as we ate. Then he went out, probably to see the canoes, which were down at the wharf before his house.

"Having a good time, are you?" he said, as he returned.

"Yes," we told him; and we outlined our plan for him as we went on eating his excellent dinner.

"Forty years ago," said the old man, "I went down the Ohio River in a dug-out, just for fun, as you are doing. We had a splendid time; but

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we got strapped, — do you know what that is? We spent all our money, and for days and days we hadn't a cent. But every one was kind to us, and we never wanted for anything. We enjoyed it all; and I hope you'll do the same."

He shook hands with us warmly. When we went to pay our bill, the clerk said, "All paid for, gentlemen. Glad you came to see us. Pleasant trip down the river!"

The kind old landlord was "getting even" with the Ohioans, who had treated him well forty years ago.

Another pleasant memory from Owego: when we went down to the canoes we found that Smith's boat was leaking, probably strained on a stone. He went to bail her out with his tin cup.

"You want a sponge," said a handsome big fellow, in shirt-sleeves, standing in the little crowd on the wharf. We hardly answered, the need being obvious.

"You can't get a sponge between here and Harrisburg," he added.

"That is not very consoling."

"But I'm going to give you a big sponge," he continued. "Come with me and I'll fix you out."

One of us went with him; he was the chief livery-stable-keeper in Owego; his name was

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Dean. He gave us a tremendous sponge, which was of very great service.

"Good-by, Mr. Dean; good-by, all of you," we said, as we swung out.

A little dark-faced man had just come down the wharf. He was in a hurry.

"Oh, I say!" he shouted; "I bring you the compliments of the Owego *Rapid*. Wanted to interview you on the political situation!" (I may say here that our voyage was made during a heated National campaign, of which more hereafter.) And we heard Dean and the crowd laughing at the little man, who waved his note-book and pencil.

It was the first we had heard of "the political situation" since leaving Binghamton. I might have mentioned that when we launched our canoes near that city we were accompanied to the river bank by quite a number of well-wishers, and among them two gentlemen from the daily papers of Binghamton, who industriously wrote down our "views." As we paddled away from the wharf at Owego we congratulated ourselves that we had broken the last link, and henceforth could go along like sensible men with no "views" to air. But the "situation" had not done with us yet.

Of our nights on the banks of the river the details are too varied to be written. We enjoyed

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them intensely after the first three days, when the heat of the sunburn had abated. The only drawback was caused by our own persistent mistake; we did not pitch our camp early enough, and the darkness closed on us before we were quite ready for rest. We were tempted each day to go on paddling till the sun had reached the tops of the mountains; and we had not realized how the mountains hurry on the sunset.

The story of one night will do for all. We pulled our canoes ashore under a wooded bank, twenty feet high, and pitched our camp in a lovely little meadow above. It was six o'clock when we left the boats. The river was exceedingly beautiful from our meadow, reminding me of the Connecticut in its superb reaches below Northampton. Across the river, against the distant hills, rose the spire of a church; but there was not a house in sight. The nearest village was Tioga Centre, five miles away. The current in the river was almost still; the water under our bank was about ten feet deep. Though we had much to do before we lost the sun, we could not help giving a few minutes to drink in the extreme beauty of the evening scene.

Firewood was not to be had for the picking up, as usual; but we found a dead tree, partly fallen, supported by its fellows fringing the river. We

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cut it down in quick time with our axe, chopped off some punky lengths of the trunk, tied one of our painters to the remainder, and "snaked" it out of the underbrush. The dry branches broke and burned like tinder, and the larger ones, with the trunk, made us a roaring fire till morning. That night for supper we broiled some bacon and boiled some tinned beef, putting in a lot of Liebig's extract. Then coffee, eked out with our precious but ill-fated butter and marmalade.

Then — let us tell the truth, so that the price may be paid — we went to a stack of coarse hay in the meadow, and took two great armfuls, which we spread in our tent, and which was softer that night than down-of-eider. About the hour of this dark deed, the full moon rose over the hills and sailed into a sky black-blue, star-lit, and absolutely clear from mist or cloud. The only vapor to be seen was a slight smoke that clung in a thin, wavy line to the middle of the river. The only sound, except our own voices, was the screech of an owl on the hills and the leap of the bass in the water.

The night was breathless; but we raised the bottom of the tent, and made a pleasant draft. Before ten o'clock we were asleep. How long that sleep lasted I cannot tell — perhaps three hours; but it was ended in a most awful uproar.

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In my sleep I had heard for hours, so it seemed, the thunder of rapids and falls greater than Niagara, into which the canoe was slipping against all my power to steer or stop her. Nearer and nearer the horror came; there were people on the shore shouting, and one of them blew a whistle that would wake the dead, and I sprang up in the tent at the same moment that Smith jumped to his feet. Without moving farther we saw the cause of the disturbance. Within forty yards of us ran a railroad, along which was thundering one of these interminable coal trains, that are longer, I am sure, than any other trains in the world. The noise had affected us both in almost the same way; and we were so completely awakened that to sleep again seemed out of the question.

So we piled up our firewood till the flames illuminated the sombre hills. Then we mixed with sugar and water a stiff dose of our remedy for the malaria; but before enjoying this, the night was so warm and lightsome and the river so tempting, I plunged into the deep water for a short swim. When I came in, Smith was singing; and we sat by the fire and sang on and on, and the screech owl stopped to listen; and the fire and the tobacco burned as if they enjoyed it; and it was well for the malaria that it did not come around that night.

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Say what you will there is no other form of outing that makes possible, within sight of conventional life and labor, such days and nights of utter freedom, health, natural beauty, and manly enjoyment.

But the river proceeds — as the canoes could not — below Towanda. There were immense stretches where the river widened, and the depth nowhere exceeded three or four inches. There was little pleasure in wading and dragging our boats till the bottoms were worn out; so we carried them up to the railroad (which hugs the river all the way), and shot the iron rapids till we came to fair water again.

It was sometime in the forenoon when we ran into Wilkesbarre, passing through that lovely historic valley,

"On Susquehanna's tide, fair Wyoming."

Surely, in all the world, there is nothing to exceed the quiet, large beauty of this valley, that is enriched with so many forms of wealth; with the stamp of sublimity from the hand of God; with the deep coloring of pathetic and patriotic association, and with the priceless mineral treasures that lie deep in field and hill.

"This is the richest valley on the face of the planet," said a Wilkesbarre man to us; and he

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was only thinking of the coal-veins hidden in its bosom.

But let there be a few uncivilized ones, at least, who shall regard the shafts and chimneys and hideous coal-heaps as marks of desecration and disease. Wealth and civilization, you say; aye, wealth and civilization for the owners of the mines, for the lordly "coal operators," whose summer palaces are set on the shoulders of the noble hills. But for the thousands of workers in the bowels of the earth; for those whose minds and souls, as well as bodies, are darkened with the coal-grim; for their wives and little children, existing that a race of subject-workers may be perpetuated, what portion of our wealth and civilization belongs to these? Does civilization necessarily mean the degradation and starvation intellectually and spiritually of ten, for the luxury and over-development of one?

Civilization impinges on humanity in Pennsylvania perhaps not more unfairly or cruelly than elsewhere; but the contrasts are shockingly apparent.

But we came to look at the hills and the river, not at the social relativities. And the hills are as sadly marked as the human moles who burrow into them. There is no desecration of a mountain so blighting as the sinking of a mine into its

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heart. The dark mouth of the shaft, high up on the side of the hill, is repulsive as a cancer to the eye searching for beauty. Storms might shatter the forests, or fire sweep them, and the grandeur of the hills would be untouched. But in the midst of billowed foliage, and within sound of the rills, the puff of a steam-engine beside a black hole in the mountain-side robs the scene of all loveliness, and hurries the observer out of sight of the profanation.

But where was I? At Wilkesbarre only! We put our boats up at a pretty boat-house above the bridge, and we thought we should stay an hour to see the city, and then proceed. It is very pleasant to recall the manner and face of the man who kept that boat-house, and who was, we learned later, no other than "Commodore Brobst, of the Wilkesbarre Navy," a well-known and popular person. He was very kind indeed; but while he was showing us his handsome boats, his little boy was scudding off to a newspaper office, and "The Commodore" seemed to enjoy himself hugely when, a few minutes later, a reporter stepped down to the float and said: —

"Gentlemen, we have been expecting you. The editor of my paper is coming here presently to welcome you; and also a committee of reception, which was appointed three days ago."

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Upon hearing this amazing announcement we sat down upon the float to gaze at the reporter. Within ten minutes his astounding words were made true.

"Gentlemen you will speak here to-night in the court-house, on the political situation. You will have an immense audience!"

This was the first word that impressed itself on my mind. We could not laugh, and we could not boorishly get into our boats and paddle away; so we weakly listened to the voice of the seducers, who would draw us from our beautiful rapids and woods and hills into the narrowing wrangle of worldly ways. But the editor was such a clever and earnest fellow, and the chairman of the committee was so genial and hospitable, that, after hours of entertainment and enjoyment, we compromised: we promised to return two days later and make political speeches in Wilkesbarre! It was then noon of Monday; we would go on our way down the stream, and come back for Wednesday night.

From that moment we knew that a beauty had departed from the river. It seemed to sink and become commonplace. Some charm of fidelity or sympathy was broken. We were disloyal to the Susquehanna; we could not, as yesterday, look the beautiful river in the face.

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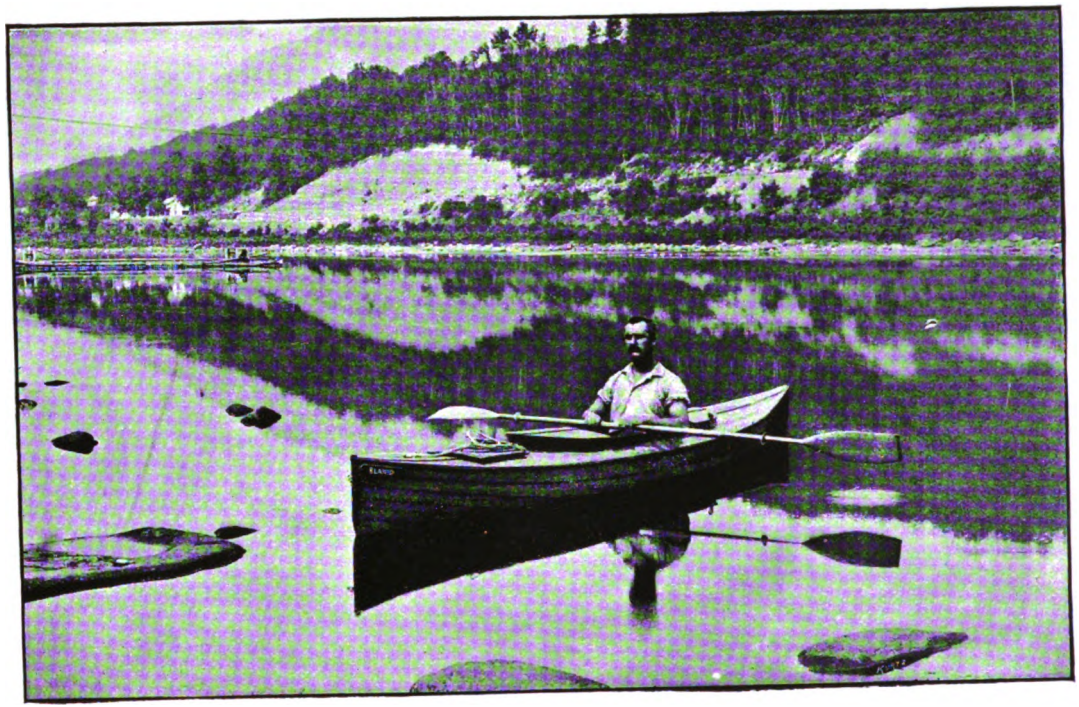

ON THE DELAWARE RIVER.

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But we went along, and, in keeping with our new prosaic feeling, we hooked on to a little steamer running down to Nanticoke, and escaped nine miles of paddling. At Nanticoke we could not cross the dam, — so we went into the canal which begins there. Deeper and deeper we were sinking into the prosaic; and the sense of a departed sympathy made us silent and almost irritable. I heard Smith repeating to himself the sad lines of Wordsworth: —

> "The moon doth with delight
> Look round her when the heavens are bare;
> Waters on a starry night
> Are beautiful and fair;
> The sunshine is a glorious birth;
> But yet I know, where'er I go,
> That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

We regretted the promise that bound us to return, and necessitated at least *some* preparation. We resolved to telegraph back recalling it. But there was no telegraph-office for a long distance down the canal. The current was slow, but in our favor. We paddled steadily ahead, almost silent, till the sun bent down to the mountains, and the canal seemed to become a mere gloomy ditch. Then we began to think of camping and getting supper; but for miles no suitable place appeared. Just about sunset we overtook

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a canal-boat, and asked the man at the wheel where he was going to stop for the night.

"We don't stop; we go on all night," he said; "and if you fellows want to come on board, you can lift your boats on deck, and you're very welcome."

We thanked him; read "yes" in each other's eyes; and in five minutes the canoes were on board, and we were having a new and pleasant sensation.

The canal-boat is no greyhound: it moves solemnly and firmly at the rate of two miles an hour; but it pushes ahead day and night, and, like the tortoise of the fable, it might win a race against a heedless hare. The Susquehanna Canal Company's service employs about two thousand men and boys, and heaven knows how many mules. And splendid mules they are, big as horses almost, and comely to the eye. They impressed my companion so much that in his speech at Wilkesbarre, two days later, he made the audience gasp by opening with the emphatic assertion that the Democratic party was like a mule? "Because," said he, "it is patient, intelligent, good-humored, hard-working, — and handsome!" The Jeffersonians breathed a sigh of relief, and then enjoyed the simile.

Tom Elder was the captain's name, and he had

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on board a man to cook and steer and clean — a silent man who answered questions, but never once looked at us; also a youth of nineteen, a carpenter from Tom's town down the river, who had run away from home, and was now returning through his townsman's kindness; and, lastly, a little tough, red-headed fellow of fifteen, the mule-driver, — another Tom, — who had a phenomenal voice deep down in his chest, from roaring at the mules, and who swore more profoundly and unconsciously than any one I had known up to that time. In this respect, however, little Tom, we found, was distanced by competitors on the tow path.

Once on board no one spoke to us or noticed us. Their indifference was Indian-like. About an hour after boarding the boat Captain Tom came up from the cabin kitchen-bedroom of the ship's company, and, without looking at us, said:

"If you fellows want some bean soup there's plenty of it down there, and you're very welcome."

"Much obliged, captain," said Smith; "and perhaps you would'nt mind taking a little of this — for the malaria. And a cigar."

The captain came down without waiting to be shot.

We had plenty of provisions with us, and we

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made a memorable supper. The runaway carpenter "washed up" after us. Then we "made our beds" on the deck, between the canoes, drew our blankets over us, and looked up at the stars, which seemed, from the motion of the boat and our position, to be moving in a grand, slow procession. It was a beautiful night, and our enjoyment was great. The trees reached over the canal nearly all the way. On one side, below us some fifty yards, was the river, with a black mountain on the other side. Above us, about the same distance, was the railroad, cut out of the mountain foot; and sheer above that the "eternal hills," lifting to the stars.

There was no sound but the swish of the great boat and the distant quick hoofing of the mules. About midnight we heard a strange, hard roar, rising and falling in a certain cadence. It was only little Tom, who had just waked from his first nap on the mule's back, and was cheering them with a song. The children who drive the mules for this great corporation soon learn to sleep on the animals' backs.

In the morning, before breakfast, we saw a fair place for lowering our boats to the river; and we shook hands with Captain Tom Elder, and the serious cook, and the runaway carpenter, and little Calliope-Tom. We had, it appeared, won

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their hearts; and for one brief second I caught the retiring eye of the cook as we parted.

Returning to the river rejoiced us; it was like coming back to an old friend,—a renewal of fealty. And it was well for us that we had some compunction to work off, for a viler ten miles than that before us I have never seen,— not even excepting the upper end of the Charles River.

First of all, the water was like milk-and-water in color, and it was limy to the taste. There was a new sort of rock in the bottom, long ledges of slate that crossed the river like bars, upon every one of which we stuck. We never dreamt of dressing: jerseys and shoes were enough. We were wading half the time. At last we came to an island, and we parted company, Smith going to the right, and I to the left, close under the mountain. The river was more than half a mile wide; and the island turned out to be many miles long. It was a dismal experience, going alone, and each wondering how the other was getting on. For five miles I had not an unbroken run of fifty yards. The side of the hill had evidently fallen into the river, and crumbled into pieces from the size of a foot-ball to the size of a cab. The sluice-ways between some of these were fierce and swift, but irritatingly short.

When I was about half-way down I began to

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fear that Smith might be worse off; so I hauled toward the island and went ashore. Nowhere could I see him, nor get an answer to a bush "coo-ee!" So I walked back to the end of the island, only to find that he had had open river all the way down, and must, therefore, be miles ahead. An hour later I found him at the end of the island, on a mossy bank, under tall beeches, — a little bit from fairyland.

As we were about to get into our canoes, after several hours' rest here, we saw a strange sight. In the reflection under the boats great numbers of little fish had gathered, and ranged themselves in a line, evidently enjoying the only scrap of shadow on the wide river. As we ran down a grand reach of deep and swift water, below the village, we saw another strange thing — a tremendous iron pipe crossing the river in a lonely place, like a huge serpent half-buried in the mud, under eight feet of clear water. It was probably the pipe of one of the great oil lines. Ten miles farther down we came to another village; and as we shot a little rapid in its front a man ran down to the river waving a letter. It was addressed to me, "On the Susquehanna River in a Canoe." It was from the political committee at Wilkesbarre, which we had almost forgotten, telling us that we should have "an immense audience next

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evening," and asking, "On what train may we expect you?"

About a score of little boys, the oldest not more than twelve, who had been swimming, gathered round as we read the letter, and sat in the water like fowl, eying us silently. When we started off they rose in a bevy, and plunged after us, swimming splendidly, one blue-eyed little fellow following my boat with extraordinary rapidity, using the overhand stroke like an expert.

It was then four o'clock, and we were about twelve miles from Danville. We paddled along dejectedly, knowing that our trip had lost its charm by this political interruption. But it was too late to regret. We were delayed soon by shallows and insignificant rapids, and before we had gone four miles the sun had sunk behind the hills.

To cheer us up we floated at last into deep water, and saw before us a scene of surpassing loveliness and repose. The narrow valley on the left was a marvellous picture of rural taste and comfort. A farm-house smothered in soft foliage, with roses trained over the porch, and in the garden the largest and most beautiful weeping-willow either of us had ever seen. A mile farther down we passed a fisherman, and he told us there were two strong rapids, some miles below, which

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could not be safely run in the dark. So we carried our boats up to the tow-path, intending to paddle into Danville that night on the canal.

But when we had eaten our supper we resolved to stay where we were. It was a lonely and lovely place. A high wooden bridge on stone piers crossed the canal and railroad, and led up into a road that was cut into the steep hillside.

We sat on the high bridge and enjoyed the moonrise over the gloomy hill; but, though we did our best to forget it, the coming speech-making disturbed us like the distant roar of rapid water that we knew had to be considered and crossed.

"I wish Tom Elder would come along," suggested Smith. "We could go into Danville on his canal boat."

But Tom was miles astern; and we went and raided on a wood-pile near the bridge, though no house could be seen, and flung a dozen big sticks down to the tow-path beside the boats. Just then we heard a buggy, or light wagon, passing on the road; and Smith ran up on the bridge and hailed it, meaning to ask some questions.

"Ho! I say! I say, sir!" he shouted, as he sprang out in the moonlight. The driver of the wagon started up his horse, evidently alarmed. We heard the swish! swish! of the whip, quicker

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and harder as Smith ran and shouted, and soon the frightened teamster was out of danger.

We learned next day that the place at which we stopped had been the scene of numerous robberies, and that people disliked it even in the daytime. It was well for us that the scared driver had no gun with him.

We lit our fire and made our beds beside it, just withdrawn from the tow-path, and were soon sleeping soundly. Once, about midnight, we were awakened by a passing canal-boat; but we slept again, with a kindly "Good-night, fellows," from the sleepy child on the back of the hind mule.

The dawn was just creeping over the hill when another sound disturbed us,—a loud, hard, cadenced roar, which was familiar. It was little, red-headed, Calliope-Tom, singing his matins to the mules. In ten minutes we had all our goods in the boats, and we started up the tow-path to meet our friends. Little Calliope-Tom saw us afar off, and welcomed us with a long shout and a loud. Captain Tom Elder greeted us cordially; the serious cook and the runaway carpenter came up and gave a hand with our embarkation; and in a few minutes more we were sound asleep in our blankets on the friendly deck.

At Danville, in the morning, we went to the hotel, Captain Tom escorting us. We left our

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boats at the landing. After breakfast and a morning paper (the first for days) we resolved to go to Wilkesbarre at noon, and "think over our speeches" by the way.

No need to tell of our reception, our audience, our eloquence. We had a famous day, and a night to be remembered, at the hospitable house of a Pennsylvania gentleman of the old school, who gave us much that the palates of wandering men hanker after.

But the next day dawned, and we were far from our canoes. We breakfasted with an effort at cheerfulness. When the boy brought to us, at the table, the morning paper, with a report of our speeches, we brightened at once. But, lo! it was the Republican paper, the Democratic sheet having only an evening issue. And therein we read, with ghastly merriment, words of scorn for our eloquence and pity for our arguments.

"Wait till evening, till you see the *Leader!*" said a friendly caller. "I tell you the *Leader* will do you justice."

But no; we said "Good-by," and started for Danville. On our way we concluded to go no farther in the canoes, but to run on to Harrisburg, taking them up as we passed Danville. That was the end of our voyage on the river, though we followed it lovingly from the

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window of the train all the way to Harrisburg. We saw the marriage of the lovely Juniata with the Susquehanna, recalling the exquisite poem of my friend, John Brown :—

"Oh! never such a sight:
He sweeping round the valley's bend,
While she, on maiden tip-toe rising,
Feasts loving glances on the friend
She has so lonesome been abiding;
He, helpless, seeks the fatal shore,
Charm-blinded by her eyes, dark-flashing
Within the portals of the door
Through which her slender form is passing:
He opens wide his giant arms,
The young and lordly Susquehanna;
She nestles there her virgin charms,
The soft-voiced, lovely Juniata;
There in the bright sunlight!"

And so, good-by for another season to the sweet waters, the dancing boat, and the biceps-building paddle. There is no sport or exercise so complete as canoeing a river, for it embraces all sports,— the excitement of rapid water, the delicious plunge, the long swim down stream, the fishing and shooting, the free camping out at night, and the endless beauty of the panoramic scene. Canoe-clubs may meet and vote and compete and sail regatta races on the lakes. But the true canoeist knows not sail nor prize, but searches with the paddle all the bends and rapids and shadowed reaches of our peerless American rivers.

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DOWN THE DELAWARE RIVER IN A CANOE.

"You can run everything on the river but the Big Foul," said the teamster at Port Jervis, as he helped us launch the canoes from a gravel bank.

"Where is the Big Foul?"

"Below Belvidere: you'll strike it in a few days. No boat can run that rift at this stage of the water."

"Oh, it's a rift," said Moseley, standing knee-deep in the river, and packing his canoe. "I thought it was a bird. Why is it called the Big Fowl?"

"It is the foulest rapid on the Delaware," answered the teamster. "I know the river to Trenton: went down last May on a fresh. You can run all the rest; but you'll have to carry round the Big Foul Rift."

We had before heard about this rapid with

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the ominous name. A discussion in *Forest and Stream*, a few years ago, directed the attention of canoemen to its alleged dangers and extreme rapidity of current.*

I had with me also the notes of one of the best canoemen in the country, who had run the Delaware in the spring of last year, to which I referred, and found these words: —

"Great Foul Rift, short distance below Belvidere. Ran down on rafting fresh in May. Length almost a mile and a half from head of Little Foul to foot of Great Foul. Rapidity of water and danger much exaggerated."

"That's all right for a spring fresh," said the teamster, who had heard this note read. "But

* Two canoemen of East Orange, N. J., who ran the rapids in 1878, and who claimed to be the first to do it, wrote as follows: "After passing through two or three small rifts, we arrived at Great Foul Rift, which is considered the most dangerous one in the river, on account of the number of rocks and the swiftness of the current. How to describe our passage through here, we hardly know; all we can say is, we saw it, we entered it, and we passed it. You can see the big slate rocks on all sides of you, and are unable to tell what minute you will strike them. This rift is two miles long, and we passed through it in three minutes exactly, being carried that fast by the current, without using our paddles." This statement was received with astonishment. Two miles in three minutes, or forty miles an hour, is not the speed of a rapid, but almost that of a waterfall.

Among the critics was Mr. A. H. Siegfried of Louisville, who had also run the Great Foul Rift. He wrote: "We were warned against Foul Rift for two days above it, and came to it

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the river is ten feet lower now; and it's the bottom of a river that's dangerous, not the top."

Guiteras was the first in his canoe. "Here goes for Philadelphia!" he cried, as he pushed off. "Are there any rapids near us, down the river?"

"Listen!" and the teamster smiled.

We listened and heard one, the sound coming from the bend of the river half a mile below.

"It's only a little one," shouted the teamster, as we started. "Keep well to the left, and you'll find a channel. It is a smooth rift."

We were three, in three canoes,—Mr. Edward A. Moseley in a stout boat built by Partelow, of the Charles River; Dr. Ramon Guiteras, in a

determined not merely to run it, but to examine it carefully, and see if it is as dangerous as the natives think. We went through it without paddle, save for steering purposes, but losing no time from speed of actual current, and were just eleven minutes from the time we entered until we left the swift water. That we thought a quick run, considering the windings of the channel, following which the distance is fully three miles, though a straight line will measure nearly one-third less. The rift is very swift and crooked, whirling among many and such recklessly distributed boulders that the speed claimed by 'F. P. and E. P. D.' would have been sure death to both boats and men if it had been possible."

The official measurements of the Little and Great Foul Rifts are: Little Foul Rift, 768 ft.; Great Foul Rift, 4,620 ft.; distance from head of Little Rift to foot of Great Rift, 1¼ mile. These measurements are probably by the straight line, and not according to the windings of the channel.

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strong Racine; while mine was a keelless, decked canoe, by the best builder in the world, Rushton, of Canton, N. Y.

It was two in the afternoon of a glorious day when we started from Port Jervis. After a long, dusty railroad ride, it is impossible to convey the exhilarating sense of freedom and enjoyment which one feels during the first moments in his canoe. To plunge the bare arms to the elbow into the river as you go, and let the cool water curl up to the biceps; to feel the soft breeze on bare head and neck; to be far from the busy crowds in the cities, with all the senses awake to new and fascinating objects — the swirl of rapid water, the brown and yellow stones on the bottom of the river, the large, free movements of clouds, the strange flowers on the bank; to grip the paddle with an agreeable sense of power in shoulder and hand; to brace the feet strongly against the foot-rest and feel the canoe spring with the elastic force of the stroke; to shout unrestrainedly to your companions, and hear them shout in return like hearty, natural men; to laugh consumedly with slight cause; and in the midst of all this joyous wakefulness, to be aware of the nearing rapid ahead — to hear its low, steady roar, as if the sound clung to the water; and to be aware also of a new preparation of

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nerve, sight, and muscle — a purely animal and instinctive alertness — for the moment of rushing excitement into which you are sweeping, — all this we experienced within ten minutes of leaving the gravel bed at Port Jervis, and while the teamster still shouted to us from the shore.

We were silent at first, and surprised. It took us some moments to realize that the surprise was delight. The river was not deep — three or four feet at most; but it ran down hill like a hunted hare. There was something quite new in it, too, which I concluded to be the long, wavy green weeds near the bottom, that floated straight with the current like a yacht's pennant in a gale, and by their swaying and glistening in the depths indicated the course and the extraordinary rapidity of the water.

"This is superb!" said one. The others echoed the word.

Almost before we knew, we were in the rush of the first rapid. We had not carefully followed the teamster's instructions to keep to the extreme left; and we had passed the narrow mouth of the channel. Before us ran an oblique bar of heavy stones, over which the river poured like a curtain. It ran clear across the river, and we found ourselves far into the closed angle. The water on the curtain to the left roared like a heavy surf,

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MR. MOSELEY ON A ROUGH DESCENT.

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and we knew that we could not get over or through. There was no opening between the stones more than two feet wide, and beyond or below was a hundred yards of chaotic rock and roar.

We turned and paddled up stream — I might have said up hill. Inch by inch we gained, working with feverish speed, the paddle slipping back in the glancing stream as if it were in air, holding hardly any force.

But we climbed the first descent, and steered across to where the channel hugged the right bank. Guiteras went in first; he had not gone up far enough by a boat's length, and as he shot across into the narrow channel, his canoe lurched upon one side, stood a moment and swung athwart stream. He had struck; but before a thought of danger could follow, the paddle was buried, and with a lifting push, his boat slipped over the stone and rushed down the rapid like a leaf.

The other canoes followed, avoiding the buried stone. It was a vigorous little rush — about two hundred yards in length, and not fifteen feet in width. The water was deep, but its speed made it rise in a leap over every stone on the bottom, and hurl itself in all kinds of ridges and furrows and springing white-caps.

At the bottom of the rift we plunged into a

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MR. MOSELEY ON A ROUGH DESCENT.

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heap of boiling breakers, still running like mad. Next moment we floated into smooth water, and turned and looked back at our first rapid with much laughing and congratulation.

The rapid, or rift (on the Upper Delaware all rapids are *rifts;* on the Lower Delaware all rifts are *falls;* the change beginning, I think, about Easton, as, for instance, Saw-mill Rift, Death's Eddy Rift, Big Foul Rift; and below, Welles's Falls, Trenton Falls, etc.) — the rapid we had passed, on looking back, seemed insignificant in descent and roughness; but we were fairly astonished at the speed of the water, and I think we had a vague consciousness that it would have been no child's play to steer through that channel had it been of any considerable length, and broken by rocks. The teamster had called it "a little one," and "a smooth rift;" what, then, were the big ones? There was no mention at all of this rift in the notes of the canoeman which I had with me. What was the ominous Great Foul Rift in comparison?

As we gazed back at the rapid, it receded from us swiftly. We were on the quiet surface of deep water, but going down at the rate of several miles an hour.

The current still kept to the left bank, and an odd bank it was, — worth describing, because

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it continued intermittently quite down to Trenton, where the last rapid on the Delaware pitches the canoeman into tidal water. The bank resembled molten metal that had hardened. It was almost black, a clean, smooth stone, with round puff-holes in it, no vegetation whatever on the steep slope of, say, twenty feet from the water's edge, above which rose a wooded hill, almost a mountain. The metallic bank ended abruptly in the stream, and the deep current alongside ran with astonishing swiftness.

I realized in brief time that up to that day I had not known rapid water, continued in a long stream. The Susquehanna rapids are short and sharp descents, followed by slow and gentle reaches, some of which are miles in length. The Connecticut, in a memory of six years' distance, spreads out like a lake, with here and there a log moving alongshore, showing that there actually *is* a current. The Merrimack was remembered as a very millpond, except on the short descent of Miller's Falls, near Haverhill, and in the powerful tidal rush under Deer Island Chain-bridge at Newburyport; while many lesser streams were quite forgotten in presence of this grand artery which carried us onward almost as fast as we could paddle on slower rivers.

I have given too much space to our first rapid

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on the Delaware, which, we soon found, was only one of scores before us, and a small one — even a "smooth one." But it will save other descriptions; and it gives our first impression of the river. Having run the Delaware from Port Jervis to Philadelphia, we found that this first rapid was singularly characteristic. All the considerable rapids are of a somewhat similar formation, — except the Great Foul Rift, which is unique.

The rapids of the Delaware are formed in the main by an oblique line of rocks crossing the river, leaving a narrow channel on one side, or sometimes the opening is almost one-third of the way across, with reefs on both sides.

With deep water, say in May or June, when the river is from eight to ten feet higher than it was in the last week of August, a canoeman may run two hundred miles of this incomparable river without striking a stone. But every foot of fall in the stream makes a totally new river; and he who goes down on a freshet in early summer cannot imagine what the river is like at low water in late autumn.

The Delaware is a river of extraordinary pitch, the fall from Port Jervis to Philadelphia being nearly 1,200 feet.

On that first afternoon we intended to run down

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to Milford, twelve miles distant, where, we had been told, there was a famous hotel. But we lingered on the way. In the sweltering heat we pulled the canoes ashore and plunged into the delicious water, drinking it as we swam — a sensation for epicures. We lay prone in the rapid stream, our arms outspread, and our faces under water, floating quickly down, and looking at the yellow and white pebbles on the bottom.

At last we came to a lovely spot, a soft white sand-bank on the left, the Jersey side, formed by the junction of a bright little river with the Delaware. Every paddle was laid down. Half a mile below we heard the dull roar of a rapid. Here the river was very deep and swift, and not more than eighty yards wide. On the right, a wooded but precipitous mountain rose almost straight from the water to a height of at least 800 feet. From his eyrie far up we had disturbed a white-headed eagle which floated and tipped its great wings above us as it moved slowly down river.

The sand-bank was in the angle where the little river fell over a short rapid of twenty yards into the Delaware. The bank was hemmed in by a dense wood.

We camped on the sand-bank for the night. One man erected the tent; another cooked dinner; the third went in search of a farmhouse for milk,

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eggs, melons and peaches—the staple of our food for the next fortnight.

While the dinner simmered we had a trial of strength with the Delaware itself, breast to breast. Swiftly we struck across and down the river for a hundred yards, and then turned and faced the stream. Three strong swimmers,—two of the three extraordinary. Moseley, with the over-hand stroke, which sends him about eight feet a stroke in still water, made progress at the rate of about one foot a stroke. Guiteras barely held his own, swimming as if he were anchored; and, watching the bank, I saw that I was actually going down stream. Under such circumstances you can do a great deal of swimming in a quarter of an hour.

The sun went down on the left, above the low trees, without cloud or haze. For a long time after its disappearance the upward rays flamed on the face of the great cliff across the river, the red gleam moving higher and higher, and the darkness creeping up the wooded wall like a vast tide. When the line of light had cleared the brow of the cliff the trees above, diminished to a finger-length, blazed in gold and crimson; and then, almost suddenly, the light left them,—rose over them, and was lost in space, and they, too, were swallowed up in the night.

"The light that shoots over the heads of trees

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or people," said Moseley, "might as well not exist."

With which philosophic reflection, we spread our rubber blankets on the sand of the tent, over these our woollen blankets; and then, with a big fire blazing a few feet from the tent's mouth, we lay or sat for our coffee and cigars.

Throughout our trip this quiet smoking hour, each evening with a strange scene before us, was a most enjoyable part of the day.

We slept as if the night were an hour long, and we woke to plunge into the sweet unchilled water. We started without breakfast, hoping to reach Milford and the "famous cook" at an early hour.

The miles were long, and the river unendingly broken. It was down hill all the time, rift succeeding rift. Do what we could with careful steering, we struck again and again, and we were in constant danger of smashing boats or paddles. So common became the striking that we coined a word for it—"hung up." And we could not help laughing, when one struck, as we swept past and saw him grimly poling his canoe over a rock, or raising his feet over the gunwale, as he got out to haul her over. For this we had to be always ready; trousers tucked up, and canvas shoes on.

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It came to be a jesting habit, that when one led into a rapid he would do so with a boastful shout. This was my part, at one time on this second day. I had gone into a rift with much flourish, and, a third of the way through, had been "hung up." Down rushed the others with loud derision, avoiding the bad place. Imagine my feeling of disgust at their selfishness, as I saw their backs, leaving me there. Next moment, in the worst part of the rapid, I saw one of them strike and hold his boat with his paddle against a rock; and a second or two later the other struck just beside him. Who could help smiling? And that moment, by a fortunate lurch, my canoe floated and rushed down toward the two, who were now struggling knee-deep in the stream. They held on to let me pass, and scowled as if my laugh were in bad taste.

At ten o'clock we reached Milford, Penn., and climbed the hundred feet of steep bank on which the little town stands. Over the town, all round, rose still many hundred feet of grandly-wooded mountains. The hotel, they told us, was over twelve hundred feet above sea level. The hotel we found to be even better than its report.

Ever since starting at Port Jervis, Moseley had kept referring to the beauty of the scenery at Walpack Bend, some fifteen or twenty miles be-

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low Milford. He had a camera with him, and his desire to get out and take a view grew on him like a disease. No impatience, or protest, or prayer affected him. "When we get home," he would unselfishly say, "these pictures will be the best part of the trip,"—and he was right.

The banks on both sides now rose into mountains, wooded to the top. The river was a series of deep and swift reaches, and then a leaping rift, with a steep descent.

In the very centre of one of these rapids, an unusually deep one, my canoe struck on a covered rock and I knew in a flash that she must either get instantly over or be rolled down stream. Thought and act united. I lifted her by a vigorous push, and was whirled down, stern foremost, with my paddle broken.

Fortunately, the channel below was deep, though rough and very rapid. To meet the emergency I knelt up, instead of sitting as heretofore, and used the broken end of the paddle as a pole, fending off rocks, and steering occasionally with the blade end.

Before I had cleared the rapid I knew that my loss was a gain. The best way to steer a canoe down a rapid is to kneel and use *a long paddle with one blade, the other end to be used as a pole.*

I had a spare paddle in the canoe, a delicate spoon

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paddle, only fit for deep water. As soon as the rift was past, I jointed this and used it; but when the next rift was heard, laid it aside and took up the broken paddle.

The memory of that day is wholly confused with the noise of rapid water. We were no sooner through one rift than we heard another. The names of the rapids were quaint and suggestive: such as Death's Eddy, Fiddler's Elbow, Milliner's Shoe, Sambo and Mary, Vancamp's Nose, and Shoemaker's Eddy.

One must use colors, not words, to paint the beauty of the scene that opened before us on our third day, when we ran the upper rapid at Walpack Bend, and floated into a reach of river that can hardly be surpassed in the world. On our right and left the banks were low and richly timbered; and straight ahead, barring our way, about half a mile off, a high mountain, wooded from the water to the crest.

The river runs straight to the mountain-foot, and there turns directly to the left. It is not a curve or a sweep, but distinctly a right angle; and then, for one mile with the hill to the right and the low farms on the left, and for two miles with the mountain to the left and the farms to the right, the grand stream paces slowly, like a proud horse in the eye of a multitude.

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Here we had a striking illustration of the power of color. The wooded height before us rose at least twelve hundred feet. The river below was green with the immense reflection. But on the very line of union, where the leaves met and kissed in air and water, was a little flame of crimson, which held the eye and centered all the immensity.

It was one small cardinal flower, a plant that grows all the way along the Delaware. The intensity of its color is indescribable. After this superb exhibition of its power, one little red flower against a mile of green and silver, I gathered every day a handful of the lovely blossoms and set them on the bow of the canoe.

When one thinks of the marvels of this river, the regret becomes painful that they are unknown to the outer world, that they are only seen by the natives of the scenes and the accidental canoe voyager.

The rivers are the veins and arteries of a country, the railroads and roads the nerves and sinews.

He has seen the land truly, with its wealth and strength, who has followed the rivers from their sources in the hills down to the tide-pulsating ocean-heart. But the railroads are familiar,

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the rivers unknown. "Sin writes histories," says Goethe; "goodness is silent."

The river affects men in a different way from the road. The dweller by the railroad is keen and quick to trade, and dicker, and undertake. The inhabitants of the river valleys are placid folk; farmers content with their peaceful and laborious lives.

Such homes as the poets have imagined are realities on every mile of the Delaware's banks. Never before, in the same space, have I seen so many quiet, contented, and gentle working people. Scores and hundreds of farm-houses we passed, surrounded with flowers and foliage, the easy-chairs waiting on the wide porch, with the women sitting sewing, the children playing near the house, the men working in the farmyard or in the spreading melon or peach fields, and the bright river moving forever before their eyes, with its great homely ferry-boat waiting below, where the shaded paths comes down the bank. Softly come to one's memory the lines of Bryant,

"O River, gentle River! gliding on
In silence underneath this cloud-flecked sky
Thine is a ministry that never rests,
Even while the living slumber.

At dead of night the child awakes and hears
Thy soft, familiar dashings, and is soothed,
And sleeps again."

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But one is tempted to linger too long on such a scene as this at Walpack Bend. Here, for the first time since we left Port Jervis, the water ran slowly. It is hard to leave a spot so beautiful, where so few strangers are led. Here was Nature at first hand. To impress it deeper on my mind, I retrace our course, on the bank, to where, a hundred yards above the bend, a little singing river flows into the Delaware. Only a few inches deep, babbling over brown pebbles, bright as the sun itself in its flashes, coming down under a dim arch of trees and fringing underwood — a very dream of a little singing brook, that

"Knows the way to the sea."

Here, sitting on a stone, enjoying the soft susurrus in my ears and in the leaves and in the ripples, comes along a country boy, fishing — down the dim arch, walking in the little river, barefooted.

"Bushmill Creek is its name," he says; and he knows no more about it — not how long it is, nor whence it comes. But yet a commentator and critic, this barefooted fisher.

"How far have you fellows come?" he asked, examining the canoes.

"From Port Jervis."

"And how far are you going?"

"To Philadelphia."

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"Well,"—a long pause—"you fellows must want something to do!"

A song sung by some country girls and boys in a boat, passing close to the mountain foot, makes a memory of music and echo as vivid as the gleam of the cardinal flower. They slowly move their unwieldly-looking crooked oars, characteristic of the Delaware — the flat blade set on the oar at an obtuse angle. But this oar, hinged on the gunwale of the flat-bottomed boat, or bateau, is suited to a river of rifts, the bent blade enabling the rower to sweep the shallow water without striking.

The river is rich with bass, and the fishers are numerous. Below Walpack Bend, a lady in a boat, excited and joyous, holds up a splendid fish as we pass.

"See! I've just caught it!" she says. It was at least five pounds weight. A gentleman in the boat tells us that we can run all the rapids down the river—"except the Great Foul Rift!"

Here it was again; and from this time forward, almost every one to whom we spoke warned us in about the same words. Hence grew an unexpressed desire in each of our minds to get away from this croaking rapid; we longed to reach and run it, and have done with it.

But we were approaching one of the glories of

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the Delaware—the most famous and certainly the most sublime—the Water Gap. We reached it unexpectedly. We knew when it was only a few miles away, but we could see nothing ahead but the unbroken mountain range on each side. One mile away, and the range had closed around us in a bight, leaving no perceptible opening for the river.

"Where is the Water Gap?" we asked a boatful of fishers, anchored under a bridge.

"You'll see it in half a minute," they answered. "And look out! for just round the turn there, you will be in the rapid."

We did not need the warning; we were in the quick water already. Looking into the stream, we saw the yellow stones on the bottom fly sternward at an extraordinary pace. The roar of a powerful rapid reached us as we came to a sharp turn in the river; and below us we saw a memorable scene.

I do not know the descending angle of that rapid, nor the measure of its fall; but it seemed as if we were on the top of a hill of rushing water, at the bottom of which, less than a mile away, was a vast wooded basin, its green slope broken by two white hotels set on the hillside, but still seemingly far below us.

There was no time for admiration, or for any-

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thing but steering. We ran down the Jersey shore, close to the rocky mountain foot, in the fastest rush so far. The river plunged from ledge to ledge fiercely; but the channel was deep. At the foot of the fall, we were shot into a whirlpool of yellow breakers that curled up and washed clean over the canoes, drenching all, and almost swamping one of them.

We stopped at the Water Gap that night, and sat long on the wide veranda of the hotel, looking at the wonderful scene. The river passes between two mountains, as through a tremendous gateway; and one feels, without knowing, that beyond that imperial portal, the scene must change into something quite new and strange.

This we found to be true: the Delaware may be said to have left the mountains when it pours through the Water Gap. Henceforth, its banks are bold, or even precipitous, as the right bank surely is in a wonderful cliff some miles below Reigelsville; but it is a mountain river no longer.

In the morning, before starting, we climbed the mountain and looked down on the wild beauty of the Water Gap. From that height the fall in the river was imperceptible; and the rapid that had astonished us the day before looked like a mere shallow brawl.

Few people are aware of the force and danger

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of rapid broken water. To the person who drives or walks along a river, the rapid seems the safest spot, because it is obviously the shallowest. But, as the teamster said at Port Jervis, it is "the bottom that is to be feared, not the top."

"It is just the same with humanity," says Guiteras, when this thought is spoken; "it is the superficial and hasty people who make all the trouble. Depth of mind is as safe as depth of water."

The last word to us from the boat-keeper at the Water Gap was, of course, a warning about the Great Foul Rift. We ran two or three rapids that day that tested nerves and boats, and were exasperated to hear that they were "smooth rifts," and "nothing at all to the Big Foul."

In the high heat of the afternoon, we came to a place where a little waterfall leaped down a bank almost twenty feet into the river. The falling water was white as snow. We went under it and enjoyed a glorious shower bath, but found that in the centre the water fell in lumps almost as heavy and hurtful as clay.

That day, too, we had another novel and delightful experience. We came to an unbroken reach of river on which the descent was so great that a stretch of two miles before us resembled a

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coasting-hill of ice. The river was about five feet deep, with a gravel bottom. We let the canoes float, and we followed, with outspread arms and faces in the water, fairly coasting down that wonderful liquid slope.

Late in the evening, not finding a pleasant camping place, we settled at last on a tolerable spot, on an island. We were tired, and we soon fell asleep — to be awakened by a shout of horror from Guiteras, over whose hand a snake had crawled! He had flung the reptile from him, out of the tent.

After such a start, sleep was out of the question. We lay, however, and tried to rest. But every rustle of the leaves outside, every insect that stirred in the grass, brought a chill and creepy feeling.

"I am going to sleep in the canoe," at last said one; and at the word we gathered our blankets and abandoned the tent.

If it were not for the danger of straining the boat if pulled ashore, or of catching malaria if it be left afloat, the canoe is the pleasantest and easiest sleeping place.

In the morning a swim, a solid breakfast, and an extra careful packing of the canoes. No one spoke of it; but that morning we were each conscious of a particular attention paid to the trim of

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the boats and the stowing of dunnage. At about eleven o'clock in the forenoon we would reach Belvidere; and the Great Foul Rift was only a mile farther.

There was a camp of bass fishers near us, and they came to see us start. They learned our intention of going down without portage, rift or no rift. They did not dissuade us. One of them said he knew the Big Foul Rift, and he gave us precise, too precise, instructions. All I could recall half an hour later was: "Keep to the right when you come to the big white stone — if there's water enough to float your boats."

It was noon when we came to the town of Belvidere, and paddled into deep water under a mill. We needed some necessaries for our dinner, and we could buy them here. The school-boys flocked to the bank to see the canoes, and the mill-workers (it was the dinner hour) came down to have a chat.

"You are not going to run the rift?" asked one.

"Yes, we are."

"They can do it: they don't draw more than two inches," said another.

We knew that at least one of the canoes, heavily laden with baggage, and with a heavy man in her, drew more than six inches. We could get no

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information worth having, except a repetition of the fisherman's word: "Keep to the right of the big rock, two-thirds of the way down,—if you can."

"Nobody has gone down the rift for five weeks," said the man who had first spoken.

Guiteras was going ashore for the necessaries; and as he stood in his canoe, about to step on a log that edged the bank, he slipped, and pitched head-first into the deep water. We were so used to going into the water anyway, that the other two sat quite still in the canoes, as if not heeding, while Guiteras climbed out and shook himself, in a matter-of-course kind of way. This nonchalance created an impression on the crowd; and shortly after, when we started, the general prediction was audibly in our favor.

"Keep to the right of the big white rock, and you will strike the channel," shouted a man as we started.

Half a mile or so below Belvidere, we felt the water quicken and sweep to the right—the Pennsylvania bank. We knew we were in the first reach of the rapid that had been roaring for us since we started.

There are two distinct rapids,—the Little Foul and the Great Foul,—divided by a reach of safe but swift water of half a mile.

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From the moment we struck the Little Foul Rift, we knew we were in the grip of a giant. We were as much astonished as if we had never run a rapid before. We shot down the river—each one finding his own channel—like chips; and, with all our careful steering, we grazed several dangerous stones.

There was no stopping at the foot of the Little Foul Rift; but we ran with the stream without paddling, and examined the entrance to the Great Rapid ahead.

There was no bar or ledge formation here, as in the minor rifts behind us. The rocks stood up like the broken teeth of a sperm whale, irregularly across the river, and as far ahead as we could see from the canoes. Some of the stones were twelve feet out of the water, others of lesser height, and of all shapes; some were level with the surface, and some covered with a few inches of water. These last were the dangers: to strike and get "hung up" on one of these meant certain upsetting; for no boat could stand the rush, and there was no footing for the canoeman if he tried to get out to push her over.

But more threatening than the tall rocks, that looked like a disorganized Stonehenge, was the terrible nature of the bed rock, and the broken stones on the bottom. We could steer between

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the teeth we saw, but we suddenly became conscious of unseen teeth that lay in wait to lacerate the boats under the water-line.

The whole bed of the river is formed of a rock that is worn and wasted in a strangely horrible way, as if it were pitted with a hideous small-pox. Round and oval holes are seen everywhere in the rock, some of them as much as two feet deep and three feet across; and the upper edges of these bowls are as sharp as scythes.

We saw the process of this singular pitting. Heavy stones are caught on an angle of the bottom and rolled over and over without proceeding, till they wear out these cup-like holes, and are buried deeper and deeper in their ceaseless industry. As the bowl increases in size, it catches two workers instead of one, and these grind each other and grind the matrix till the very heart of Nature must admit their toil, and pity their restlessness.

Some of these great stone cups were high out of water, empty and dry; and their round tormentors lay in peace on the bottom. Some were above the surface, but still half full of water that had dashed into them from the rapid.

But there was a keener evil than the circular knife tops of these vessels; and it was their broken edges.

When the torrents of winter and spring thun-

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der through the Great Foul Rift, whirling and dragging trunks of trees and massive stones down the surcharged channels, the pitted ledges of bottom and bank are smashed like potsherds, the imprisoned stones are released and shoot down the river, and the fractured rock remains to cut the water with irregular edges as sharp as a shattered punch-bowl.

We were going into the Great Foul Rift all this time, at the rate of — but who can tell the rate of rapid water? The best canoeman I know says there is no canoeing-water in America over twelve miles an hour, — I think he places this on the Susquehanna, below Columbia, — and that eight miles is very rapid indeed. He may be right; but, were I asked how fast we went into the Great Foul Rift, I should say, at least, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and, in parts of the descent, much faster.

Guiteras went first, but was caught on a covered flat stone in the quick, smooth water; and Moseley led into the rapid, Guiteras, who had floated off, following. I came about fifty yards behind.

From the first break of the water, the sensation was somewhat similar to that of falling through the branches of a tree. The river was twisting down-hill in convulsions. We rushed through

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narrow slopes of ten or twenty feet as if we were falling, and then shot round a rock, flinging the whole weight of our bodies on the steering-paddle. The tall stones ahead seemed to be rushing at us with the velocity of an ocean steamer.

All the time we were painfully conscious of the presence of the incisive edges under water, as one might feel the nearness of burglars' knives in the night. If we struck one of these stones on a downward shoot, it would rip the canoe from bow to stern.

Moseley steered skilfully, and we cleared two-thirds of the tortuous descent without a shock. A quarter of a mile ahead we saw the smooth water at the foot of the rift. We had crossed the river, and were running down on the Pennsylvania shore. Suddenly, the channel we were in divided at a great white stone, the wider water going to the left, toward the centre of the river, and a narrow black streak keeping straight down to the right.

A memory of the warning came to me, "Keep to the right of the big rock, — if you can." But it was too late. A man could not hear his own shout in such an uproar. The white rock rushed past us. The canoes ahead had turned with the main stream, and were in the centre of the river in a flash. Suddenly both canoes ahead were

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shot out of the channel, their bows in the air resting on a hidden rock; and the current, just then turning a sharp curve, swept by their sterns with a rush. Fortunately they were out of the stream, driven into an eddy, or that had been the end of them.

I had time to profit by their mishap. Kneeling in the canoe, using the long-handled paddle, I rounded the curve within a foot of the grounded canoes, and fairly leaped downhill on a rounded muscle of water. In the rush, a thrill swept my nerves — and another — as if twice I had touched cold steel. I found later that my canoe had twice been pierced by the knife-like edges under water.

Before I realized it, the end had come, and the canoe shot across the river in a sweeping eddy. The Great Foul Rift was behind me.

A fisherman on the bank had been watching our passage. "You ought to have kept to the right of that stone," he shouted. "See, there's the channel!" And, looking up, I saw it, straight as a furrow from the big white stone, keeping swift, close to the Pennsylvania shore, unbroken, and safe. Had we kept in this straight way the Great Foul Rift would to us have been no more than an exaggerated name.

The grounded canoemen pushed free, and were

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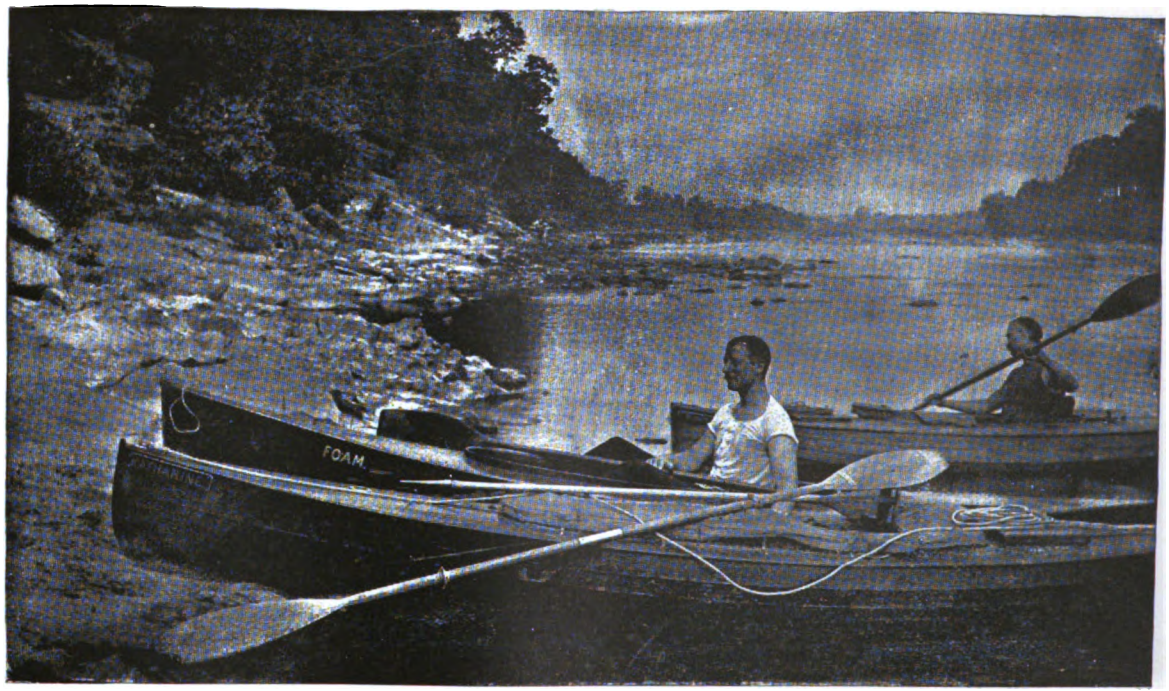

AT THE FOOT OF GREAT FOUL RIFT.

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down in a minute; and then we went ashore, and while Moseley photographed the Great Foul Rift, the others plunged into the delicious water, that seemed too peaceful and sweet ever to have been violent and brutal.

Half a mile below the Great Foul Rift, we came to the pastoral scene of the voyage, *par excellence*. It was ideal and idyllic — sunny and varied as a Watteau painting. It was not great or grand in any way; but simply peaceful, pastoral, lovely.

It was a sloping hillside, of two or three farms, rising from the river. There were low-roofed homesteads, smothered in soft domestic-looking foliage. A round-arched stone bridge spanned a stream in the foreground. Cows and horses stood in the shadow of the trees in the fields, and a drove of cows stood in the river, the reflection as distinct as the cow — like Herrick's swans, that "floated double — swan and shadow." Dark woods framed the scene on both sides and on top, children's voices at play filled the air, and a dog barked joyously, joining in some romping game.

We laid our paddles on the canoes in front of us, and floated a full mile through the lovely picture. It can never be forgotten. In its quiet way, nothing equalled it on the whole river.

"Photograph the place," I said to Moseley.

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"No," he replied. "It is too good for any thing but memory."

And then followed a rare picture of another kind, or rather a piece of statuary. We had stopped to cook and eat a noble bass. We sat on the bank, near a cosey farm-house, which nestled in trees a little withdrawn from the river. The farmer, a young, roughly-clad man, with laughing bright eyes and a brown, good-humored face, came down the shady road, riding a great draught-horse, and leading another. Following him, were his two little sons, perhaps ten and twelve years old.

He chatted pleasantly with us, while he unlaced his heavy boots, and undressed.

"Are you going to swim?" asked Guiteras.

"I am going to wash my horses," he said.

Just then he pulled his gray woollen shirt over his head, and stood naked beside the horse, preparing to jump on his back. We fairly shouted with admiration, the man was so superbly handsome, and so marvellously muscular. He smiled pleasantly, as if not surprised, jumped on his horse and rode into the deep water; his two yellow-haired boys sitting on the bank, with their hands clasped in front of their legs, watching their father with profound pleasure.

We were accustomed to seeing athletes in train-

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ing; but none of us had ever seen the equal of this man. He swam his horses out in the deep water for a quarter of an hour, riding like a Centaur, every muscle on his lithe body sinking, gathering, contracting, disappearing, in the most astonishing way. He was not a tall or heavy man. When dressed, he was almost common looking. But never a Greek or Roman gladiator, in life or marble, was more beautiful or more powerful than that young Jersey farmer.

When we came to float the canoes, after dinner, I saw, with dismay, that mine was almost half full of water. In a glance, I realized the meaning of the quick tremors that had chilled me in the last rush of the Great Foul Rift. The canoe had been struck twice under the water-line by the keen-edged rocks.

I feared that the end of my trip had come; but we emptied the water and found that the leaks, which were clean-cut, as if by a knife, had swelled, and almost closed. Easton was a dozen or fifteen miles away; and when we got there, Moseley thought he could patch the canoe with resin and linen and make her water-tight.

But it was a heavy paddle, though the stream raced downhill. One of the cuts was bruised afresh, in a rapid about four miles above Easton, and the water spurted into the canoe.

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It was dark to blackness on a Saturday night as we paddled down to Easton. We had been told of a strong rapid just above the city, but we could not see it; we could only hear it, the roar doubled by the night and the imagination. We had run two or three small rifts in the dusk, and had escaped pretty well; and there was nothing for us but to venture again, in the dark, for nowhere could we find a place to land or leave our canoes.

Heavy as a sick animal, my poor little water-logged boat wallowed along. To strike now was doubly dangerous, for her weight would smash her, bow or beam. The other canoes went ahead. We had been instructed to keep "on the Jersey side of the island." When we entered the rapids, we only paddled for steerage-way. The men ahead kept shouting to me; but, when the rush of the fall came, I was too far to the right, and I brought up heavily on the very outermost stone of the reef.

The canoe was so firmly fixed, that I could have stayed there all night, by sitting quiet. I tried to push off, but could not. I tried to get out; but the stone was sloping, and offered no footing. The water, visible only for a few feet, like a flood of ink, ran with tremendous force on both sides of the stone. The other canoes were

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out of hearing; and the night was as black as the inside of a cave, with the bright, electric lights of the city, a quarter of a mile away, set upon what seemed high cliffs above the river.

However it was to be done, I must get out, and ease the canoe off the rock. This was one of the minutes in which the disgusted canoeman resolves to give up the sport. If I pushed her over, down stream, I could never hold her to get in: she must be pulled back, and then pushed round the stone. Slowly and cautiously, I got out, and into the water behind the stone, which was almost waist-deep. When the canoe was pulled back, I got in, with some trouble; and a few minutes later joined the others at the end of the rift.

Then began a hunt for a landing. We found that, in the city of Easton, there is not a single landing-place where we could put up our boats for the night. At last we were directed to a place where boats were kept on the bank, on the Jersey side; and there we found an obliging and interesting man named John Horn (the boys called him "Tippy" Horn), who allowed us to carry the canoes up on his rocks, and who stored our baggage, and then rowed us across to Easton.

He was an old river-man; and he said that he had never seen the water so low as it was then. He was a type of the calm, polite, and intelligent

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common people we had met everywhere on the Delaware. He spoke so slowly, and enunciated his syllables so clearly, with his r's burring strongly, that you listened to his sensible sentences with odd pleasure.

That night we stopped at an excellent hotel in Easton; and, while enjoying the pleasant rest of room and bed instead of tent and sand, we received a visit from two genial canoemen, who were on a pedestrian tour through the mining districts, and who recognized our names on the register. One was Mr. Kirk Monroe, then president of the New York Canoe Club; and the other, Mr. Rogers, the artist, whose clever sketches in "Life" and other periodicals have made his reputation national.

We found the citizens of Easton suffering from the intolerable system of the "Law-and-Order" fanatics, who controlled the town, and who had established a system of secret espionage of which the police were used as the tools.

Next day, on the rocks, assisted by Mr. Horn and Mr. Horn's two or three children, and pleasantly watched by a sitting ring of smoking foundrymen, Moseley heated his resin, and patched the damaged Blanid from stem to stern. We found that the sharp edges of the Great Foul Rift had cut her as a bravo cuts his victim. When we

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floated her, she had anything but a racing bottom; but she was as tight as a drum.

Below Easton, opposite the great rolling-mill, we saw a sight of striking effect, — a multitude of men and boys — perhaps a hundred altogether — stripped for swimming, and standing on the high bank. They were outlined against the sky; and as we passed them a hundred yards off, they seemed models of lightness and grace. It was probably the great number of white bodies that made the scene so strange.

Such peaches as we lived on that day — such cantelopes, such melons! Such an island as we camped on, with clean sand as soft as flour! Such a spring pouring out of the mountain across the river, the water as cold as ice, and as clear as liquid diamonds! We enjoyed it with the keenness born of regret; for next day one of our party would have to leave the river.

At Reigelsville, next day, a little Jersey town on a high bank, Moseley boarded the train with his canoe. The other two proceeded; but it was lonely for a day or two, and we sadly missed the strong canoeman and the cheery companion who had left us.

A few miles below Reigelsville the river makes a dive down hill, without breaking, so that we seemed to be on a level with the tops of trees

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growing on the bank a mile ahead. At the foot of such a decline, we heard the growl of a rapid, and found a division in the river, formed by an island. We kept to the left: we ought to have kept to the right. With a few touches, I got through; but Guiteras was "hung up" in the worst part of the rapid. He tried all ways to get off without leaving the boat; but he had to come to it in the end. And a dangerous time he had for a few minutes. The water was deep, and the powerful current swept the boat against his body, and nearly upset him. He had hard work to hold her back, and get in without capsizing.

Then we came to one of the noblest features of the whole river. On our right, rising sheer as a wall from the water, was a cliff, which must be several hundred feet high. It was formed of layers of rock, each layer perhaps forty or fifty feet deep, and each differing a little in color from the others, so that it looked like a vast storied building. On the narrow ledge at the foot of each layer, trees and shrubs grew, so that the whole face of the cliff was softened with foliage which was so feathery that still the entire wall was visible. In places it was like the outer barrier of a mighty fortress; and in others there was an absolute likeness to artificial masonry.

This majestic cliff ran for perhaps a mile,

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and then ended abruptly in a soft green hillside of cultivated fields.

But our last rapid had started the leaks in my canoe, and I was bailing every few hundred yards. As the evening was closing, and it threatened rain, we resolved to carry the canoes into the canal, get aboard a canal-boat, and mend the broken Blanid.

The tow-path was only a hundred yards from the river. A hearty canal-man made us welcome on his boat which had a hundred tons of coal on board. His name, he told us, was "Johnnie Curran, from Bristol, down the river." His mate was a small, foxy man, called "Billy," who spoke and walked like a paralytic; but a civil fellow when he got a little present.

"Johnnie" Curran was about thirty-three years old; rather below middle stature, but strong and active, with a stern face, like a fighting man; but with a merry eye and a smile in keeping, so that his features were lit up with constant good-humor and good-nature. He had lost two front teeth, and there was a deep scar on his forehead.

Everyone knew him on the tow-path and the canal. He was constantly hailing some friend, man or woman, by familiar names, or returning like friendly salutations. He had been canalling "twenty years, like his father before him." He

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had never known so poor a year as this for canalmen. But, poor as he was, he threw a loaf or something else to every poor tramp we passed on the tow-path.

He was called, and he called himself, "Johnnem." In the night (we slept on his boat, which was tied to the bank) we heard passing hails: "Who are you?" "Johnnem." "Hello, Johnnem; hope you're well!"

A memorable incident occurred while we were on Johnnem's boat. We passed a canalside inn, where men and mules are housed. The landlord, an old canaller, sat at the door, and hailed us warmly.

"Who did you have over Sunday?" asked Johnnie Curran.

"Oh, we had a good time — a lot of the right sort. We had Barrett, and Patterson, and Alleghany — and a lot more; and then — we had Mike!"

"Mike! Well, then, you *did* have a good time. Where was he going?"

"Went down to Lambertville, last night."

"Good by!"

"Good luck, Johnnem!"

Then Johnnie told us what a "good fellow" Mike was, and how popular on the canal. We soon had evidence to that effect. A boat, passing,

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entertained us with an account of "a great time" with Mike the night before.

Presently we passed a pretty little cottage between the canal and the river; over the low garden gate leant a young woman, whom Johnnie Curran saluted thus:

"Evenin', Julia."

"Evenin', Johnnem."

Johnnie, with a wink at us, to cover his duplicity:

"Mike here Sunday?"

"No," sulkily; "but he was up at Steele's."

"Well — he'll come next Sunday."

"Don't care if he never comes."

"Oh, yes you do. Good-by, Julia."

"No, I don't. Good-by Johnnem." Pause of moment.

"Say, Johnnem!"

"What is it?"

"You needn't tell Mike I said that."

"No fear, Julia. I'll tell him to come up Sunday."

And Johnnie Curran laughed low to himself, as if he knew the ways of womankind. It was a dismal drizzly evening, and we had to go along till ten o'clock. Then, at Lambertville, we were to tie up till morning. As the night grew the rain increased, and at ten it was a steady down-

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pour. We were grateful for the shelter of the stifling little cabin of the canal-boat, where "Billy" snored, and "Billy's" dog had convulsive dreams, in one of which he plunged over Guiteras, and scratched his face.

It was about five next morning when we started. I was half asleep in the cabin when I heard a man shout from the tow-path.

"Johnnem, did you hear about Mike?"

There was something in the man's tone that made me sit up and listen.

"What about him?"

"He's down there on the lock — drowned!"

"God!" hissed Johnnie Curran, as if he had been struck by a missile. "Drowned, you say?"

"Dead! We took him out of the canal last night. He fell in comin' aboard. Poor Mike!"

When we came to the lock, Johnnie Curran jumped ashore and joined the group of canal-men, who stood near the body. They moved aside to let Johnnie see; and he stood with folded arms a full minute looking down at Mike. Then he drew a long breath, and turned away, rapidly brushing his eyes with his hand, and came aboard. He went on with his work without a word, though it was obvious that the dead man had been an old and close friend.

We crossed the river in Johnnie Curran's boat,

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and left him soon after, carrying our canoes down to the river. Welles's Falls, at Lambertville, had not water enough to float us through. The run before us was about ten miles to Trenton, and the stream was swift. It was a perfect afternoon, clear, warm, and calm. The scenery above Trenton is surprisingly beautiful, though there is no elevation higher than the tree-tops. It was a superb open picture of river and reflection, wood and cloud, with the city spires in the distance seen under the square openings of two extraordinarily-handsome bridges. It would be difficult to name, in the world, a more beautiful opening to a city than the four miles of the Delaware above Trenton.

"The Trenton Canoe Club" was the legend printed on a boat-house under the shadow of the city bridge; and there we stopped.

The house was closed; but we went up to the genial toll-keeper of the bridge, — a venerable man, with a face like George Washington, and a manner to equal it, — who stored our traps and directed us to the hotel. The old man pointed out the difficulties of Trenton Falls, below the bridge, and said that he had hardly ever seen the water so low.

"I'll go with you myself, to-morrow!" said the courteous veteran; "I'll take a boat and show you the way down the falls."

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Next morning he was "as good as his word;" but we had with us the president of the Canoe Club, who ran down the intricate channel of the falls, readily and pleasantly chatting all the while. He was in a light canoe, which he handled splendidly.

"A few years ago, before we began canoeing here," he said, "every one dreaded these falls. Nobody ever ran them but the lumbermen. Now we come down in our canoes for fun, and drag the boats back alongshore."

At the bottom of the falls, which are more portentous in name and aspect than in descent or velocity, we entered tidal water. No more rapids or rifts to Philadelphia, or the sea. The kindly Trenton canoeman left us with a manly grip that was pleasant to remember; and, with the wind and tide against us, we started for Philadelphia, forty-five miles away.

Below Trenton the Delaware is uninteresting for canoemen. We were so used to swift water that we seemed to be anchored while paddling under adverse circumstances. We stopped at Florence that night, and next day shipped our canoes on a river steamer, and ran down to Philadelphia.

Looking back, we salute the Delaware with love and admiration. It has filled our minds with

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memories and pictures to be cherished for a life time. Noblest of rivers for canoemen, but only for those who come before the middle of July. In the freshets of May and June, a run down the Delaware must be a revelation of joy. Then, not one rock of all that beset our way would be visible or dangerous. We came down a depleted vein: in early summer the Delaware is a full artery. But with all these drawbacks, on our list of canoeing-rivers we must give the first place to the Delaware.

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GENERAL OUTLINE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

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CANOEING IN THE DISMAL SWAMP

THE Dismal Swamp of Virginia and North Carolina is one of the celebrated features of the American continent. Its name is almost as familiar as Niagara or the Rocky Mountains. Its limits are not easily defined, no careful survey or good map of the region having ever been made. It lies in two States, on the Virginia side in the counties of Nansemond and Princess Anne, and on the North Carolina side in the counties of Gates, Pasquotank, Camden, and Currituck. Almost in the centre lies Lake Drummond, or "the Lake of the Dismal Swamp," which is seven miles by five in extent, according to local records, but three miles by two and a half by our measurement. The area of the swamp is between eight hundred and one thousand square miles. Its reputation is that of a morass of forbidden and appalling gloom, a region impenetrable to the search of student or hunter; the fecund bed of fever and malaria, infested with

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deadly serpents and wild beasts; the old-time refuge of fugitive slaves, who preferred life in its lonely recesses to the life-in-death of the slave-quarter and the man-market. It is supposed by the outer world, and even by those who reside on its borders, to be a hopeless wilderness, an incurable ulcer on the earth's surface, a place that would have been long ago forgotten but for its shadowy romance, — for its depths were once enlightened, though it is over fourscore years ago, by the undying song of a famous poet. Some of this evil character is true, but most of it is untrue, and much of the slander has not been accidental, but deliberate.

It is true that the hunted slave often heard the baying of the bloodhounds as he crouched in the cane-brake of the Dismal Swamp, or plunged into its central lake to break the trail, and true also that its hundreds of miles of waterlogged forest is infested with repulsive and deadly creatures, reptile and beast, bear, panther, wild-cat and snake; but it is not true that the Dismal Swamp is an irreclaimable wilderness, the pestilent source of miasma and malaria.

The Dismal Swamp is an agony of perverted nature. It is Andromeda, not waiting for the monster, but already in his grasp, broken and silent under the intolerable embrace.

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The Lake of the Dismal Swamp is the very eye of material anguish. Its circle of silvery beach is flooded and hidden, and still the pent-up water, vainly beseeching an outlet, is raised and driven in unnatural emnity to the roots of the tall juniper, cypress, and gum trees, that completely surround its shore. The waves that should murmur and break on a strand of incomparable brilliancy, are pushed beyond their proper limits, and compelled to soften and sap the productive earth; to wash bare and white the sinews of the friendly trees, and inundate a wide region of extraordinary fertility. The bleached roots of the doomed trees seem to shudder and shrink from the weltering death. There is an evident bending upward of the overtaken roots to escape suffocation. The shores of the lake are like a scene from the "Inferno." Matted, twisted, and broken, the roots, like living things in danger, arch themselves out of the dark flood, pitifully striving to hold aloft their noble stems and branches. The water of the lake, dark almost as blood, from the surface flow of juniper sap and other vegetable matter, is forced from six to ten feet above its natural level, and driven by winds hither to this bank to-day and thither to-morrow, washing every vestige of earth from the helpless

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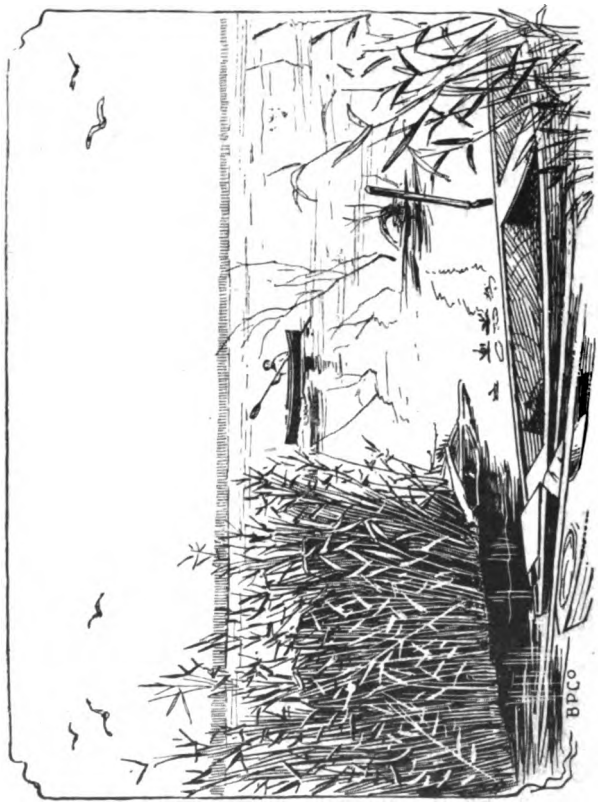

ON THE LAKE.

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life-givers, till its whole circumference is a woful net-work of gnarled trunks and intertwined fibres, bleached and dry as the bones of a skeleton, and sheltering no life, but that of the blue lizard and red-throated moccasin.

These bare roots and blasted stumps circle the water like a hideous crown, till the lake becomes a realization of the Medusa. Here, far from the voices of mankind, the Gorgon stares at heaven, but sees with introverted eye only the writhing horror of her own brow; hears only the hiss, and shrinks from the kiss of her serpent locks, gazing into no living eyes but those of her own damnable strands.

The Lake of the Dismal Swamp is a victim waiting for deliverance. Release her, and she is no longer Medusa; the snake hair will give place to bands of gold and light; the region contaminated by her oppression will rejoice and blossom like a garden.

The Lake of the Dismal Swamp is the well of the swamp's desolation. The swamp is not from itself, but from the well.

The region of the Dismal Swamp was intended by nature to be a pleasure ground, a health resort, and a game preserve for the eastern side of the continent. In spite of all that has been done and

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left undone to destroy it, the swamp itself is, probably, the healthiest spot in America. Its delicious juniper water prevents malaria more effectually and perfectly than the famed eucalyptus of Australia. The flying game of the continent centres in this region, and the lake in winter is the best shooting ground in the country. Now that wealthy clubs and individuals are buying up the coast shooting, this incomparable natural preserve ought to be secured for the nation or the State.

Its original undoing was probably some accident or cataclysm of nature, changing a water course or opening a crater-like spring or number of springs.

But the remedy from the first was as easy and as open to intelligence as the tapping of a vein to prevent plethora. The lake, it is probable, was the centre and the cause of the swamp, as is proved by the streams flowing out of, instead of into, it. Its overflowing waters, when swelled by rains or springs, finding no natural channel of escape, rose foot by foot to the very lip of the cup, covering the beach and reaching the densely wooded shore.

In this way has been brought about the singular condition of the lake, which, instead of being the lowest, is the highest portion of the Dismal Swamp.

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It could be pierced and drained at any point, and reduced to natural and beautiful proportions. Its overflow, instead of constantly deluging the surrounding land, could be guided in ten thousand sparkling channels to enrich and adorn its wonderful environment.

The Lake of the Dismal Swamp is, by survey, about twenty-three feet higher than the sea, and it is not fifteen miles from tide-water, the intervening land being a level slope, and, except for the trees, exceedingly easy to channel.

And, stranger still, the channels have been dug for over one hundred years; but they are locked up at the outer ends with wooden gates.

Ponder on this marvellous fact: the Lake of the Dismal Swamp, three miles by two and one half in extent, and from seven to fifteen feet in depth, is situated on the side, and almost on the top, of a hill, beside a tidal river, and yet it creates by overflow all around it for about one thousand square miles, one of the densest and darkest morasses on the surface of the earth.

In 1763, George Washington surveyed the Dismal Swamp, and discovered that the western side was much higher than the eastern, and that rivers ran out of the swamp, and not into it. He then wrote that the swamp was "neither a plain nor a hollow, but a hill-side."

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A member of the National Geological Survey recently entered the Dismal Swamp, proceeding westward from the Dismal Swamp Canal toward the lake, and found that the rise in the land was five and one-half feet in seven miles. We met this gentleman, Mr. Atkinson, within the bounds of the swamp, and on hearing his statement asked him, "Could the lake be lowered and the swamp drained with such an incline?"

"Certainly," he said. "It is a very decided water-shed. An opening from the lake to the tide, on the Elizabeth River on the one side and the Pasquotank on the other, would have a fall of twenty-two and six-tenths feet in a distance of less than fifteen miles."

Why, then, is not the lake tapped and its superfluous and injurious water drained?

If the Dismal Swamp lie on the side of a hill, as science proves, and the flow of the water demonstrates, why does not its superfluous water run off into the sea?

If the whole extent of the Dismal Swamp, land and lake together, is from twelve to twenty-five feet higher than the sea level, while actually adjoining the sea, why, in the name of reason, is it not drained and reclaimed?

These are the vital questions relating to the

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Dismal Swamp. I shall answer them one by one, and the answer in each case shall not be an opinion, but a demonstration.

In the month of May, 1888, two sunburned white men in cedar canoes turned at right angles from the broad water of the Dismal Swamp Canal, and entered the dark and narrow channel, called the Feeder, that pierces the very heart of the swamp, and supplies the great canal with water from Lake Drummond, or the "Lake of the Dismal Swamp." The men in the canoes were Mr. Edward A. Moseley and the writer of this article.

These were almost the first canoes, except the "white canoe" of the poet, that ever paddled on the breast of the dusky lake since the disappearance of the Indian hunters a century ago. The only boats known to the lake are the long, rude "dugouts," of the negroes, and the flat-bottomed dories or punts, of the farmers along the east side of the canal.

While we were in the main canal we found the banks high, especially on the western side, where the diggings and dredgings of the channel have been heaped for a century. On this side, behind the bank, lay the unbroken leagues of swamp, crowded with dense timber and canebrake jungle, the surface of the land or mire being considerably

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lower than the surface of the canal. On the east side ran the road, and beyond this, long stretches of level country, formerly part of the Dismal Swamp, but now more or less cleared, with here and there a farm of astonishing superiority, and at long intervals a straggling village, usually connected with a saw-mill for juniper and cypress. Originally the canal ran right through the swamp, which it now borders on the eastern side.

The land east of the canal has been cleared, because it has been drained into the sea. The fall is to the east. But all the land west of the canal is still unrelieved and "dismal" swamp.

How is this? Does not the land on the west side drain into the canal, as the land eastward has drained into the sea? No! the canal has completely stopped drainage; it is higher than all the western swamp.

Then came the startling suggestion, striking us both at the same time. This canal is a cruel ligature on the vitals of the swamp, shutting it in on itself and suffocating it. The canal is higher than the swamp, and instead of draining it, drowns it. The canal is a straggler, and here before our eyes was a deliberate process of land murder!

But I have outstripped the canoes. Let me begin at the beginning, and tell this story of a

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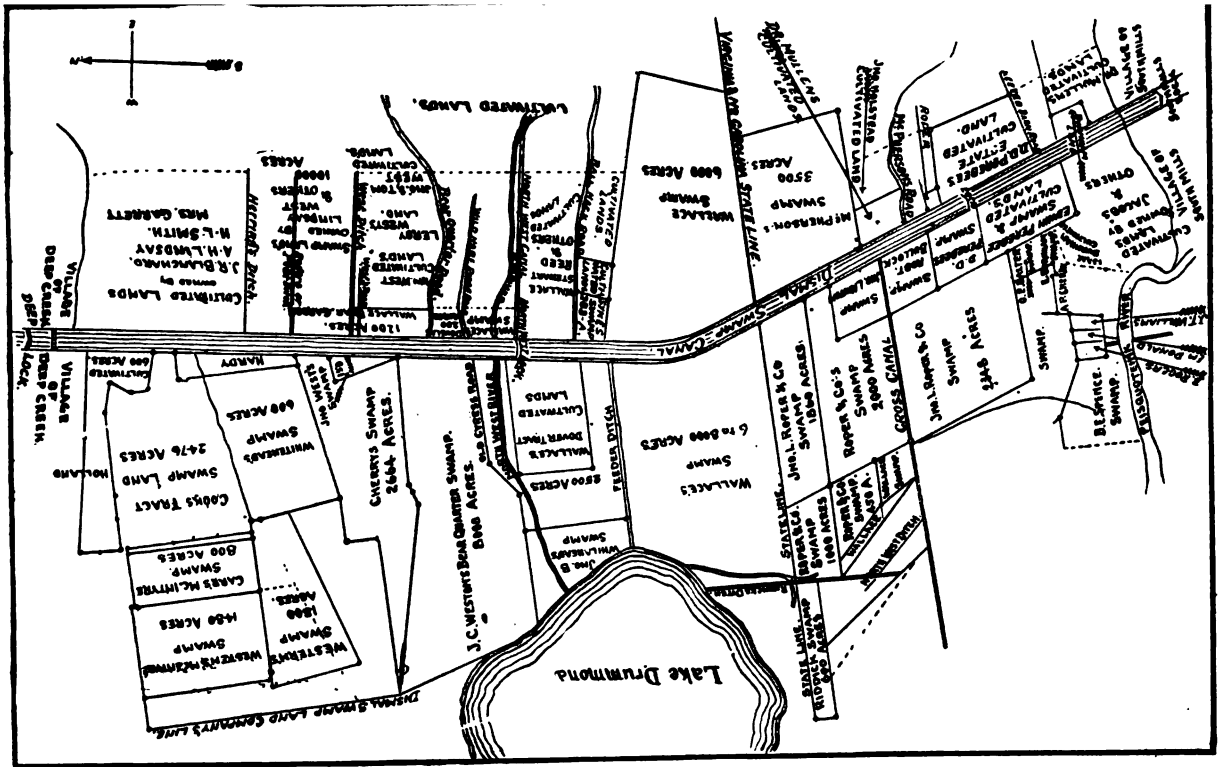

ALONG THE BORDERS OF THE DISMAL SWAMP CANAL.

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delightful summer outing, and stop this "damnable iteration" of the sufferings and wrongs of the Dismal Swamp. The swamp cannot grieve at whatever infamy may be put upon it. What does it care, or who does care whether the wonderful lake be ringed with silver sand or hedged with bleached roots and twisting serpents? "But the pity of it, Iago! Oh, Iago, the pity of it!"

Go back again to Norfolk with me, and try to forget that you have been inside the gates of this brown-water canal of the Dismal Swamp. It was not fair to begin my tale in the middle. Surely I have made a mistake and told the story of the swamp too soon. But I have only told the story; it remains for me yet to prove it.

It is seven o'clock in the morning, and we two are in the market of Norfolk buying bacon, salt pork, hard bread, cheese, a ham, an alcohol stove, and all the necessaries for a few weeks' sojourn in the wilderness.

At eight o'clock, breakfast over, we are getting into rough suits in the office of Gen. Groner, of the Merchants' and Miners' Transportation Company, whose courtesy we shall remember with pleasure.

At ten o'clock we are on board a tug, kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. R. B. Cook, the

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virile manager of the N. Y., P. & N. Railroad, to take us to the first lock on the Dismal Swamp Canal, which runs into the Elizabeth river about seven miles from Norfolk. Just think of it! the entrance to the Dismal Swamp only seven miles from the busiest city in the South, a city that is destined to become one of the greatest commercial ports on the continent!

Let me stop here to moralize over this laggard among the great commercial cities, this voluntary Cinderella, who was born with the diadem on her brow, but allowed it to grow tarnished, and at last to be taken from her head by a less favored rival. Norfolk has vast advantages over any other seaport on the Atlantic coast. They are apparent to every observing stranger; but they have never been properly estimated or developed by her own. Norfolk could have led the van of all the Eastern cities in the race for commercial prosperity; but she let the breeze go past without unreefing her sails; and she saw the slower hulls of Baltimore, Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, pass her under clouds of canvas and sail clean out of sight.

What is the matter with Norfolk? What ails Virginia, that she is not the proud mother of a greater New York? The possibilities of Norfolk have always been in full view. Thomas Jefferson,

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who was a student of the favored localities and resources of the country, and especially of his own State, declared that Norfolk was destined to be "the great emporium of the Chesapeake." Madison agreed with Jefferson, holding it to be "the true interest of Virginia to foster the prosperity of Norfolk, as among the prime objects of her policy." But Virginia acted like a step-mother, stolidly spending twenty million dollars to improve Richmond, to one hundred and ninety thousand dollars to develop Norfolk.

In later days, Maury said: "Norfolk is in a position to have commanded the business of the Atlantic seaboard. It is midway on the coast; it has a back country of great fertility and resources; and as to the approaches from the ocean, there is no harbor, from St. John to the Rio Grande, which has the same facility of ingress and egress at all times and in all weathers. * * * Virginia saw those advantages, and slept on them."

But she is waking; or at least Norfolk is waking to her own interests; and with men of extraordinary intelligence and energy, like Gen. Groner and Mr. Cook, above mentioned, who are each building up enormous commercial enterprises, it is probable that even in our own time, we shall see

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the radiance of this aroused Southern Cinderella, as she reaches northward for her borrowed coronet.

But we have kept the tug waiting more than an hour, and the captain, a manly, weather-tanned fellow, apologizes for having to keep an engagement to tow a railroad float across the harbor, before he starts with us for the lock.

What matter for a few hours' delay here or there? We have cut our social and orderly bonds, and we gladly sit and smoke on the tug, while she pulls and pushes and screams and at last backs the tremendous float into open water, and buckles to her heavy tow with the grunting earnestness of honest toil. We also improve the waiting by arranging our baggage, oiling gun and rifle, fixing hooks and lines, and otherwise giving a last touch to the arrangements.

At one o'clock the tug started with us for the lock. There was a queer nervousness about us as we neared the place, caused by our complete ignorance of what the swamp was like.

"You see that schooner yonder?" said the captain of the tug, looking across the fields round which the crooked river winds. "She is lying at the lock of the canal, loading with lumber from the swamp."

Presently one of the hands on the tug pointed

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to the water; the river had grown dark like the stream from a dye-works. "See," he said, "that is the juniper water of the Dismal Swamp."

It was singular that neither the captain nor his men could tell anything about the swamp. Their knowledge ended at the lock. This is characteristic of the whole neighboring population. Richmond knows as little about the swamp as Boston; even Norfolk and Suffolk know little more.

"All I know," said the captain, "is that there are lots of snakes in there."

"And bears," says another.

"And panthers," says a third, and so on, and so on, while each one gave a friendly hand to launch the canoes as we closed to a wharf near the lock, where about thirty colored men were loading a schooner with lumber and bundled shingles of juniper and cypress.

"If I were going in there, I'd keep my Smith-and-Wesson handy," said the second hand on the tug, as we touched the shore. Before we could ask the meaning of the unpleasant hint (which we found to be a libel on the swamp), the sturdy little steamer had backed out, and was whistling "Good-by."

The crowd of colored workmen stopped and stared at our heap of baggage, and at the hand-

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some, varnished little boats, but soon were recalled to their work, and we were left to go on packing the canoes.

The lock-keeper, a gaunt, badly-dressed white man, sauntered down from his lock to take a look at the strange boats. He was very obviously chewing tobacco, and he spoke slowly and nasally.

Before the loading was half done, our first and almost our last misfortune occurred. Mr. Moseley's canoe, with timbers warped from a winter's storage, was leaking like a sieve. Out must come the packages again — pork, blankets, camera, ammunition, etc.

"What shall we do now?"

"Hire a mule to tow us, and keep bailing the canoe till the wood swells and stops the leak."

"Mr. Lockman," we asked, "can you let us have a mule?"

"Yes," very slowly, and looking at the boats, not at us. "I have a mule; but them boats won't tow."

"But we know better. They will tow. Can we have the mule?"

"Them boats won't tow," still more slowly.

"Can we have the mule?" impatiently.

"Not to tow them boats. They won't tow, I tell ye."

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Argument and entreaty were in vain. It was none of his business we held, and we knew better than he, anyway; but the man was stubborn, though not at all sullen.

It was getting late in the afternoon, and we had intended reaching, that evening, the house of Capt. Wallace, who had a large farm in the swamp, about twelve or fifteen miles up the canal, and to whom a friend of Moseley's had written about our trip.

At last we compromised with the lockman, who let us have the mule and a cart, with a one-legged colored driver, to carry our baggage to the village of Deep Creek, a few miles up the canal.

Then we entered the first lock of the Dismal Swamp Canal, directly from the tide-water of the Elizabeth River, and were raised probably eight feet to the lowest level of the canal. This means that if this lower lock were opened, the whole Dismal Swamp could be drained to the depth of eight feet.

We parted from the unreasonable lockman with no kindly feelings; but we learned before night that his intentions had not only been kind, but exceptionally honest, and his knowledge quite correct of the towing qualities of an eighty-pound canoe.

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A word about the history of the canal. A company for the cutting of the Dismal Swamp Canal was chartered by the States of Virginia and North Carolina, in 1787, and both States subscribed generously to the stock. The United States Congress also became a large stockholder. The names of George Washington and Patrick Henry were among the first subscribers for the stock; though this canal for commerce must not be confounded with an earlier system of canals or ditches, devised by Washington himself for the purpose of reclaiming the swamp by lightering the timber to the frontier. These canals still exist; but the charter of the commercial canal gave it absolute rights over the waters of the lake and all other canals in the swamp. It was not opened till 1822, in which year the first vessel passed through to Norfolk from the Albemarle Sound. It was completed in 1828.

The cost of cutting the canal and its tributaries was about twelve hundred thousand dollars, and it is estimated that the expense of the earlier canals, also largely from public money, was several hundred thousand dollars more.

The Dismal Swamp Canal runs nearly north and South, joining the Elizabeth River to the Pasquotank, above Elizabeth City, N. C., the distance

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between those points being about forty miles. The canal is forty feet wide, chartered to be eight feet deep, fresh water, the color of dark brandy or strong breakfast tea (the color caused by the juniper sap and other vegetable qualities), but clear and palatable, and singularly wholesome. The banks, where we could see the cutting under the foliage, were composed of fine yellow sand mixed with broken shells. A profusion of wild-rose bushes, myrtle, sweet bay, flowering laurel, white blackberry blossoms, and honeysuckle leaned over the water and made a most lovely border.

The afternoon was pleasant, with a cool wind in our favor, and, though Mr. Moseley had bailing enough to do, we reached Roper's enormous saw-mill and factory, at Deep Creek, in about an hour. The yards of the factory swarmed with colored workmen, and the works covered a large area. There were immense piles of railroad ties, cypress shingles, laths, and juniper saw-logs on the side of the canal, which here widened out like a harbor. The violent rising scream of the saws sounded everywhere, something like "p-sh-sh-sh-sh — hai-ai-AI-AI!" the last note an ear-splitting squeal, like a pig in direful pain.

Mr. John L. Roper, the owner of this saw-mill, leases the timber land of almost the entire swamp

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to supply his mill. He keeps in the swamp probably one hundred men or more, in different gangs, cutting juniper and cypress, which they drag by mules over the "gum roads" to the lake, whence it is lightered through the Feeder to the Dismal Swamp Canal, and by this means carried to the saw-mill at Deep Creek. The colored workers in the juniper groves of the swamp are its only inhabitants; they are called "swampers." Let me here explain that Lake Drummond is the centre of the swamp's organism, acting precisely like a heart. Except the Dismal Swamp Canal, which runs along the border, all the roads, canals, and ditches that pierce the swamp, radiate from the lake like spokes from a hub.

The swamp has only one natural feature — the lake. All the rest is simply swamp. The canals and roads are accidents.

Whoever would know the Dismal Swamp must study it from the lake, not from the exterior. This is the reason that even those living in its neighborhood know so little about it. Their knowledge is local, not constitutional.

A "gum road" is a road formed by trunks of trees about eight feet long, laid close together, and bearing two rude wooden rails. On these run low mule wagons or trucks, loaded with logs

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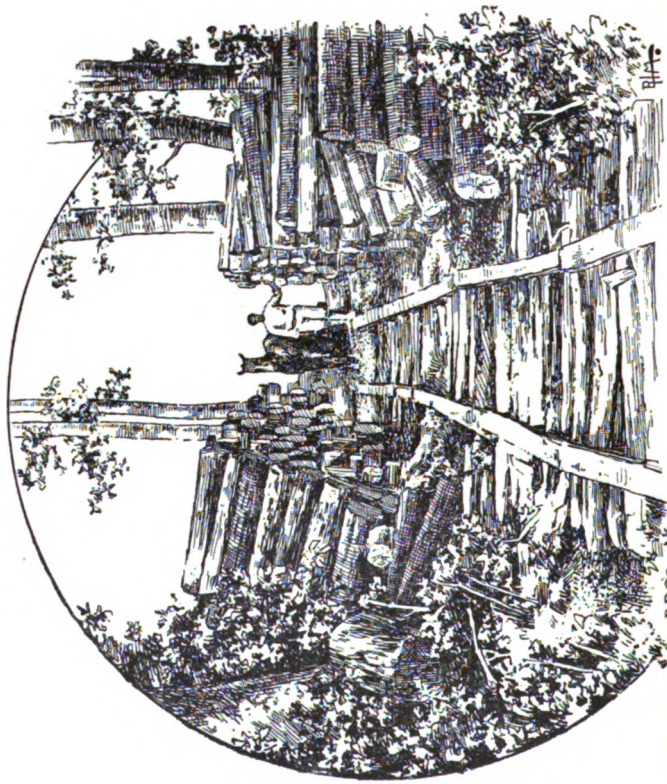

ON THE GUM ROAD.

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cut in the interior. The mule goes securely on the "gum road," and the negro driver usually walks ahead on one of the broad rails.

There was no one at Roper's saw-mill who could give us any information, so we paddled on to the village of Deep Creek, before reaching which we passed through another lock. Here the Dismal Swamp proper may be said to begin. At this lock we were again raised several feet, so that we were now, although only a few miles from tidal-water, probably sixteen feet above the sea level.

"Shall we pay toll here?" we asked the lockman.

"Not till you come out," he answered, making it clear that there was only one entrance and exit on this side of the Dismal Swamp.

"Does the swamp begin here?"

"Yes," said the lockman, leaning at an angle of forty degrees, and slowly pushing the great beam with his back. "It begins here, and it runs all the way to Florida."

This was true, in a way. The whole southern coast is margined by swamp lands; but the Dismal Swamp is not of them. It is high land instead of low land; its water is fresh, instead of salt or brackish. Among swamps it is an abnormality. It leans over the sea, and yet contains its own

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moisture, like a bowl. Indeed, the Dismal Swamp is a great bowl, forty miles long, and ten to twenty miles wide, and, strange to say, with its highest water in the centre. The sides of the bowl are miles of fallen and undecaying trees, fixed in a mortar of melted leaves and mould. Deep in the soft bosom of the swamp are countless millions of feet of precious timber that has lain there, the immense trunks crossing each other like tumbled matches, "since the beginning of the world," as a juniper cutter said.

At the village of Deep Creek, the lockman, evidently the leading person of the place, was a handsome and intelligent man, referred to by every one as "Mr. Geary." A crowd of mingled white and black awaited our arrival on the canal bridge; and when we landed, I was somewhat surprised to see "Mr. Geary" and Mr. Moseley shake hands most warmly, and proceed arm in arm like old friends. A lank white man offered me an explanation. "Mr. Geary," he said, "is a high Mason. Them two are above me and you. I'm an Odd Fellow, I am; but them fellows are higher'n me or you."

Mr. Geary was a kindly man, "high Mason" or not. We found later on that he was widely known as a famous hunter, who probably knew the

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Dismal Swamp as well as any man living. He had shot over it all his life. He told us that the fishing at the lake was "wonderful."

Moseley's canoe still leaking, we hired a team from "Mr." Johnson of Deep Creek, to carry the baggage to Capt. Wallace's house, and we started to paddle up the canal.

It was a lovely evening, and the surroundings were so novel and so unexpectedly attractive, that we can never forget the impression. Far before us as the eye could reach, ran the canal, narrowing in perspective, till it closed to a fine point. On the right, rose from the water, a dense forest of cypress and juniper, flowering poplar, black gum, yellow pine, maple, and swamp oak, with a marvellous underwood of laurel in ravishing flower, the very air heavy with the rich perfume, which resembles that of a tuberose, honeysuckle heaped in delicious blossom, yellow jessamine, bay, myrtle, purple trumpet flowers of the poison oak-vine, with the ever-present roses, and white-flowering blackberry hanging into the water.

As the evening darkened, with a clear sky overhead, and a red glow from the west, reaching over the trees, the effect was almost oppressively beautiful. No other tree darkens in evening silhouette so impressively as the two queen trees of

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the Dismal Swamp, the juniper and cypress. With the low sun behind them, the clear-cut delicacy of their foliage reminds one of the exquisite fineness of dried sea mosses on a tinted page. But when the sun has gone down, and the sky is still flushed with its glory, the cypress takes on a mystery of dark and refined beauty that is all its own. It rises still blacker than the dark underwood, the tallest among the trees, lonely, like a plume. It is not heavy or hearse-like, but thin, fibrous, the twilight showing through its delicate branches, and tracing every exquisite needle of its leafage on the air. It seems to be blacker than the coming night; blacker far in its fine filaments than the clustered laurel at its feet. The darkness and delicacy of the cypress are its genius. It does not oppress, it thrills. In the twilight it is the very plume of death, but of a death uncommon. A yew or a willow is a sign of mourning; but a cypress in the evening is a symbol of woe.

But with the decline of the lovely day came such a jubilant chorus of sweet voices! Never have we heard, except in the air of dreamland, such a concert of delicious bird music. In number and variety the singers were multiplied beyond conception. Far as we could see along the canal we knew that the air was vibrant with this harmony.

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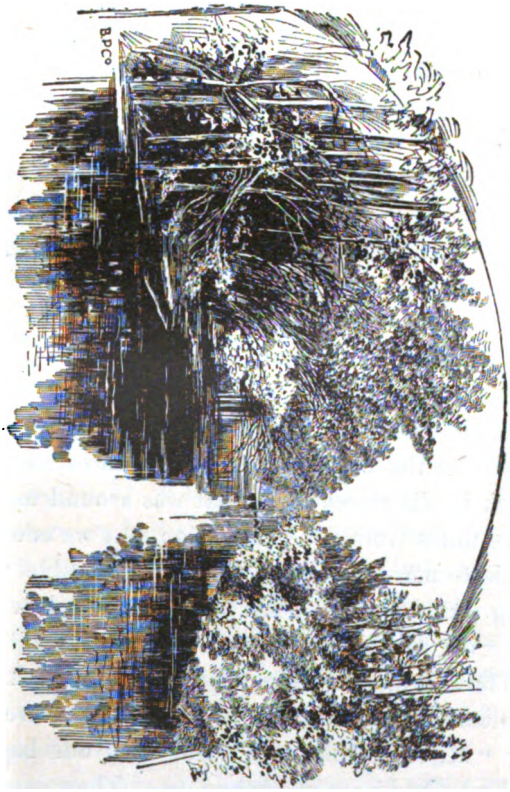

IN THE CANALS.

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The thought of such unbroken melody following the eye into the remote distance was a more delightful music in itself than that which was ravishing the senses. Here the mocking-bird ceased to mock, and poured out its own ecstatic soul. The catbird, discordant no longer, shot its clear joy through the great harmony, and the wren and swamp canary twined their notes like threads of gossamer through the warp and woof of this marvellous tapestry of sound.

I shall have to speak by and by of the noxious and horrible denizens of the swamp. Let me dwell lovingly and gratefully on the pleasure derived from those that were innocent and delightful.

We let the evening fall on us unresistingly, to drink in the sweet thing that was around us. We were miles from our destination, but we could not settle to mere travelling till this incredible vesper song was done. We sat silent, absorbed, witnessing "the deathbed of a day, how beautiful."

The charm was broken by the happy hailing of two colored boys on the towpath, who were driving "Mister" Johnson's team with our baggage, and who had now overtaken us. Then came the thorn of our rose. Moseley's canoe was still leaking, and while he had been floating off with the divine mocking-bird, the water had gained on him

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like a temptation. In an instant the concert had vanished. The curtain of the commonplace fell over that finer tympanum that almost hears spiritual voices, and the canoe man was bailing his boat with a tin dipper, while he grumbled at fate.

The dusky drivers waited on the towpath, and we soon started again, keeping up a lively conversation from boat to wagon. But the leak grew, the night was closing, and we were in a very strange land.

"Let us tie a rope to the cart and tow the boats," we cried, and the picture of riding indolently up the canal was like a charm.

We fastened the canoes bow and stern and tied the longest painter, thirty or more feet in length, to the tailboard of the cart, and away we went. But before we had proceeded twenty feet the light rope, slackened by the rapidity of the light and low boats, caught on a stump by the water side. The leading canoe felt the pull, and darted headlong to the bank, and had not the boys at once stopped the horse the canoes would have been pulled to pieces, or dragged clean up on the towpath.

We tried again and again, with the same result, and then we felt ashamed of our superior knowledge of a few hours before, and interiorly begged the nasal lock-keeper's pardon.

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"H'ist de kunnues right out, boss," said one of the boys, a little fellow, exceedingly black, with strongly marked features; "and put 'em on de wagon."

No sooner said than done. Moseley's boat had about one hundred pounds of water in her when we turned her over on the bank. The little black fellow (the other was a head taller and yellow) had a perfect genius for management. He directed the fastening and arrangement of the canoes; he was almost too small to assist. He spoke such a hasty and softened dialect that we could hardly understand him, but he was one of the brainiest and readiest boys I have ever met, white or black.

The conversation of the boys, as we jogged along, was very interesting. The yellow fellow was an indefinite character; he knew nothing certainly; the black fellow answered "yes" or "no," like the working of a trap.

"What bird is that singing now?"

"I t'ink dat a swamp canary, boss," says the yellow youngster, with a doubtful glance at his companion, who remains silent, till we ask him, "Is it a canary?"

"No, dat's a wren," and you feel sure that a wren it is.

"Whose farm is this on the left?" we ask, look-

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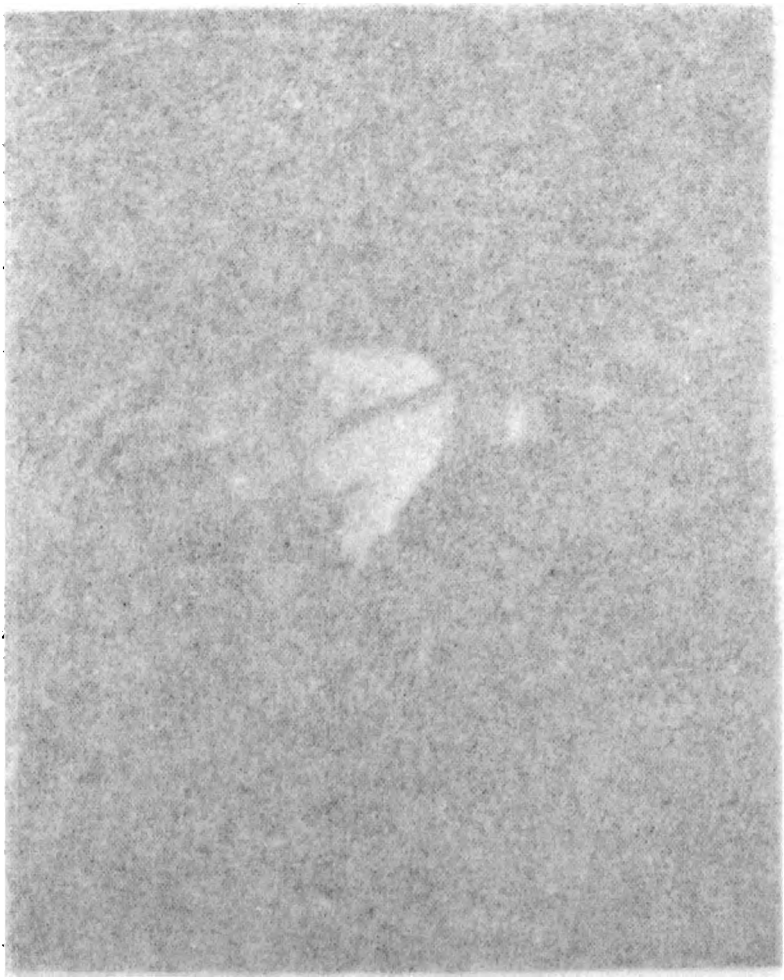

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IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

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ing over a most fertile and admirable farm several miles in extent.

"I t'ink dat farm 'longs to ole man Douglass?" says the yellow fellow, with a sound, as usual, like a note of interrogation at the end of his assertion.

"Does it belong to Mr. Douglass?" we ask the black boy.

"No, dat farm Muss Lindsey's," answered the firm little oracle. And the yellow boy never resented or questioned the black boy's knowledge, while the black boy never derided or corrected the yellow boy's ignorance.

Lindsey's superb farm, stretching four miles along the canal and reaching eastward nearly five miles, is as level as a floor and wonderfully fertile. It was originally dismal swamp, most of it having been reclaimed within the last thirty years by its present owner, who is a first-rate farmer, judging from his estate. The canal at first ran right through the swamp, but now all the land to the east has been cleared. (See map, page 350.)

One of the striking features of this superb Lindsey farm was a row of enormous barns about three-quarters of a mile apart, and placed along its centre. Not another building was to be seen.

Were this the time and place for such consideration, we might dwell on the landlord system evi-

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denced by this large estate, with its many barns, but no dwelling-houses. This is the mistaken economical system of the South, and particularly of Virginia. The war has not destroyed the plantation system. The great southern farmers of to-day stand in about the same relation to their workmen and tenants as the owners formerly did to their slaves, but with less responsibility. The homes of the tenant farmers of Virginia and North Carolina, as we saw them, are a discredit to America. Sooner or later Virginia will have to face the necessity of establishing real and permanent small farm proprietorship.

It is hardly fair to criticise the land ownership of such a farm as this, saved from the Dismal Swamp by the energy and intelligence of its proprietor. If any ownership be absolutely righteous it must surely be that of the farmer who not only cultivates, but has reclaimed his farm from the wilderness.

Nothing could so convincingly demonstrate the inestimable advantage of reclaiming the Dismal Swamp as this and other wonderful farms along the canal, that a few years ago were wilderness, infested with reptiles and wild beasts.

Before the light had quite gone from the tow-path, a rabbit, and then another and another, came

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out of the brushwood and played about quite near to the horses' heads. With the masculine instinct of destructiveness, a gun was loaded with evil intent, but wise little bunny had an instinct too, for he went out of the way of the slaughter.

But while the muzzle was regretting its lost roar, a fat partridge hopped out of the bush about fifty yards ahead.

"Look! look!" cries the yellow youth, stopping the horse. "Dere's a cock shot, boss!"

The gun was raised and the little brown hen covered, when a quiet protest was heard from the black boy.

"'Tain't right to shoot a bird in de mating season!"

But the remonstrance was late, the hammer fell, the explosion followed — and the partridge, by good luck, escaped across the canal. The enjoyment of the black boy was as evident as the disappointment of the yellow one. If anything were needed to make the sportsman ashamed of himself, it was the timid little "cluck-clucking" of the covey in the grass, alarmed for the welfare of the absent one. The tameness of the birds at this season made the offence all the meaner; and the double reproach of the black boy's eye and the frightened little family in the field had its full effect.

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Soon after, through the gathering gloom, we saw the outline of a large house to the left of the canal, with outbuildings and white fences, and other large buildings on the right side of the canal. This was Wallaceton, where, at Captain Wallace's house, we received a most hospitable welcome. In a few minutes the canoes were cared for, many willing hands helping, and we were enjoying an excellent supper. After supper it was hard to realize, from our refined surroundings, and the gracious hospitality we were enjoying, that we were within the bounds of, and not very far from the very heart of the Dismal Swamp. Three gentlemen connected with the National Geological Survey, Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Towson, and Mr. Kennedy, were stopping at Captain Wallace's, and they told us much about the swamp region, which they were then surveying, and of which an accurate map is soon to be published.

That night we could only see the interior of this charming home; next morning we witnessed with astonishment the extraordinary wealth, fertility, beauty, and wonderful cultivation of Captain Wallace's magnificent farm. Every acre of this land, both east and west of the canal, has been saved within forty years from the Dismal Swamp. Forty years ago the elder Mr. Wallace, a man of

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high intelligence and indomitable spirit, whose immense farm joins his son's, with his own hands cut down the first tree in the swamp, which marked the beginning of this estate. He and his son, Capt. John G. Wallace, have now, in the first order of cultivation, many thousand acres of land not inferior to the best on the continent.

We were awakened in the morning by a chorus of bird song rivalling that of the evening before. On looking from our window we saw a field like a dream — 1100 level acres without a fence — in which it appeared that not one inch was left neglected or unproductive. The splendid area of fertility was marked in squares of varying color like a map; here the rich dark brown of ploughed loam; there the green ridges of early potatoes and corn; yonder a long stretch of clover, and so on until every foot of the fine field was filled with natural wealth.

This field, called the Dover Farm, lies on the west side of the canal; that is, it reaches into the very depths of the swamp for nearly a mile and a half. Its position is between the lake and the canal.

How, then, if Lake Drummond and the canal be higher than the swamp, could this 1100 acres of land be drained? The answer has in it the

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demonstration of the iniquity and stupidity of the canal system. Captain Wallace ran a deep drain around this Dover Farm, bringing the end of it to the canal; there he stopped, and waited until the canal was emptied some years ago, for the purpose of being cleansed from stumps and sand. The indefatigable farmer took advantage of the dry water-course and dug his culvert under the bed of the canal, bridging it securely. His drain was then several miles long, and he continued it until it emptied into the Northwest river, which runs out of the swamp. Last year the lake being swelled by heavy rains, the canal company did not, of course, open their locks and let the water escape; instead, they adopted a lazier, easier, and more ruinous plan; they raised the banks of the canal, one consequence of which was that the confined water percolated through the surrounding land, forced itself under Mr. Wallace's drain, and inundated and destroyed several hundred acres of his cleared land. Of course, from such an injury he had no protection.

The energy and intelligence of these two gentlemen, father and son, working with such surroundings, are remarkable. The elder Mr. Wallace, a man considerably over 70, spoke with almost enthusiastic earnestness of the work he had him-

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self done, and the greater work of general reclamation which is possible in the Dismal Swamp.

"A railroad," he said, "instead of the canal, would open up and enrich this whole country. If the locks at both ends of the canal were opened, almost the entire land of the Dismal Swamp could be reclaimed. Or," he added, looking at the canal, which must have cost him many a bitter thought, "if this water were only lowered four or five feet the land all around here could be saved."

After an early breakfast we started up the canal, intending to reach the Feeder early in the forenoon, and, if possible, arrive at the lake about noon. Still the leaky canoe bothered us; but while we were considering how to make her carry her load, a handsome young farmer, Mr. R. E. B. Stewart, courteously offered us his boat and man to take our baggage to the Feeder lock, near the lake. In a few minutes the boat started ahead of us.

The canal above Wallaceton resembled the stretch from Deep Creek to that place, the only change being that the trees in the swamp become thicker and taller. The majority of the trees here appeared to be black gum, with an outer border of poplar, maple, and swamp-oak.

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The Feeder is a deep cutting, about 18 feet in width, running at right angles from the canal to the lake. It is four miles in length, with a lock about a quarter of a mile from the lake.

The current in the Feeder runs strongly from the lake to the canal. The banks of the Feeder are thickly covered with canebrake, the bamboos of great height. On the right, going toward the lake however, the swamp is more open and has large timber.

The condition of the Feeder was a shocking revelation. There was no raised bank here, as in the main canal. For miles of its length the water flowed freely over the banks into the swamp, creating a morass of dreadful appearance. No living thing could there find footing. Even birds were rarely seen, although we saw a few of beautiful plumage, one of which is known to the negroes of the swamp as the red bird. It resembled a flame in the brilliance of its coloring, as it passed through the shaded light of the swamp.

In the Feeder we met several lighters, heavily piled with juniper logs, on their way from the lake to the sawmill. These lighters had each two men, colored, who poled them from the banks. At times, when the sides of the Feeder will permit, they walk on a line of logs laid along the mud

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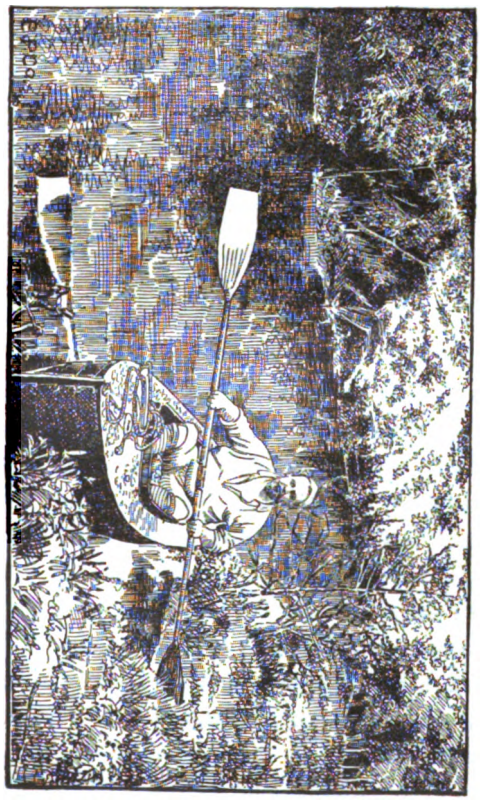

IN THE FEEDER-DITCH.

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bank, pushing the lighter with their poles resting against the breast.

Our passage up the Feeder was against a strong current. It was a steady and monotonous paddle through dim light, the canebrake and the boughs reaching over our heads. The air had a dense warmth as though we were in a closed room. Outside on the canal, there was a strong breeze with a decided chill in it; here, we were stifled as if in an oven. And yet, up to this time we had not seen a mosquito in the swamp; and as for snakes and other wild creatures, we had almost made up our minds that they were a tradition or a popular romance.

"How far to the lake?" we asked a magnificent fellow who was poling a timber skiff down the Feeder. He was a giant in black bronze, large-eyed, large-browed, large-motioned — a man born to be distinct among his fellows. He stopped his lighter by holding her against the canes, and he looked with an ample smile at the canoes. We had to repeat our question, when he started as if ashamed.

"Beg yo' pahdon," he said, with a grace that became him; "I didn't hear yo', dem boats is so putty. It's 'bout a mile to de lake. What yo' call dem boats?"

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"Canoes."

"Kunnues! nebbah heahd 'bout dem befoah."

We remarked that he looked in good condition, and asked him was the swamp a wholesome place.

"Yes," he said. He had worked on the lake for seven years. He had come there from South Carolina, sick with chills, to be cured in the swamp.

"Do people come here to be cured?"

"Oh, yes, sah! Dismal Swamp's de healthiest place in all de worl'. Dere's nothing like junipa watah to cu' de chills."

"Do you like the swamp?"

"Yes, sah! I like de swamp. I wouldn't wuk nowheres else. I could get moh wages by going out to wuk on de high land. I get twenty dollars a month heah; could get thirty dollars out on de bank, but I like to wuk in de old Dismal best of any."

This was free testimony, and we heard it repeated scores of times by "swampers" before we left the lake. Interesting in this respect and others was Ned Boat, a very old colored man, who has lived in the swamp altogether for seventy-four years. He has never been sick. He is now employed by Mr. Roper as a counter of logs and marker of time, and earns forty dollars a month. He says the swamp water will cure almost every disease.

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Another man, the blackest man we had ever seen, his skin being quite as black as ebony, had come from South Carolina five years ago, with chills and fever, had been cured by the juniper water, and had lived in the swamp ever since. White folk as well as black added their testimony as to the extraordinary salubrity of the swamp.

The phrase "Going out to the high land" is the usual expression of the "swamper" for going to the exterior world. He speaks as if the swamp were in a hollow, instead of being higher than "the high land." He says, "I came in," and again, "I went out to the bank;" a phrase that is impressively significant of his footing in the swamp.

We said good-by to our colored Hercules, whose mighty arms were bare to the shoulder and his ragged shirt open to the waist. He had on a thick white cotton cap, without a visor, that looked like a wadded turban. It became him mightily. In front he had sewed a strip of red cloth, not across, but upright, and behind he had fastened the long bushy tail of a squirrel, that hung down his back. "I killed dat fellow last night," he laughingly said, seeing our eyes fixed on the ornament.

No great tragedian on the stage ever dressed himself so becomingly as this black Ingomar.

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There was no chance harmony here, it was nature's own decoration. He saw himself in no mirror, except the mirror of the canal. He knew how to dress better than any belle in Boston or New York. The wave of his large hand as he said "good-by" was as kindly and as eloquent as if he stood in a lion-skin cloak on the banks of the Niger, a chief among his own.

We could not help thinking as we left him that this man at least was properly placed in the Dismal Swamp, where he was as free as were his fathers in Africa. Like scales from our eyes began to fall the impressions of "Dred," and all the other dismal stories we had read and heard about the Dismal Swamp. Every day of our stay on the lake this conviction grew upon us; the slaves who escaped to the Dismal Swamp in the old time must have lived happily in their absolute freedom. The negro in the swamp is at home. He has helped to spread and exaggerate the terrors of the place to keep it more securely for himself. If I were a slave, in slave time, and could get to the Dismal Swamp, I should ask no pity from any one.

But all this time we kept laboriously paddling against the strong current, for the lock ahead, only a quarter of a mile from the lake, was this day letting pass an unusual volume of water. Every

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stroke of the paddle now sent us deeper and deeper into the heart of the swamp. Suddenly, Moseley, who was ahead, stopped paddling and peered through the matted underbrush.

"What is it?" I asked.

"A cow and a calf! What can they be doing here in the middle of the swamp?"

There they were, sure enough; a red and white pair. They heard our voices, stopped chewing, stared a moment, then turned and picked their way into the jungle.

A few minutes later the lock came in sight, and we saw two men waving their hats. One was the man in Mr. Stewart's boat with our traps, and the other was "Abeham" (not Abraham), who was to be our guide, philosopher, and friend on the lake. Abeham had been sent from Suffolk to meet us by Mr. Rudolph A. King of Washington, a gentleman deeply interested in the Dismal Swamp, of whom I shall have more to say by and by.

"What are that cow and calf doing in the swamp?" was our first question.

"Wild cattle, sah," said Abeham.

"Are there wild cattle in the swamp?"

"Yes, hund'eds and hund'eds of wild cattle; I saw lots of 'em dis mawnin'. Yo' ought to have shot dat calf; we'll want him to-morrow."

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This lock at the very lip of the lake keeps the water back to another height of several feet, so that lock after lock, from first to last, had backed up the lake to the height of almost twenty-three feet above tide water.

Never can we forget the view that met our eyes as we were raised to that last level, and looked along the canal to the lake.

The lockhouse and the whole Feeder were completely overhung with tall trees. So close was their interlacing over the canal that the view to the lake was like looking through the barrel of a gun. The air along the dark and narrow sheet was actually green from the light sifting through the foliage. We were in the shadow; it was all shadow to the end, but the end of the view glittered like an immense diamond.

A ball of glorious and unshaded brilliancy lay at the end of the Feeder. A "talisman's glory" it was, set on the low water and framed in the dense cypress.

"What is that?" we asked after a long look of bewildered pleasure.

"Dat's de openin' to de lake," said Abeham.

We sat there for an hour. We ate our dinner and smoked a cigar; and the wonder lessened as the strange glory grew. The radiance of the dia-

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mond became subdued till it had taken the form of a perfect arch, with its perfect reflection in the water.

We were looking along a dark, straight stream, shaded over like the low arch of a bridge, until the gun barrel simile was the most likely, and, at the end or muzzle, the vision was carried across three miles of open and smooth water flashing to the sun.

Mr. Moseley photographed the scene. It was the first time, in all probability, that this picture, incomparable of its kind, had ever been taken by a camera, though Tom Moore surely must have sketched it when he stood at this same feeder lock eighty-five years ago.

At the request of the good-natured colored boy from Wallaceton we photographed the lockhouse, including him. He asked, could he have the picture, and Mr. Moseley promised to send him one.

"Send it," he said, with the importance of a serious child, as he named his many initials, "to D. J. L. Griffin, care of Abeham."

Then we started down the gun barrel toward the lovely bridge, the perfection of which remained unbroken to the last. Here was no effort of landscape art, but the living hand of nature completing its own picture and putting all art as gently out of question as the mountain does the mole.

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THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

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THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

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A weirdly beautiful view opened on us as our canoes shot under the outer leaves of the Feeder's bridge, and we floated at last within the marvellous ring of the lake of the Dismal Swamp.

Vividly came to our minds the picture in Moore's touching ballad.

Here, we thought, is the very scene, water, wood, and sky, that the poet saw generations ago. These trees growing out of the dark flood; this weeping moss hanging from the sad queenliness of the elegant cypress; these "deadly vines" with their purple trumpet flowers that poison the very water into which they pour their tears; these "beds of reed" and "tangled juniper"; these white roots round the border of the lake, where glide and coil "the copper snake" and the fearful red-bellied moccasin.

And here let the lapse of time be forgotten and the association be renewed. There is no age in art. The song of a true poet is as unrelated as the song of a bird or a brook. This is my excuse, if it be needed, for repeating here Moore's ballad of "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," written at Norfolk, in Virginia, in 1803.

"They tell of a young man who lost his mind on the death of the girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never

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afterward heard of. As he had frequently said in his ravings that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it was supposed he had wandered into that dreadful wilderness and had died of hunger, or had been lost in some of its dreadful morasses." — *Tradition.*

" They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true,
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by her fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

Her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree
When the footstep of death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And when on the earth he sank to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he stirring cried, from his dream awake,
" Oh, when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear? "

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He saw the lake, and a meteor bright
  Quick over its surface played —
"Welcome!" he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed for many a night
  The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
  Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high, and the clouds were dark,
  And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
  This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
  And paddle their white canoe.

How wonderful was the truth of the poet's vision! A century is as a day, leaving the picture unchanged. True in romance and reality, Moore's poem on the "Lake of the Dismal Swamp" is as faithful in its natural history as in its melody.

It may be interesting here to recall the incidents of the poet's visit to the lake in 1803. To one man in Norfolk is due special thanks for the constant attention which of late years has been given to this memorable visit. Mr. M. Glennan, editor of the Norfolk Virginian, has often agitated the reclaiming of the Dismal Swamp, making use of

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Moore's ballad to keep the popular interest from flagging. Mr. Glennan writes me the following interesting account of Moore's two visits to Norfolk: —

"In 1803, Tom Moore received the appointment as registrar of the admiralty court at Bermuda; and in September, 1803, he sailed from Portsmouth, Eng., in a ship of war that was taking out Mr. Merry, minister to the United States. The ship arrived in Norfolk Nov. 7 following, and while Mr. Merry went to Washington, Moore remained in this city, the guest of Col. Hamilton, then the British consul, who resided at that time in the building now the residence of Mr. Copps, on Main Street, opposite Fenchurch. During his stay here Moore made many friends and delighted the young ladies of the borough by his skill upon the harpsichord. While in Norfolk he wrote the famous ballad 'The Lake of the Dismal Swamp.' In December he started for his destination in Bermuda, on the man-of-war *Driver*. He was disappointed in his anticipations as to the Bermudas, and after he had been there about three weeks he wrote to his parents that 'he was coming home.' He accordingly appointed a deputy, and in the spring he took advantage of the sailing of the frigate *Boston*, to come to New York, where

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he shortly arrived. He remained in New York but a short time, when he again made up his mind to visit Norfolk, arriving here with Capt. Douglass. During his second stay in Norfolk, it is believed that Moore was the guest of Mr. William Plume, who resided where the Hospital of St. Vincent de Paul now stands. Mr. Plume was a native of Ireland, whose real name was Moran. He had taken a very active part in the rebellion of 1798 in Ireland against the English rule, and with Commodore Barry, 'the father of the American navy,' and other kindred spirits, had to flee the land. He settled in Williamsburg, Va., but afterward removed to Norfolk, married a Miss Elizabeth Hazzard of Princess Anne county, Va. For some reason, presumed to be the fear of persecution by the English government, he never revealed that he was the Irish rebel Moran until the time of his death. He was greatly respected and the soul of society, whose house was always open. His descendants of to-day are the Morans, Barrys, and Kings of the city of Norfolk."

When Moore visited the Lake of the Dismal Swamp, no doubt with the purpose of putting into ballad form the legend he had discovered in Norfolk, he naturally went alone in the "dugout" of a negro boatman, so that he might not be dis-

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turbed. He passed up the canal, came through the Feeder and entered the lake, just as we did, beneath the living arch of cypress. "He wrote all the time he was in my boat," says the man who brought him to the lake. This negro boatman, called "Uncle Tony," was a well-known character. From his own lips the story of the poet's visit has been written down by Mr. Robert Arnold of Suffolk, Va. Here is Uncle Tony's story: —

"I shall never forgit dat time. One mornin' I war gittin' my skiff reddy to go to de lake, a mighty nice-lookin' man cum up to me an' sed: 'Ar you de man dat will carry me to de Lake ob de Dismal Swamp for which I will pay you £1?' De gentman talked so putty dat I tole him to git in my skiff an' I wood carry him to de lake. I notice dat he kep writin' all de way. When I got to de horse camps (a large encampment of negro wood-cutters), I stopped to git somefin' to eat. He cum outen de skiff an' ax me what I stop for. I tole him I stop to eat some meat an' bread. He ax me if I would have a drink. I tuk off my hat an' tole him dat I would be much obleeged to him for it. He fotched a silber jug, wid a silber cup for a stopper, an' sed: 'My man, dis is Irish whiskey, brung it all de way from home.' He tole me dat his name was Thomas Moore, and dat he

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cum fom 'way ober yonder, an' was gwine to de lake to write 'bout a spirit dat is seed dar paddlin' a kunnue. De har 'gin tu rise on my hed, an' I ax him ef dat wus a fac'. He sed dat he wus tole so in Norfolk. I shal nebber forgit dat gentman. I fotch him back, an' he gin me de poun' which war five dollars, an' he lef' for Norfolk, bein' mitey glad dat I had carried him to de lake. He tole me dat he had trabbled an' seen sites, but dat he nebber wus so 'stonish befo'; he did not 'spec' to see at de end ob de kunel sich a putty place, an' dat I wood hear some time what he was gwine tu say 'bout it."

Our camp lay on the northwest corner of the lake, three miles from the Feeder's mouth. At the start we struck out to the middle of the lake before turning north, so that we took in at first glance the whole wonderful view. For myself, I longed to lay down my paddle and sit there motionless until the sun sank and the moon rose, for a dream and fascination that had drawn me from childhood was now fulfilled and completed. Only the lake of my fancy was much smaller and gloomier than the true lake.

There is no other sheet of water like this anywhere. No other so far removed from the turbulence of life, so defamed, while so beautiful. It

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fills one with pity and wonder — the utter silence and loneliness of it. It is a dead sea, but neither bitter nor barren.

I could not help the feeling, that increased as time passed, that this pure eye of water, ringed by one distinct line of dark trees, no farther horizon visible, was not on a plain, but on a high mountain. Later on, as we sailed around the borders of the lake, another delusive thought persisted in coming. It always seemed that the wooded shore rose abruptly thirty yards or so back from the water, and that I verily could see the uplifting of the trees and underbrush. Probably because it was unnatural that the shore should be just as low or lower than the water surface, the senses refused to accept it as true.

The first deep impression made on me by the lake was its size. I had expected to see a sheet not a tenth part as large, and gloomy with the shadows of its tall, overhanging trees. Instead, from the centre the trees were a low, dark border on the far horizon.

From the centre, the lake is the very ideal of loneliness and stillness, strangely emphasized by the solitary wide-winged hawk, tipping on his high circle. No smaller bird can be seen at this distance in the trees on the shore — though birds are there, and in rich variety.

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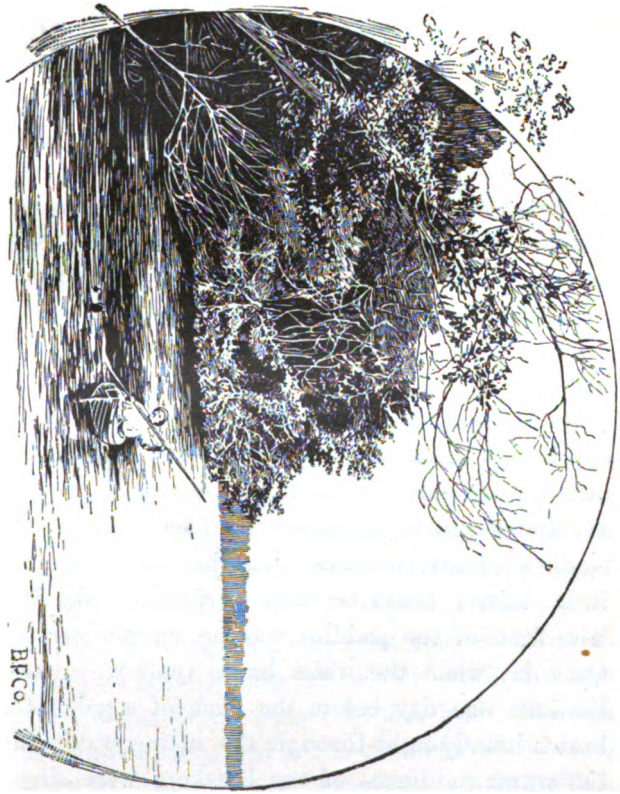

CANOEING AROUND THE LAKE.

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Here, for instance, are some of the birds we noted in a few days, many of them in great numbers: the catbird, robin, swamp canary, wren, sparrow, mocking-bird, whip-poor-will, red bird (a blaze of plumage), thrush (with a crown), yellow-hammer, woodpecker, owl (immense fellows), hawk, eagle, kingfisher, jay, heron, quail, wild turkey, woodcock, buzzard, crow, and numerous brilliant little birds of many species, whose names we did not know. In the winter the lake is fairly covered with geese, swans, and all kinds of duck. The bat, which I believe is not a bird, is at home here.

But crossing the lake that first day we saw only one bird, a hawk of great size. The water of the lake was deliciously cool in the centre, where the average depth is about fifteen feet. Again and again we drank the sweet draught. Looking into it, no mirror could be more perfect in reflection. The flash of the paddles was brown, not crystal. On a day when the water broke (and we crossed the lake one day before the rush of a gale), the brown brandy-light through the lifting waves and the warm ruddiness of the breakers were singularly beautiful.

The lake is full of fish of many and excellent kinds, though it has never been fished in the

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deeper water. The "swampers," who live on the borders, never fish beyond the line of stumps, which are at farthest a hundred yards from the shore, so that the fish of the lake are not at all completely known. The garfish, because he jumps, has been seen sometimes eight feet long, but no other fish is seen in the deep water. You cannot see one inch into the lake; it is like looking into a bowl of ink. This makes it dangerous for light boating, for the snags are numerous, and though they may not be a nail's breadth under water, they are quite invisible.

The fish in the lake, great quantities of which we caught, and on which, indeed, we chiefly lived, are the speckled perch or "Frenchman," a delicious fish, the raccoon perch, chub (a black bass), yellow perch (small), flyer, garfish, catfish (very numerous), gaper, blackfish (thirty inches long), roach and eel. There are plenty of pike in the canals.

The following story has been told me about the strange disappearance of a fish from the lake: "There was a very numerous fish known there as the brown perch, which was esteemed as the finest of all fresh-water fish. One year, about 1866 or 1867, they disappeared and never have been caught since. It was the year of the great swamp fire, which lasted through a continuous drought of more

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than two months. It is supposed that the strong alkali imparted to the water from the timber and other vegetable ashes destroyed this fish, for soon after the rainy season had set in, immense quantities were found floating dead on the edges and surface of the lake."

In the town of Suffolk, on the northwest border of the Dismal Swamp, Mr. Rudolph A. King of Washington has a large property, which has led him to consider the advantages of the swamp region as a game preserve. He has started a project of getting five thousand men to form a game club, paying about ten dollars each a year, and lease the whole Dismal Swamp. He writes to me as follows: —

"It is within the reach of men of moderate means, by combination in sufficient number, at trifling expenditure, so small as scarcely to be felt, to secure ownership, maintain and extend to a magnitude never attempted on this continent, with large enough area and attractions for thousands, 'The Pioneer Shooting Park, Game Preserve, and Health Resort of America,' exclusively for business men, to provide shooting, fishing, and outdoor recreative attractions similar to the English and European style, for those seeking health or pleasure in pursuit of game or fish, canoeing, yachting,

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NEAR THE BORDERS OF LAKE DRUMMOND.

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or kindred diversions, such as are becoming more necessary every year. By these means we could attain more practical results in protection of forest game, fish, and other natural luxuries of this country, for the benefit of those concerned, than legislation has been able to reach."

One has only to listen to Mr. King to be converted to his project, which is certainly one of the straws in the wind that have a significance for the future of this region.

The lake itself was discovered in 1775, by a Scotchman named Drummond, after whom it was named. He had followed a deer so far into the swamp, which was then regarded as impassable, that he lost his way. He wandered through the dreadful aimless avenues of the morass for three days and nights, afraid to lie down and sleep on account of the serpents and panthers. He had almost abandoned hope on the third day, and, the story goes, was meditating self-destruction to escape the horrors of a lingering death in the swamp, when he parted the canebrake before him and found himself on the verge of the wonderful lake. He had discovered the jewel hidden in the heart of the swamp! The poor fellow thought at first he was crazy; that this was the wild vision of delirium, till he had waded into the dark water

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and drank of it. Then, hope and strength returned. He took his bearings by the sun and succeeded in reaching his home that night, with the almost inconceivable tidings of a great lake in the centre of the Dismal Swamp.

George Washington, in 1763, in his twenty-first year, made a complete survey of the Dismal Swamp, with profound results. Throughout his life the secrets of nature he had there discovered were never forgotten; and years afterward, when the Revolutionary War was over, and he was "the father of his country," he purchased the swamp, and organized the Dismal Swamp Land Company, which still exists and continues its ownership.

Washington's original design was not the mere cutting of timber, but the entire reclamation of the swamp. He had perceived the immediate possibility of bringing almost its entire area into cultivation. His great project failed in this its first purpose; not because it was impracticable, but because the company found that the timber-cutting alone yielded an unexpected and almost incredible revenue. The reclamation of the land was gradually given up, and as it was found that by holding and raising the water the timber could be more easily taken out, the locks began their work of still further drowning the whole district. Then came the

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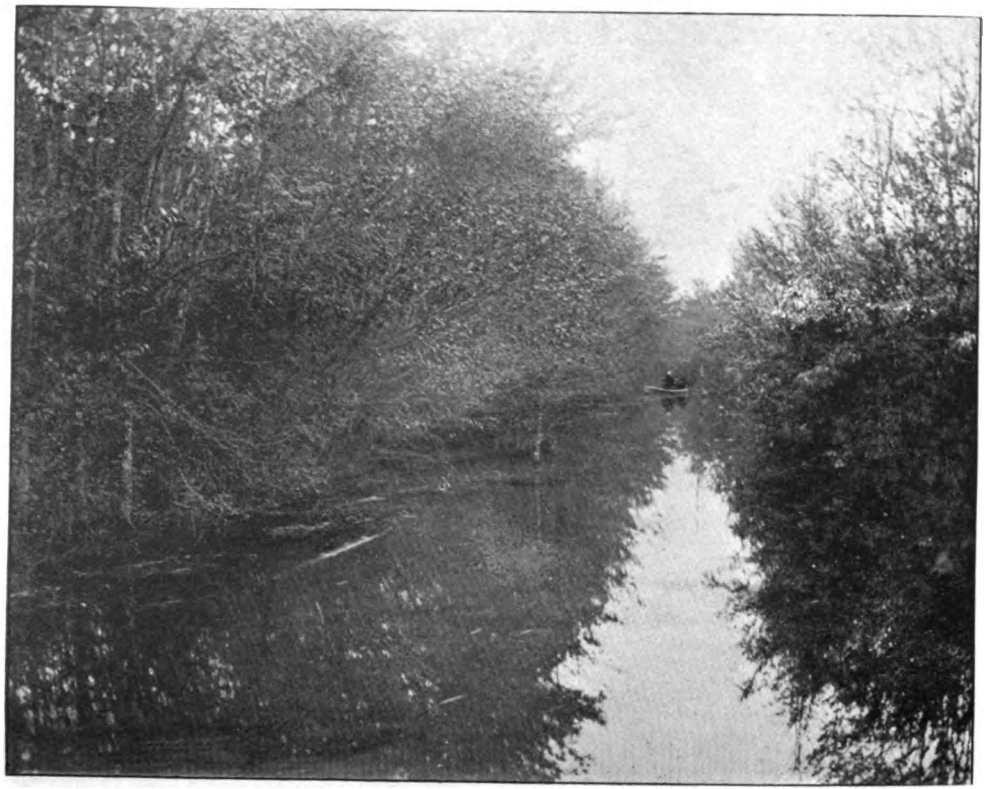

"WASHINGTON'S DITCH."

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commercial canal, with power over all the water in the swamp, and devoid of intelligence and public spirit, and the land of the Dismal Swamp was doomed.

Washington himself surveyed the swamp for the route of his canals. His first cutting, running from the northwest corner of the lake in a westerly direction, ended at what is called the Reed Farm, on the Edenton road, seven miles from Suffolk. It is still called "Washington's Ditch." It has for many years been abandoned as a means of travel, a more direct route — the Jericho Canal — having been made at a later date. The Jericho Canal leaves the lake at the same lock as "Washington's Ditch," and ends within two miles of Suffolk, running into the Nansemond river.

I paddled up both these canals from the lake, and more oppressive surroundings it is hard to conceive. The Jericho Canal is ten miles long and eighteen feet wide, but the encroaching bamboo jungle reduces this width by over two feet on each side. The dense canes rise at least fifteen feet high on both banks, so that it is like canoeing in an unroofed sewer. To enliven the passage, the moccasins, on sunny days, climb to the tops of the bamboo canes, and are seen constantly dropping into the water. It is a common thing to have them

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drop into the open dugout of the "swamper," out of which they wriggle without delay. But the thought of a five-foot venomous snake dropping into a fourteen-foot canoe, with decks forward and aft, under which he would be sure to dart, and out of which there was no escape except by returning to the centre of the boat, was a dismal imagining. To make sure of no such visitor, I kept firing now and then into the canes ahead.

The water in the Jericho Canal runs into the lake; but at one-third its length the stream turns and runs the other way, emptying into the Nansemond river.

This line where the watershed divides is unquestionably the highest portion of the swamp. It has not been surveyed; but calculating the rise from the Feeder to the northwest corner of the lake to be two feet, and three feet for the old lock at the opening of the Jericho Canal, I predict that the extreme height of the swamp will be from twenty-eight to thirty feet above tide water.

The condition of the wholly abandoned "Washington's Ditch" is even more forbidding than that of the Jericho Canal. The heavy trees are crowding its banks and leaning into it; the bamboos meet across it for long distances. It is, I think, the most sombre and evil-looking waterway on the

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earth, and yet no foot of it but is beautiful. The water moves slowly toward the lake (any movement is a relief in the gloom and silence, for even the birds have deserted the place), but after a short distance, as in the Jericho Canal, the flow changes and goes outward.

Washington had undoubtedly discovered the deepest secret of the Dismal Swamp, and appreciated its importance. He had read, most probably, the only description of the swamp in existence in his time, in a manuscript journal kept by Col. William Byrd of Westover (on the borders of the swamp), a man of great intelligence, who had surveyed the Dismal Swamp in 1725, at the request of the Governor of Virginia. Col. Byrd's manuscript is to be seen in the National Library at Washington. After his survey, he reported to the Governor of Virginia that the Dismal Swamp could be drained and reclaimed, and a petition was sent to George III., asking that a company be formed for that purpose, the company agreeing in advance to bear all the expenses, to pay themselves by the ownership of the reclaimed land, which was to remain untaxed for fifty years; and they bound themselves also to complete the work in ten years.

One hundred and sixty-seven years have passed since then. King George's answer has not yet

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been received in Virginia, and the Dismal Swamp remains undrained and abandoned. Surely this is one of the most remarkable facts of modern times.

Colonel Byrd, in his journal, describes the dreadful dangers of his exploring expedition into the Dismal Swamp. "We hoped to gain immortal reputation," he says, "by being the first of mankind that ventured through the Dismal Swamp." He started on his exploring expedition in March. He could not have selected a more unfavorable month, for the swamp was then drowned with the winter rain almost as completely as it is in the same month in our own times. The lake is five feet lower in September than in March. No wonder that after a week's attempt he had only succeeded in entering to a distance of three miles. His party could find no solid ground to rest on at night, and their fires went out on the soggy earth.

Colonel Byrd says he succeeded at length in reaching the North Carolina side of the swamp, and of course he is to be believed. But he must have skirted the eastern border all the way, for he missed the lake, which was not discovered until another quarter of a century had passed.

Colonel Byrd based his favorable report to the governor, no doubt, on the fact, apparent then as now, that the swamp lay between three tidal

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rivers, the Elizabeth, the Nansemond, and Pasquotank, and was high above them.

It needed no wizard to see that such a swamp could be drained.

Washington, in 1763, in his own words, entered the Dismal Swamp, and "encompassed the whole." He camped on the east side of the lake, and unquestionably considered the problem of its formation, for he was astonished, and he astonished others by declaring that all the rivers in the swamp flowed out of it instead of into it.

"The Dismal Swamp," wrote Washington, "is neither a hollow nor a plain, but a hillside." He had discovered, what measurement has since shown, that the lake was 23 feet higher than the sea!

Scientists have accounted for the water in the Dismal Swamp, from cursory observations, by the rainfall, even denying the existence of springs in the lake. I venture, with much hesitation, to disagree with this conclusion, believing it to be impossible that the rainfall can account for the enormous supply of water, not only contained within the swamp, but which is, and always has been, flowing out of it.

First, it is granted that no more rain falls on the Dismal Swamp than on any other piece of

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Virginia 40x30 miles square. Second, it is certain that it does not draw from the surrounding country, for it is higher than all its environment.

Yet, out of the Dismal Swamp run no less than nine rivers, some of them very considerable, and still the lake continues to overflow, and the whole vast extent of the swamp remains inundated.

These are the rivers that, if traced to their source, will be found to take their rise in the Dismal Swamp: the south branch of the Elizabeth, the west branch of the Elizabeth, south branch of the Nansemond, the Deep Creek, the North River, the Northwest River, the Little River, the Perquimans, and the Pasquotank.

Granting that the dense foliage of the Dismal Swamp lessens evaporation, there is still nothing like a proportion between the rainfall and the water that remains in and flows out of this district.

There is no field in America more deserving of scientific investigation than the Dismal Swamp. "The first thing" is not known about it — how it was formed. Fortunately the attention of the National Geological Survey has now been turned in this direction. A survey of the entire district has been ordered and begun. Within a year, it is hoped, a perfect map of the Dismal Swamp, show-

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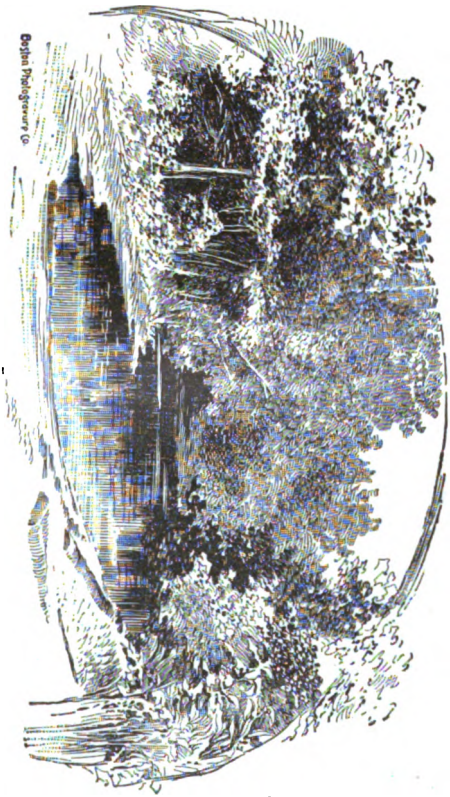

A RIVER IN THE SWAMP.

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ing its surface, with the accuracy of five-feet contours, will be published.

"The bed of the lake was formed by a fire that burned the trees and the peaty earth, making a hollow where the water lodged," says "general opinion."

But then it must have been a swamp before the fire, or there would have been no peaty earth to burn, and the rivers must have been flowing out of it as they do to-day. The fire could not make the rivers, even if it did make the lake; and if it were originally a swamp, the fire could not burn deep enough to form the present bed of the lake, which is from 7 to 15 feet in depth. The fires still yearly occurring never burn below two feet, for at that depth is the percolating water, and it must have been there always.

The bottom of the lake is composed almost wholly of fine white sand, and the temperature varies greatly in parts. In our long rubber boots we waded in the shallow water near the shore in several places, and found this fine sand bottom.

Prof. N. B. Webster, in an interesting article on certain physical features of the swamp, says, —

"The vast swamp appears to be retained above the level of the adjacent land in a way similar to the peat mosses of Solway and Sligo, until they

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burst and overwhelmed the neighboring country. What known force but that combination of molecular force known as capillarity can supply and sustain the waters of the lake and swamp above described?"

It is hard to answer as to the supply, but it is obvious that the force that sustains the lake at its present height is not molecular, unless a lock be a molecule. "The outlets at the canal locks," said old Mr. Wallace, "are inadequate to let out the overflow, and it has to flood the land." He was speaking of the pane-like openings in the locks to lower the water.

But suppose the locks were opened altogether, and left open, what would be the result?

The middle level of the Dismal Swamp Canal is, or is supposed to be, eight feet deep. If the middle locks were opened, the lake would be lowered eight feet, and the whole swamp west of the lake would drain into it, while that portion to the east would drain into the canal.

If there be a doubt of the consequence, look at some of the wonderful farm lands lying east of the canal from Deep Creek to South Mills. Miles and miles of fertility almost incomparable on the surface of the earth. Half a century ago every foot of this land was Dismal Swamp, forsaken morass, full of reptiles and wild animals.

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"There is some peaty land in the swamp," said Mr. Wallace, "and I don't know that it could be reduced to cultivation; but there are hundreds of miles of land as good as this I have reclaimed."

"Would the land burn if it were drained, as some people say?" I asked Captain Wallace, whose reclaimed land runs within a few miles of the lake.

"No," he answered, smiling at the question; "why doesn't our Dover Farm (which lies west of the canal) burn if that be true? The whole surface of the swamp becomes dry enough to burn in the summer months; but it does not burn; at least it burns no more than any other closely timbered country."

Another objection offered is that the drainage of the swamp would produce malaria.

Shame on the pretence! The people who are responsible for the swamp have not been able to make it malarial in a hundred years of treatment inductive to malaria. They have drowned it, and rotted it, and cut away its purifying juniper wood, and still it remains the healthiest portion of the State of Virginia, if not of the United States.

If I were sick to-morrow of malaria contracted on some New England river, I should go at once to the Dismal Swamp to be cured. Depend on it,

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the tree that can kill malaria in such a morass can drive it out of the human blood.

What reason is there to believe that malaria would follow if a remedial and sanative, rather than a destructive and mephitic course were adopted?

But who are "they" who thus have the doing or undoing of the swamp in their hands?

"They" are the people who devised the policy of the Dismal Swamp Canal and the Land Company or Timber Company, and all who support their past and present management. "They," too, are the farmers of the swamp district who do not agitate for the removal of the obstructions to their prosperity offered by those persons or corporations. "They," too, are the whole people of Virginia and North Carolina who tolerate in their States an evil that the early eighteenth century resolved to remove, and that is a double discredit to the nineteenth century.

The Dismal Swamp Canal was chartered in 1787 as a public highway, to be forever free from taxes on condition that it served certain important purposes, one of which was that "as the said canals, the main canal and feeder, may be of great utility in affording the means of draining the sunken lands through which they pass . . . it

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shall be lawful for the proprietors of the said adjacent lands to open cross-ditches into the said canals." I copy from the charter.

This condition has been outrageously abused by the corporation. Instead of keeping the canal as a means of draining the adjacent lands, the banks have been raised to store the water till the canal is much higher than the lands adjoining. If a farmer on the west side wants to drain his land, he must adopt the heroic course of Captain Wallace and tunnel under the canal.

On this vital condition, which accounts largely for the immense sums of public money voted for the canal in Congress and the State Legislatures of Virginia and North Carolina, the Canal Company has long ago forfeited its charter. Instead of using the public money for the good of the farmers owning the swamp lands, it has used it to destroy those lands, with the view, probably, of eventually buying them at its own price.

But they have overshot the mark, and have ruined their own property more hopelessly than they have injured the land. They have allowed another canal to be run almost parallel to theirs (the Chesapeake & Albemarle), which has diverted all their trade, and which bears large vessels and steamers. The new canal has a much longer

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course, with other disadvantages; but it has beaten its old and pampered rival out of the field. Only one little steamer plies on the Dismal Swamp Canal, and even this must disappear as soon as a necessary railroad is run through the eastern swamp region.

But let us return to our canoes and recall some of the pictures of the lake and swamp.

"Abeham," said Moseley, on our first afternoon at the lake, "put some bait in my boat; I am going to fish till supper time."

And he goes one way from the camp in his canoe with his rod and his gun, while I go another out on the lake. The camp is a rude frame house, with a few bed places or "bunks" in it, built on the edge of the lake by Captain Busby of Suffolk, probably to induce sportsmen and fishermen to visit the place. Instead of pitching our tent in a snake country, this safe and dry shelter is most gratefully accepted. Contrary to our expectations, the nights were quite cold, and I had reason to be thankful that I had brought with me a large raw silk blanket (one of those made by George S. Brown of Boston, whose excellent goods ought to be known to all who are fond of athletics and outing).

Our camping ground had associations, too, that

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are worth mentioning. Over thirty years ago (in 1855), an attempt was made by some enterprising men of Suffolk to open the beauties of the lake to the outer world. It was a worthy project, but it began at the wrong end; the beginning ought to have opened the eyes of the outer world to the beauties of the lake. Colonel Hollidway and others of Suffolk built a large hotel here in the swamp, near where our camp stood. "There were accommodations for one hundred and fifty persons," we read in a Suffolk man's letter, "and a band of music was kept continuously playing." Is this a true story? we ask ourselves, standing on the very site, where not a vestige of hotel remains. To whom did the band play continuously? If people wanted to hear a band why did they come here for it? What business had a band here, anyway? How did the guests reach the lake? Through the Jericho Canal in a lighter, under the snake-fruited bamboo? What a most singular vein of questions we open, thinking of this vanished hotel with its incomprehensible band, "playing continuously!"

"Where did this hotel stand?" we ask Abeham.

"Out dere in de lake, at dat black stump. Dat part of hotel. Dat's all dere's lef'. Lake cover'd it all up."

The stump was two hundred yards out in the

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lake. This bears out the words of Mr. R. A. King that "the lake has widened on the west side, by washing of the waves, over two hundred yards since 1857."

We left Abeham to cook a supper of fish which he had caught while waiting for us in the Feeder. Your southern darky is a natural fisherman. Like a thrifty housewife who takes out her knitting between-whiles, he will bait a hook and fish while he is "doin' nuffin'." And what a picture of contentment he is while fishing! Look at Abeham, here, just waiting while we have gone up a "gum road," — for we tried faithfully to explore all the avenues, wet and dry, leading into the swamp, on our way round the lake.

The southern negro is the freest man in civilization, as he ought to be, for Heaven knows he has had enough of bondage. He is striking the balance now. He works just when he chooses, and he loafs when he chooses. He is not only politically, but socially, free. He has no ambitions, no pretensions, and hardly any responsibilities. He is the sugary element in the grinding sand of our civilization. Lazy? Why shouldn't he be lazy if it seems best to him? Suppose he begins to dig and scrape and grow thrifty and hard and mean as progress and society make us? Suppose he learns to sell with

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light weights, and lend at usury, to live above his income, not because he wants to, but because Mrs. Cuffee in the next shanty gave a party, and Mrs. Abeham across the way has set up a mule carriage, and his wife and family must do as much as they? Will he be a happier or a better man by this way of living than he is now with his old hat and his cheery smile and his pleasant manners and his little niggers singing and laughing with their mother in the humble but sufficient cabin?

Not he; he is choosing the wiser and happier way. Let him go fishing while he may. He has a right to a holiday for at least two whole generations. If the white folks grumble at their work left undone, let them go and do it themselves. They made him do it long enough. Now, let him work just when he likes, or not at all, if he likes.

Keep on, Abeham, just as you are. Have a rest. Your clothes are good enough, and you can hunt for food any time. Civilization will catch you and tame you and dress you and educate you, and make you a provident, careworn, dependent, miserable, compromising, respectable element of society soon enough.

But was that a signal Moseley made to me? Yes, a nervous, quick wave of the hand that says, "Come here! Come here at once!"

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"ABEHAM" AND THE CANOES.

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I join him in a dozen strokes of the paddle. He is excited.

"Quiet, now," he says, being most unquiet; "do you see that tall gum tree on the very edge of the water a quarter of a mile away?"

"Yes."

"An eagle, a bald-headed eagle, do you hear? has just lighted in the top of that tree. We must have him. We will get as near as we can and start him up. If I miss him, you make sure of him."

We proceeded quietly toward the tree. Abeham, watching us, and scenting sport, had joined us. When within a hundred yards of the tree we saw the great bird standing on a high bough, a tall, gaunt, black body, with white head and tail. The intervening branches made it a risky shot, but when we had got fairly within range Moseley fired, and down came the bird head-first, as if plunging into the lake.

There was a fallen tree growing beneath, and he was caught in its branches about ten feet from the water. He hung heavily, his great curved yellow beak on his breast, his eyes closed, and his enormous talons extended helplessly. He seemed to be quite dead.

"Get him down, Abeham," said Moseley.

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Abeham pushed his boat under the branches and stood up, reaching his hand toward the bird. Next moment he shrank back in open-mouthed terror, with his eyes fixed on the eagle, and actually fell into the seat at the end of his punt.

What a change had come over the wounded creature! The dying king had arisen in his harness. He had rallied for a last stroke as his enemies closed upon him. The head that was drooping a moment ago was raised with infinite pride and defiance, and the neck stiffened with wrath. The eyes glared with piercing anger at the foe that dared to touch him; the massive yellow legs were drawn up to strike, and the talons opened and shut with ferocious passion.

This was the dread vision that had terrified Abeham, and no wonder. The bird at that moment could have torn him limb from limb.

But it was only a flash, only the agonized effort of despair and death. Next moment a gray film spread over the fierce eye, the yellow beak dropped on the breast, and the legs reached downward pitifully and found no footing. Then, once more making us start in our boats, he rallied with raised head, gave a wild look around, and with a desperate struggle raised himself from the branches, and dashed toward the low bank twenty feet away.

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He alighted on the ground, and stood there with his head lowered and pushed into a dark angle of the bank, with his back to his enemies.

There could hardly be a doubt that it was a deliberate preparation for death, not an effort to escape. He had seen his enemies close beside him, and he knew he was in full sight. A proud savage, badly wounded, in the power of merciless foes, would have done precisely what this eagle did.

Next moment another gun flamed, and he fell *backward*, dead. He was a noble specimen of the bald-headed eagle — the national bird. This is the strong-winged one that, Audubon says, "can ascend until it disappears from view without any apparent motion of the wings or tail, and from the greatest height descends with a rapidity which cannot be followed by the eye."

> "The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
> He watches from his mountain walls,
> And like a thunderbolt he falls."

Who said that the bald eagle was a coward? Audubon, I am sorry to see, believes the aspersion. Benjamin Franklin regretted that the bird was taken as the national emblem, because it was said to be mean, ungenerous, pusillanimous; that he

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would not fight a dunghill cock in the same cage. No, perhaps he cannot fight in a cage; such a bird as this was not built to fight in a cage. But whoever thinks the bald eagle a coward had better see one die. At the last moment of life, at least, no nation need ever seek for mightier dignity or courage than his. Woe be to that power that ever meets the look of a nation preparing for the death-grip as we beheld that of this majestic bird.

He was awfully solemn and stern, even as he lay dead in the canoe. I never saw a head, human or animal, with such tremendous lines. The long, curved bone of the skull over the deep-set eye gave an expression of profound suffering and power. In one view he seemed to be very old and gray, and reminded one of the loneliness and kingliness of Lear; but the general suggestion, not of the beak, but of the side brow and sunken eye, was of the head of Daniel Webster.

We hung him on a stump till morning, till we could send him by canal to Suffolk to have his skin preserved. He was, as all great birds and beasts are said to be, covered with foul parasites, that must have made his life a torment, and that probably deepened the patient and enduring lines of his head. These vile things hurried from the dead king they had feasted on while his blood was

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warm; and in the morning, when we took his body away, we saw them clinging hopefully to the sun-warmed stump. "Long live the king!" one fancies their sycophantic word, as they kissed the senseless edges of the heated bark. For three whole days some of them hung to the place, through dew and rain, till a drenching night washed them into perdition.

So it is always when a great man dies. He must have his parasites in life, and it is a cold world for the vermin when he is gone.

What more about the swamp? Snakes? I wish I could close without saying a word defamatory of the poor, maltreated swamp. But one thing is true: it is no more to be blamed for its vermin than the eagle. In fair hands the swamp would purify itself and be as wholesome in its life as in its air and water.

"Pity 'tis, 'tis true." We have told of the birds and flowers and other lovely features of this strange region. Now we must go down into the recesses of its sins and let them see the day.

Booted to the thigh, armed with knife and gun, is the only safe way to enter the canebrake, or, indeed, to depart in any way from the open spaces of the swamp. During our exploring we did not see bear or panther or wildcat; but whoever leaves

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PASSING THROUGH THE CANE-BRAKE.

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PASSING THROUGH THE CANE-BRAKE.

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the beaten ways of the swamp must be prepared to meet these inhabitants.

For three days, with a cool wind and nightly rain, with the exception of one large king-snake which we killed on a "gum road," we had seen nothing more noxious than a blue lizard with a red head, a harmless and friendly little fellow who seems to have no fear of man, for he will go on eating his invisible food and glancing up in your face in a most amusing and taking way. But the shape of the creature is against it, and the color of his head, which is exactly the hue of the moccasin's belly. When Moseley woke up from a doze one wet afternoon, and found one of these lizards (the negroes call them scorpions) on his pillow, still eating invisible food and smacking his lips with a friendly glance, it was well the reptile didn't understand American, or he might have been offended.

Our first snake was killed in this way: On our second day, while passing up a "gum road," we came upon a large dark-skinned snake lazily coiled on a sunny log. Having killed him by striking him with a heavy cane, we were afterward told by Abeham that it was a harmless king-snake, and that, moreover, it spent its time destroying the poisonous snakes in the swamp, which it does by crushing them.

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On the morning of the fourth day — and what a day that was, with a copper cover on it, and a crater underneath — sweltering, we woke up, and both had the same thought — a swim. "Jim," a very interesting colored "boy" from a neighboring "swampers'" camp, was outside, and he stared aghast at our preparations.

"No, no, don't do dat!" he said earnestly.

"Why not?"

"Moccasins!" with a grave head-shake.

We did not jump in; we contented ourselves with a bath in the boat. But we laughed at "Jim," and sat down to breakfast in the open air. In a few minutes we stopped laughing.

"What is that swimming out there?" asked Moseley, pointing to a slight dark streak about twenty yards out in the lake.

"A moccasin!" cried Abeham, getting on his feet excitedly. Abeham was used to snakes, but terribly afraid of them. "Shoot him!"

We shot him; slight and short as he looked swimming, he was four feet seven inches in length. In a minute another — his mate probably — swam past and was killed, and was exactly the same length.

The moccasin swims with its head and about fourteen inches of its back over the water. The

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head is very small for the thickness and length of the snake. It swims rapidly with a wavy motion. It is dark on the back, with a violently red belly, like inflamed scales, from the loose skin of the under jaw to the tail. Most of those we saw (and after that day we ceased to count them) were of an average length of about four and a half to five feet, thick as a man's arm, and repulsively fat. The prevailing suggestion of the creatures when you kill them is fatness.

All the snakes of the Dismal Swamp are shy and timid. Very rarely do they bite, and then only when driven by fear. The largest snake in the swamp is the king-snake, which grows to be ten feet in length. The rattle-snake is fortunately rare in the swamp. It is mostly seen near the Feeder, and is the diamond or water rattle-snake, the largest and most sullenly ferocious of its dread family. It has a brown back, and a dirty yellowish belly. A "swamper" said he had seen one this year that was eight feet long.

The most dangerous snake in the swamp is one of the smallest, called the poplar snake. He is about twelve inches in length, green in color, like that of the poplar tree in which he lives. We escaped him most fortunately, for before we heard of him we had deflowered many poplars of their

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beautiful blossoms. This snake is a direful pest; from his size and color he is not easily seen; and his poison is said to resemble the rattle-snake's.

The water moccasin is a venomous snake, and it is surprising, considering his countless presence in the swamp, that so few people are bitten. This reptile literally infests all quarters of the swamp. Other snakes, more or less numerous, are the black snake (sometimes nine feet long), the horned snake, and the jointed snake. Abeham and Jim said that they had often killed this latter questionable reptile, and that it had "broken into pieces about two and a half inches long."

In case of snake bites the unvarying practice of the "swampers" is to bind the limb above the wound tightly, twisting a stick in the ligature, then suck the wound thoroughly, and afterward drink copiously of whiskey. They say that this treatment invariably cures all bites in the swamp, excepting the rattler's. But we only met three or four persons who had known of actual snake bites.

One quality of the moccasin is interesting and worthy of record, his curiosity. These snakes escape rapidly on the approach of a man, but will often return to the place they left to take a look at him. We had a singular instance of this inquisitiveness. One day, on our way round the

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A MOCCASIN WATCHING FROM FLOATING REEDS.

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lake, we came to a deserted "gum road," from which the workers had departed years ago. Mr. Moseley remained at the landing to take a photograph, and I went slowly up the "gum road," hoping to shoot some squirrels. About a hundred yards up the road I came to the rotten old log hut of the "swampers," and there on a heap of bare ashes that still remained in the midst of the grass, lay in loose coils a long, dark snake, which I thought, from his similarity of color to that we had killed some days before, was a king-snake. I resolved to let the benevolent creature go free. He raised his head and looked at me, perhaps for a second, and then, with an easy and graceful slowness, glided into the canebrake. I passed up the road, and was joined by Mr. Moseley and Abeham. On our return I was telling them of the snake, and when we came to the place, all speaking loudly and laughing, I said: "That heap is where the snake lay," and, behold, there he was again, in the same place. He was not ten feet from where we stood. He had concealed his long body behind some leaves and earth, and had placed his head cunningly, as he thought, on the top of the ash heap, where it very closely resembled a dark creeper leaf. He was evidently prepared for a good look at the intruders. He made no motion

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as we stood looking at him and talking about him, but stared at us unwinkingly. We were amused at his audacity, and went on calling each other's attention to his method of concealment, and his evident purpose of observation, all the while thinking it was a king-snake. At last Abeham went to stir him up, to see how long he was, when the snake slowly lifted its head, and again Abeham retired in dismay, crying out: "It's a moccasin! Shoot him!" We killed him, and found him to be an unusually large moccasin, not quite five feet long, but very thick and heavy.

Strange as it may appear, the chief drawbacks of the Dismal Swamp are not its serpents, or bears, or other formidable wild creatures, but its flies, most pestilent of which are the yellow fly, before which for six weeks in July and August even the colored "swampers" are forced to abandon the "gum roads." The yellow fly raises a burning blister with every bite; and, helped by the "red-horse mosquito," gnats and gallinippers, they can, it is said, kill a mule.

The largest wild animal (except cattle) found in the Dismal Swamp is the black bear. Captain Wallace killed thirty on his farm last winter (by spring guns set around his cornfields), one of which weighed 850 pounds; and "Jim" the

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friendly "swamper" said he had counted twenty-seven bears crossing a "gum road" one morning on their way to a field on the Suffolk side of the swamp. There are also hog bear (from the size), Seneca bear (white breast), panther, wildcat (numerous and large, about three times the size of the ordinary cat), deer (quite numerous, and some with noble antlers), coon, opossum, rabbit, fox, squirrel, otter, weasel, and muskrat.

One word more about the snakes. One night (the early summer nights are cool in the swamp) we had an immense fire outside the hut, the logs, five or six feet long, standing on end and sending up a roaring flame. Several "swampers," who had come to sit at our fire and chat, began fishing for catfish, which are attracted by a light. They were pulling them in briskly, and one pulled in a large eel, over two feet in length and very thick. They instantly beheaded him and pulled his skin off, leaving the flayed body to wriggle about in the dust. It was horribly like a snake, and we had to tell Abeham to throw it into the water. The circle had drawn closer to the kindly flame, when one said, pointing to a dark, round object about three yards from the fire: "Is that another eel?"

Every eye was fastened on it, and no one spoke, but Abeham quietly went for a gun, and without

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a word shot the intruder. It was a moccasin that had come out of the canebrake and coiled himself to enjoy the fire.

One day Moseley was out on the lake fishing, and I was paddling quietly under the trees on the bank, hoping to shoot a red-bird or a crowned thrush for specimens. I heard Moseley hail me, and answered, but then he went on in a very queer way talking with some one in the swamp beyond me. At last I went out to him and found that he had discovered an echo of wonderful clearness, and which was otherwise interesting. Near the shore I had not heard it, but a quarter of a mile out it was startlingly distinct.

The sound was quite unlike the hard resonance thrown back from cliff, mountain, or cave. It smacked of the swamp in a manner hard to describe. The repetition was largely magnified, though it seemed to be thrown to a distance, and to come from a great height, as if it had bounded up from the wide field of the swamp. The sound had an elastic click about it, like the remote stroke of a woodman's axe. It was the echo from a wood, unmistakably, and not from a wall.

Strange to say, the best word to throw to an echo is its own name. It loves to fling it back unclipped and sudden. Divide the syllables, stop-

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ping at the "ech," and it seems to wait impatiently for the "o." We had a long conversation with it, and wondered whether it resided in the dense canebrake and higher foliage that lined the water front, or rebounded upward like a boy's ball that had fallen on the vast concavity of the tree tops.

Abeham said he had never heard of the echo before, and he listened with all his ears, laughing consumedly when the echo shouted defiance; but he would not try it, from shyness as we thought.

We spent the days exploring lake and swamp, returning to camp tired at night, but repaid by our experience. We were seeing the lake and swamp as no one can ever see them without such boats as ours. A heavy boat, with oars, cannot pass through the ditches and canals, nor even coast the lake inside the line of stumps. The negro "dug-out" is available for lake and canal, but it is heavy and slow, and it cannot face the lake in rough water and high wind. The birch-bark canoe would get snagged at every length. The only safe and pleasant boat for the swamp is the cedar canoe, and an open one is better than a decked one, to let the moccasins wriggle out if they happen to fall in while you are passing through the narrow canals.

During our passage round the lake we came to

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very many old and new "gum roads" running into the swamp. We followed these until we saw the nature of each. Some had been deserted apparently scores of years ago, and it was a sorry sight to see the effect of the ruthless timber-cutting which is going on to-day as it was 50 or 100 years ago. No intelligent forestry has ever been applied to the swamp; the selection of the trees has been wholly left to ignorant men. Where whole groves of juniper or cypress were cut down, the cleared land was left to grow up in jungle, and the jungle that follows this cutting is an impenetrable canebrake, through which an elephant could not force his way for a mile. During these wanderings Mr. Moseley never lost an opportunity of capturing a characteristic sketch or photograph, and his pictures faithfully preserve many of the striking features of the swamp.

The beauty and profusion of the vegetation seen from these "gum roads" is indescribable. The greens of the underwood are the intensest hues of nature; the ferns dripping with moisture, the yellow jessamine climbing the great trees, the familiar Virginia creeper rioting in its leaps and lovely hangings. Again and again, not knowing, we were tempted to gather the attractive trumpets of the poisonous oakvine, that is so virulent that

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to bathe in water in which it hangs will blister and corrupt the flesh. This is Moore's "deadly vine," that

> "doth weep
> Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
> The flesh with blistering dew!"

"There are two things I should like to know," said Moseley, during our last day on the lake, "and one is what that fellow in the Norfolk tug meant by advising us to keep our pistols handy? Surely there could be no men more good-natured and lawful than these poor fellows who work in the swamp."

This was emphatically true. Considering the wild life the "swampers" lead, they are the most harmless, amiable, and, I should say, innocent men I have ever met. Their conversation with us and among themselves was about as light, cheerful, and curious as that of children. They carry no weapons; they are sober, play-loving, and obliging. Only on one colored man in the swamp did we see anything like a weapon, and that was a razor, ostentatiously carried in his waistcoat pocket by a jaunty mulatto; but he had been a great traveller, he said, and he had only come into the swamp to see some friend among the juniper-cutters, though perhaps he had some other reason for a

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little retirement from society. The swamp is a fine place for a retreat.

"What is the other thing you are in doubt about?" I asked Moseley.

"The wild cattle. We have seen only that red and white cow and calf, though they say they are numerous. I can't believe that that tame-looking cow was wild."

"But what business would a tame cow have in the depths of the swamp, and how could she get home if she had a home to go to?"

He admitted that it was hard to find a domestic reason for the cow being in the swamp, but still he doubted. We were passing at the time through a narrow and dark waterway, where the sheets of deep water under the trees lay like black glass. We came to a dry bank in the morass, and, standing there, quietly and proudly looking at us as we approached, was a red bull about three years old. We stopped paddling and returned the stare. He stood beside our only passage, a narrow one. Abehám was behind, and he shouted, "Look out, dere; dat wild bull dang'ous!"

We shouted at him, but he paid no heed. He was a superb creature, dark red all over, round-headed and very small. We broke branches and waved them and shouted, at a distance from him

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of about twenty yards. Not an eye winked, but his tail gave one or two quiet waves from side to side. Abeham wanted us to load a rifle, and kill him; but this would be wanton, as we were to leave the swamp the next day. Still we must pass, and he would not move. He paid no attention to a gun pointed at him. The poor fellow was only half wild, one could not help thinking; the hereditary taint of human association was in his blood. Probably his grandfather had fed in a fenced field, and had submitted to be "driven home" by a bare-footed boy.

At last a shot fired into the canebrake close to him gave him a shock. He looked at the canes where the small shot rushed, and then turned and trotted into the swamp.

That night we decided to leave the lake next day, passing through the Feeder and keeping along the main canal until we reached the Pasquotank river in North Carolina.

It rained in torrents in the early part of the night, and then cleared up, and the full moon shone on the lake. It was a scene of marvellous beauty, which color alone, not words, could reproduce. The lake was smooth, and incredibly black, the water retaining absolutely no light, and only appearing to be liquid by surface shining. The

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moon's reflection, on the contrary, was whiter than it would be on common water, and it crossed the lake like the avenue to a king's palace.

It was five o'clock in the morning, and the eastern sky was paling the moon, when we stood on the edge of the lake, with "A health to thee, Tom Moore!" and then we broke camp.

As our canoes shot out on the lake and we looked back on the camp, we knew that the days and nights spent there could never be forgotten.

We crossed the lake in the teeth of a stiff breeze that made the beautiful brown waves leap at us in play, as if to stay our going. It was still early morning when we reached the mouth of the Feeder, and took our last look at the lake, in memory of which Moseley carried the scene off in his camera.

This last look at the lake, between the trees, showed us a tall cypress with immense roots standing up in the deep water, like a suffering mythological tree, condemned and metamorphosed for offending the gods.

Then we set our faces toward the outer world, or toward "the bank," as our friends "the swampers" would say, and a lovely passage we had, running with the swift current through the shadowy Feeder. We stopped only twice on our way, once to capture a terrapin that was sunning himself on

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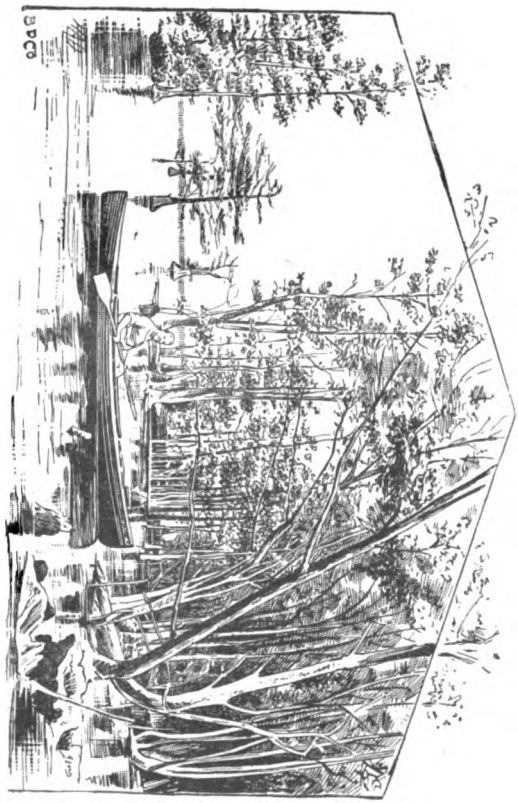

THE LAST VIEW AT THE LAKE.

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a log, and again to fire at a snake in the reeds, a shot which was admirably captured with an instantaneous photograph.

Reaching the canal, we turned southward toward North Carolina, and at two o'clock reached a station on the canal where there was a store kept by a little man who was as consequential and disobliging as it only lies in the power of a rural magnate to be. Though we had breakfasted early and not very well, we had to proceed hungry on our way.

The locks we came to now lowered us step by step, until at last, having passed South Mills, the largest village on the canal, we were dropped into the tide-water of the Pasquotank river.

After a long and winding way between densely wooded banks, the lonely river gradually widening into a large sheet, we ran after nightfall under a railroad bridge, and saw the lights of a town, or, rather, one solitary lantern set on a wharf, and knew we had reached Elizabeth City, N. C.

We could only see that the main street was shaded with noble elm trees, as we went to the Albemarle Hotel; and it is pleasant to record here that we had a supper and breakfast in this little-heard-of place that would have done credit to Delmonico's for material, cooking, and service.

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SHOOTING MOCCASINS IN THE BAMBOO.

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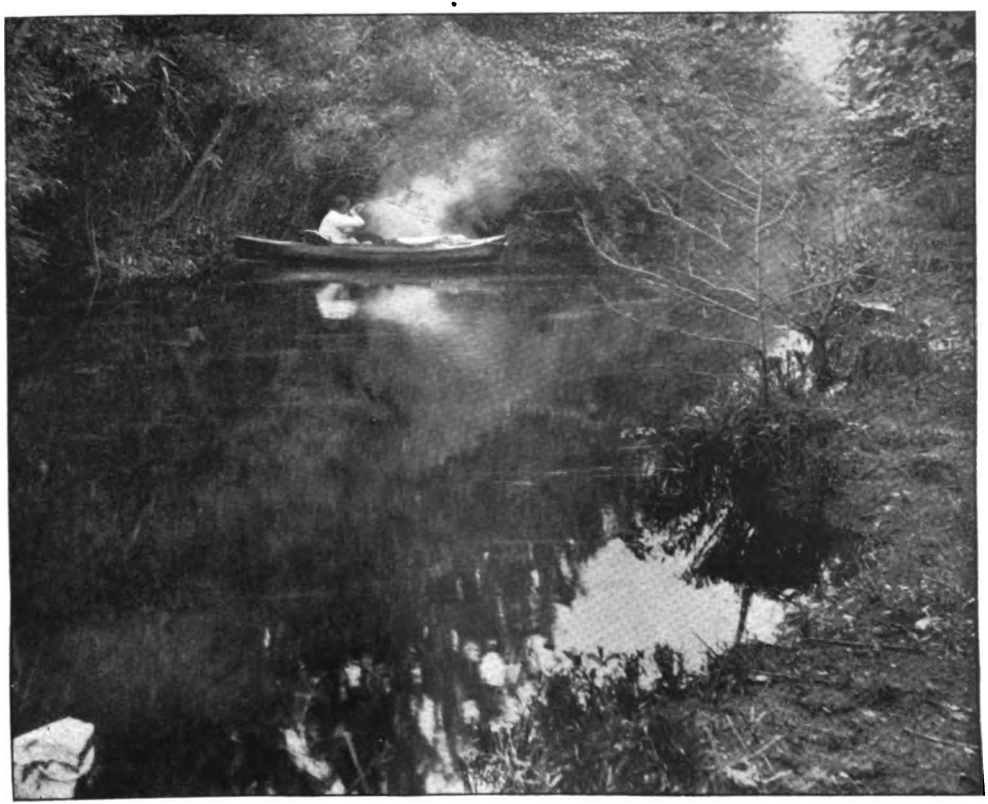

SHOOTING MOCCASINS IN THE BAMBOO.

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Next morning we had a look at the city, and a sad one. This was a noted seat of culture, wealth, and fashion before the war, the dread marks of which were still plainly seen on every hand. The main street, that was a pride to the State thirty years ago, was burned by the Confederates themselves to save it from the "invaders." Large squares of house lots are vacant still, grass-grown, and ruin-covered, with here and there a poor, shaky-looking store cheek by jowl with a board shanty filled with negro children.

In walking through this city one could not help moralizing on the awful affliction that befalls a defeated country. Here are the men, middle-aged and still young, who remember the proud and gracious old times, and who are doomed forever to contrast them with the sordid and compromising efforts of hopelessly broken fortunes. Over all the country round about Elizabeth City the fierce waves of war had rolled, leaving a fearful mark. We saw noble houses, once filled with beauty and luxury, now crowded with colored working people; gardens in which the roses, reverting to single-petalled wildness, struggled for sunlight under burdened clothes-lines.

But we saw one house to remember with pleasure, with a rose garden in front of it like a picture

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from sensuous Pompeii; and then we came away, thinking that Elizabeth City might, indeed, once more awake to proud and prosperous days. But, said the thought, it will take more than a generation for the revival, and the people of the old glory shall not be those of the new. The wealth that was based on slavery was a bubble, and the pride that went with it was a poison for the very earth. God's hand is heavy when the scales come to be balanced. Expiation and atonement are always bitter, however they may be sweetened by the spirit of renunciation.

We intended to return to Norfolk by the Chesapeake & Albemarle Canal, the flourishing waterway, crowded with ships, which ought to be only a young rival of the Dismal Swamp Canal, for the latter had all the natural advantages, and also controlled the field.

But the Chesapeake & Albemarle Company had an inferior route, *plus* intelligence, and the consequence is that it is crowded with commerce, while the Dismal Swamp Canal is traversed by one poor little steamer, the *Thomas Newton*, that looks like the working model of Fulton's first steamship.

There was a storm raging along the coast, and we could not face bad weather outside in our canoes to get to the other canal, so we shipped our

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LOG STATION ON THE DISMAL SWAMP CANAL.

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effects on the *Thomas Newton* to return on our tracks along the whole course of the Dismal Swamp Canal.

The Dismal Swamp could be drained and reclaimed, and a property of very large value would be added to the States of Virginia and North Carolina. While in process of reclamation, and perhaps afterward, the present canals could be retained to get out the timber, which is enormously valuable; but the locks making the central or higher level could be abolished. This would lower the canal and the lake about seven feet. It would be comparatively inexpensive to dredge this level down to the outer levels.

A fall of seven feet in the lake would reduce it perhaps half a mile, leaving all round it a beach of white sand of exquisite fineness. This would at once purify it from the water snakes that make its banks hideous.

The surrounding swamp would drain into the lake, the Feeder and the canals, leaving their banks dry. A road could easily be made on one side, and a clearing on the other, along all these canals, sweeping away moccasins and other water reptiles.

The reduction of the water could be made profitable to the owners in another way. The city of Norfolk needs a water supply, and here is the

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best water in the country at its very door. If the color of the water be objectionable it could be passed through a filter and made crystal, though it is possible that in the change it might lose its anti-malarial quality.

A narrow-gauge railroad ought to be run from Portsmouth to South Mills. (Since writing this the programme of the Portsmouth & South Mills railroad has been sent to me, and the promoters have paid me the compliment of inserting as a preface part of my report of the Dismal Swamp. This railroad will complete the ruin of the canal as a commercial way, and will leave it valueless except as a drain.)

And now I have told the story of the Dismal Swamp as two men saw it who had no other interest than that of chance voyagers through the wilderness. I have tried to convey to others exactly the impressions left on my mind, often using restraint in order not to overstate the good or evil qualities of the Dismal Swamp.

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THE

STATUES IN THE BLOCK,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From The Boston Daily Advertiser.

"Mr. O'Reilly excels in dramatic poetry. When he has an heroic story to tell, he tells it with ardor and vigor; he appreciates all its nobleness of soul, as well as its romantic and picturesque situations; and his 'Song for the Soldiers,' and 'The Mutiny of the Chains,' in his last volume, show with what power he can portray the daring and heroism that have stirred his own heart. He writes with ease and freedom, but his poems of love and of discontent are not superior to those of other well-known English poets. His best work in this way are 'Her Refrain,' a sweet, tender poem, true to life; and 'Waiting,' that is far more impassioned. The cynical verses and epigrams scattered through the book are piquant, and enhance its sweetness, as bitter almonds do the richness of confectionery. There is another side still to Mr. O'Reilly's poetry, and it would be easy to represent him as chiefly religious, earnest, and tender. His poems abound in passages like the following from 'Living':—

> "'Who waits and sympathizes with the pettiest life,
> And loves all things, and reaches up to God
> With thanks and blessing — he alone is living.'

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"And 'From the Earth a Cry,' this line:—

"'God purifies slowly by peace, and urgently by fire.'

"From 'The Statues in the Block':—

"'And I know
That when God gives to us the clearest sight,
He does not touch our eyes with Love, but Sorrow.'"

From The New York World.

"Nobody can look over Mr. O'Reilly's poems without being convinced that they are poems; that is to say, that the writer has really something to say, and something which could not be said so well or so completely in prose. Those who are in the habit of looking over current volumes of verse will recognize that this is very much to say of them. Mr. O'Reilly's verses are, indeed, quite out of the common. There is not one of the poems in this thin volume that is not a genuine poem in the sense that it records a genuine and poetical impression. His talent is essentially, we should say almost exclusively, dramatic, as strictly dramatic as Browning's. The most successful of these poems are those which are professedly dramatic rather than those which are contemplative. This excellence in dramatic verse is national. From Thomas Davis down, the Irish lyrists, who are worthy of classification at all in poetry, excel in representation of rapid action and of the emotion which is connected with rapid action; and this is what we call dramatic excellence. Mr. O'Reilly's chief successes are in such poems as 'A Song for the Soldiers,' and 'The Mutiny of the Chains,' in the present volume."

Newark (N. J.) Morning Register.

"Roberts Brothers, Boston, have just published 'The Statues in the Block, and Other Poems,' by John Boyle O'Reilly. The poem that gives the book its title is the story of four persons looking at a block of marble and seeing an ideal in it. One, her he loved, his jewel, and the jewel of the world. Another, her upon whom he lavished coin — he drank the wine she filled and

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made her eat the dregs, and drenched her honey with a sea of gall; he, however, was but one, who swooned with love beside her. The third was suffering 'Motherland,' and, as may be supposed, the author's pen waxes strong at picturing the sorrow, because —

"'No love but thine can satisfy the heart,
For love of thee holds in it hate of wrong,
And shapes the hope that moulds humanity.'

"The fourth sees in the block his lost child, and the pen softens as he sees —

"'The little hands still crossed — a child in death;
My link with love — my dying gift from her
Whose last look smiled on both when I was left
A loveless man, save this poor gift, alone.
. . . . . .
I see my darling in the marble now —
My wasted leaf — her kind eyes smiling fondly,
And through her eyes I see the love beyond,
The binding light that moves not; and I know
That when God gives to us the clearest sight
He does not touch our eyes with Love, but Sorrow.'

"Here and there through the collection are little unnamed wavelets, of which these four lines are a good example:—

"'You gave me the key of your heart, my love;
Then why do you make me knock?'
'O, that was yesterday, saints above!
And last night — I changed the lock!'"

Dr. Shelton M'Kenzie in the Philadelphia Evening News.

"Good poetry, which constitutes a considerable portion of literature, has been rather scarce of late. The odds and ends of verse which get into the magazines are generally aimless and crude. The poet sits down to write what he has thought, but the poetaster takes pen in hand to think what he shall think. There is a world of difference between the results — that is, between true poesy and merely mechanical verse. . . The poem which leads off, covering only thirteen pages, is the longest in the volume, and is full of deep-thoughted expres-

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sion; but it is probable that 'Muley Malek, the King,' a lay of chivalry, will have more numerous admirers. There is also 'From the Earth a Cry,' reviewing the leading events of the decade which closed in 1870. The heart-poems here are highly impressive in their truth. Here and there, on casual fly-leaves, we find curt truths; thus: —

"'Life is a certainty,
Death is a doubt;
Men may be dead
While they're walking about.
Love is as needful
In being as breath;
Loving is dreaming,
And waking is death.'

"Here is another leaflet; an epigram if you please to call it so: —

"'You gave me the key of your heart, my love,
Then why do you make me knock?'
'O, that was yesterday, saints above!
And last night — I changed the lock!'

"Apropos of the season, which holds back its beauty and bloom, here is a bit of truth: —

"'O, the rare spring flowers! take them as they come;
Do not wait for summer buds, they may never bloom;
Every sweet to-day sends, we are wise to save;
Roses bloom for pulling, the path is to the grave.'

"In conclusion, we earnestly hope that Mr. Boyle O'Reilly, who writes so well, will challenge our attention, our admiration, far more frequently than he yet has done."

From the New York Herald.

"Mr. O'Reilly has treated with a beautiful purpose the theme of four men, each imagining the statue that may be carved from a block of marble. Love is the first, Revenge the second, Suffering Motherland the third, and Sorrow the last. All these are strongly, nay, passionately drawn, with that

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inner relation to actual experience in the narrator, which so intensifies the interest. The first is a lovely woman: —

"'O Love! still living, memory and hope,
Beyond all sweets, thy bosom, breath and lips —
My jewel and the jewel of the world.'"

"The second, a faithless woman, cowering above the form of her newly-slain paramour: —

"'O balm and torture! he must hate who loves,
And bleed who strikes to seek thy face, Revenge.'

"The third a chained woman — Mother and Motherland: —

"O star,
That lightens desolation, o'er her beam,
. . . Till the dawn is red
Of that white noon when men shall call her Queen.'

"The fourth is a figure of a dead child: —

"'I know
That when God gives to us the clearest sight
He does not touch our eyes with Love, but Sorrow.'

"In 'Muley Malek, the King,' Mr. O'Reilly bursts over the bounds of metre; but in the swing of his utterance there is a certain forceful rhythm, indicating an earnest endeavor to preserve some of the characteristics of song. In 'From the Earth a Cry,' however, all reserve is thrown off, and he launches formlessly forth. Walt Whitman chopped up Carlylesque sentences into lines at hazard, but rapidly debased the model. Mr. O'Reilly takes a high strident key, and follows Whitman's most ambitious endeavors. It is an eloquent invective, and its fitfulness and spasmodics have a certain relation to its grievous story of human oppression. It is as formless and as forcible as the onrushing mob it invokes. All that is, is wrong; what need of nice measuring of feet? It is not the measured tramp of an army that can be expected where the undisciplined millions rise to bear down drilled thousands.

"'O Christ! and O Christ! In thy name the law!
In Thy mouth the mandate! In Thy loving hands the whip!
They have taken Thee down from Thy cross and sent Thee to scourge
the people;

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They have shod Thy feet with spikes, and jointed Thy dead knees with iron,
And pushed Thee, hiding behind, to trample the poor dumb faces.'

"Oppression has its leagues and its triumphs, but

"'Never, while steel is cheap and sharp, shall thy kinglings sleep without dreaming.'"

From The Buffalo Union.

"The strength, tenderness, and exceeding power and aptness of expression conspicuous in a former volume — ('Songs, Legends, and Ballads,') — are all here, intensified. The poet goes beyond the limits of any one land or nationhood. He sings here for all time and for every nation. His inspiration is *Humanity*, wherever it agonizes under tyrannical bonds or struggles to break them. 'From the Earth a Cry,' is a very epitome of the history of the manifold uprisings, all the world over, of the weak against the strong during the decade just ended — the voice of the oppressed clamoring to Heaven for vengeance — an arraignment of the

"'Landlords and Lawlords and Tradelords'

before the bar of justice, and in face of the terrible growth of

"'Communists, Socialists, Nihilists, Rent-rebels, Strikers'—

from the seed themselves have sown.

"We wish we could speak in detail of some of the other poems, with their rugged but splendid versification, in which the poet has taken

"'No heed of the words, nor . . .
the style of the story,

but

"'Let it burst out from the heart, like a spring from the womb of the mountain;'

or of that majestic opening poem, 'The Statues in the Block,' through which this true note rings:—

"'When God gives to us the clearest sight,
He does not touch our eyes with Love, but Sorrow.'

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"We strike on a vein of keen but kindly sarcasm at the expense of poor human nature here and there through the collection, especially in a few of those gem-like stanzas that prelude the different sections. But the poet has a sweet voice for tender themes; and there are some exquisite lyrics here, too, like fragrant, delicate flowers, blooming in the clefts of the massive rock. Such, notably, are 'Her Refrain,' 'Waiting,' 'Jacqueminots,' and 'The Temple of Friendship.' The book is inscribed 'To the Memory of Eliza Boyle; My Mother.'"

From The Boston Journal.

"The little volume containing 'The Statues in the Block, and Other Poems,' by John Boyle O'Reilly, will commend itself to those for whom fresh and spirited verse has charms. The pieces, which number about twenty, are of two very different styles; the one graceful in form, and conveying some light fancy or suggestion, and the other careless as to form, usually barren of rhyme, and irregular with the pulses of stern and passionate emotion. Of the former type are 'Jacqueminots,' 'Her Refrain,' and 'The Temple of Friendship'; of the latter, 'From the Earth a Cry,' 'A Song for the Soldiers,' and 'The Mutiny of the Chains.' The first poem mentioned in the latter group, and indeed some others belonging to the same group, have a Walt Whitmanish turn to them which, we are free to confess, we do not like. Take, for example, such lines as these:

"'Lightning! the air is split, the crater bursts, and the breathing
Of those below is the fume and fire of hatred.
The thrones are stayed with the courage of shotted guns. The warning dies,
But queens are dragged to the block, and the knife of the guillotine sinks
In the garbage of pampered flesh that gluts its bed and its hinges.'

"The story of the mutiny in the final poem is finely told, as is also the story of the defence of the Cheyennes, in the poem preceding it. Mr. O'Reilly is at his best when his blood is hot and his indignation roused by the thought of human wrongs; and some of his pieces, written under this inspiration, have a ring like anvil strokes, and stir the blood of the reader as by the sound of trumpets."

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"*SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN SEAS.*"

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

New York Arcadian.

"Like the smell of new-mown hay, or the first breath of spring, or an unexpected kiss from well-loved lips, or any other sweet, fresh, wholesome, natural delight, is to the professional reviewer the first perusal of genuine poetry by a new writer. Not for a long time have we experienced so fresh and joyous a surprise, so perfect a literary treat, as has been given us by these fresh and glowing songs by this young and hitherto utterly unknown poet. There is something so thoroughly new and natural and lifelike, something so buoyant and wholesome and true, so much original power and boldness of touch in these songs, that we feel at once that we are in the presence of a new power in poetry. This work alone places its author head and shoulder above the rank and file of contemporary versifiers. . . . The closing passages of 'Uncle Ned's' second tale, are in the highest degree dramatic, — thrilling the reader like the bugle-note that sounds the cry to arms. Finally, several of the poems are animated by a spirit so affectionate and pure, that we feel constrained to love their writer, offering, as they do in this respect, so marked and pleasant a contrast with too much of the so-called poetry of these modern times."

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Baltimore Bulletin.

"Mr. O'Reilly is a true poet — no one can read his stirring measures and his picturesque descriptive passages without at once recognizing the true singer, and experiencing the contagion of his spirit. He soars loftily and grandly, and his song peals forth with a rare roundness and mellowness of tone that cheers and inspirits the hearer. His subjects belong to the open air, to new fields or untrod wilds, and they are full of healthy freshness, and the vigor of sturdy, redundant life. We hail Mr. O'Reilly with pleasure, and we demand for him the cordial recognition he deserves."

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"We may safely say that we lay these poems down with a feeling of delight that there has come among us a true poet, who can enchant by the vivid fire of his pictures without having recourse to a trick of words, or the re-dressing or re-torturing of old forgotten ideas. These poems, for the most part, are fresh and lifelike as the lyrics which led our forefathers to deeds of glory. With scarce a line of mawkish sentiment, there is the deep heart-feeling of a true poet. His descriptions bear the impress of truth and the realism of personal acquaintance with the incidents described. There is the flow of Scott in his narrative power, and the fire of Macaulay in his trumpet-toned tales of war. We are much mistaken if this man does not in the course of a few years walk the course, and show the world how narrative poetry should be written. He has it in him, and genius cannot be kept under hatches. Passing over 'The Dog Guard,' a fearful picture, we come to 'The Amber Whale.' It is impossible to describe the intense interest that surrounds this dramatic description. A more exciting chase could hardly be conceived, and as we stand with bated breath, while the mate drives his lance home to the vitals, and the boats go hissing along in the wake of the wounded monster, we seem to behold the sea red with blood,

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and mark the flukes as they sweep the captain's boat into eternity. Here is a portion of the story: —

"'Then we heard the captain's order, "Heave!" and saw the harpoon fly,
As the whales closed in with their open jaws: a shock and a stifled cry
Was all that we heard; then we looked to see if the crew were still afloat, —
But nothing was there save a dull red patch, and the boards of the shattered boat.

"'But that was no time for mourning words: the other two boats came in,
And one got fast on the quarter, and one aft th' starboard fin
Of the Amber Whale. For a minute he paused, as if he were in doubt
As to whether 'twas best to run or fight. "Lay on!" the mate roared out,
"And I'll give him a lance!" The boat shot in; and the mate, when he saw his chance
Of sending it home to the vitals, four times he buried his lance.'

"We next come to 'The Dukite Snake,' a tale so simply told, so beautifully sad, that the heart goes out in pity to the poor young husband in his terrible grief. The Dukite Snake never goes alone. When one is killed the other will follow to the confines of the earth, but he will have revenge. Upon this fact the poet has wrought a picture so true and so dramatic that it almost chills the blood to read a tale so cruel and so lifelike. . . . Among the remaining poems of length, we have 'The Fishermen of Wexford,' 'The Flying Dutchman,' and 'Uncle Ned's Tales.' All are good; but the last are simply superb. We doubt if more vivid pictures of war were ever drawn. The incidents are detailed with such lifelike force, that to any one who had ever felt the enthusiastic frenzy of battle, they bring back the sounds of the shells and the shout of advancing columns. They are lifelike as the pages of Tacitus, and stir the blood to a fever heat of warlike enthusiasm. They are strains to make soldiers."

London Athenæum.

"Mr. O'Reilly is the poet of a far land. He sings of Western Australia, that poorest and loveliest of all the Australias,

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which has received from the mother country only her shame and her crime. Mr. O'Reilly, in a short poem, speaks of the land as 'discovered ere the fitting time,' endowed with a peerless clime, but having birds that do not sing, flowers that give no scent, and trees that do not fructify. Scenes and incidents, however, known to the author, in this perfumeless and mute land, have been reproduced by him in a series of poems of much beauty. 'The King of the Vasse,' a legend of the bush, is a weird and deeply pathetic poem, admirable alike for its conception and execution."

Atlantic Monthly.

"In a modest, well-worded prelude, the poet says: —

"'From that fair land and drear land in the South
Of which through years I do not cease to think,
I brought a tale, learned not by word of mouth,
But formed by finding here one golden link
And there another; and with hands unskilled
For such fine work, but patient of all pain
For love of it, I sought therefrom to build
What might have been at first the goodly chain.

"'It is not golden now; my craft knows more
Of working baser metal than of fine;
But to those fate-wrought rings of precious ore
I add these rugged iron links of mine.'

"This is not claiming enough for himself, but the reader the more gladly does him justice because of his modesty, and perhaps it is this quality in the author which oftenest commends his book. 'The King of the Vasse' is the story of a child of the first Swedish emigrants to Australia, who lies dead in his mother's arms when they land. A native chief, coming with all his people to greet the strangers, touches the boy's forehead with a great pearl, which he keeps in a carven case or shrine, and the mighty magic of it calls him back to life, but with a savage soul, as his kindred believe; for he deserts them for the natives, over whom he rules many years, inheriting and wearing the magic pearl. At last the young men of the tribe begin to question his

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authority, and one of them, with a spear thrust, destroys the great pearl. Jacob Eibsen then seems repossessed by a white man's soul, and returns to the spot long since abandoned by his kindred, and finds it occupied by English settlers, whose children's simple, child-like playmate he becomes, and remains till death. The plot is good; and it is always managed with a sober simplicity, which forms an excellent ground for some strong dramatic effects. The Australian scenery and air and natural life are everywhere summoned round the story without being forced upon the reader. Here, for instance, is a picture at once vivid and intelligible, — which is not always the case with the vivid pictures of the word-painters. After the rains begin in that southern climate, —

"'Earth throbs and heaves
With pregnant prescience of life and leaves;
The shadows darken 'neath the tall trees' screen,
While round their stems the rank and velvet green
Of undergrowth is deeper still; and there
Within the double shade and steaming air,
The scarlet palm has fixed its noxious root,
And hangs the glorious poison of its fruit;
And there, 'mid shaded green and shaded light,
The steel-blue silent birds take rapid flight
From earth to tree and tree to earth; and there
The crimsoned-plumaged parrot cleaves the air
Like flying fire, and huge brown owls awake
To watch, far down, the stealing carpet-snake
Fresh-skinned and glowing in his charming dyes,
With evil wisdom in the cruel eyes
That glint like gems as o'er his head flits by
The blue-black armor of the emperor-fly;
And all the humid earth displays its powers
Of prayer, with incense from the hearts of flowers
That load the air with beauty and with wine
Of mingled color. . .

"'And high o'erhead is color: round and round
The towering gums and tuads, closely wound
Like cables, creep the climbers to the sun,
And over all the reaching branches run
And hang, and still send shoots that climb and wind

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Till every arm and spray and leaf is twined,
And miles of trees, like brethren joined in love,
Are drawn and laced; while round them and above,
When all is knit, the creeper rests for days
As gathering might, and then one blinding blaze
Of very glory sends, in wealth and strength,
Of scarlet flowers o'er the forest's length!'

"There are deep springs of familiar feeling (as the mother's grief for the estrangement of her savage-hearted son) also touched in this poem, in which there is due artistic sense and enjoyment of the weirdness of the motive; and, in short, we could imagine ourselves recurring more than once to the story, and liking it better and better. 'The Dog Guard' is the next best story in the book;—a horrible fact, treated with tragic realism, and skilfully kept from being merely horrible. . . . Some of the best poems in the book are the preludes to the stories."

Boston Advertiser.

"The first, and in many respects the best poem in the book, is 'The King of the Vasse,' which is a story of the very earliest settlement of Australia by Europeans, and before a convict settlement was established there. There is to it far greater care and finish than to any of the other long poems. In some parts it is weird and strange to a degree; in others it is pathetic,—everywhere it is simple, with a pleasant flow of rhythm, and closely true to nature. It is followed by 'The Dog Guard,' a poem which leaves an impression on the mind like Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner'—a subject which, but for great skill in the treatment, would have been repulsive. As it stands in the book it shows eminent descriptive power, and a certain freedom and daring that lifts it far above the commonplace. Interspersed among the longer poems are short verses, which must answer the same purpose in the book as the organist's interludes, helping out the value of that which precedes, and that which follows. Some of these are more than excellent. They stand out as a peculiar feature of the

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book, adding to its completeness, as they will add to the poet's reputation. Preceding 'The Dog Guard' we have the following, which perhaps is as characteristic as any of the preludes. It will be seen that the burden of this, as indeed of the whole book, is Western Australia:—

"'Nation of Sun and Sin,
Thy flowers and crimes are red,
And thy heart is sore within
While the glory crowns thy head.
Land of the songless birds,
What was thine ancient crime,
Burning through lapse of time
Like a prophet's cursing words?

"'Aloes and Myrrh and tears
Mix in thy bitter wine:
Drink, while the cup is thine,
Drink, for the draught is sign
Of thy reign in coming years.'

"Mr. O'Reilly has done his work faithfully and well; he has given us in his book more than he promised us in the preface; and to-day, with his first poetical venture before the public, he has added another to the laurels he has already won in other fields."

New York Tribune.

"These songs are the most stirring tales of adventure imaginable, chiefly placed in Western Australia, a penal colony, which has 'received from the mother country only her shame and her crime.' The book is the very melodrama of poetry. . . . Mr. O'Reilly is a man whose career has been full of wild and varied adventure, and who has put these stirring scenes — all of which he saw, and part of which he was — into verse as spontaneous and unconventional as the life he describes. His rhymed tales are as exciting as ghost stories, and we have been reading them while the early sullen November night closed in, with something the same feeling, the queer shiver of breathless expectation, with which we used to listen to legends of ghosts and goblins by our grandmother's firelight.

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Not that the supernatural figures too largely in these tales, — the actors in them are far more formidable than any disembodied spirits. . . . 'The King of the Vasse' is a wonderful story, in which a dead child is raised to life by a pagan incantation and the touch of a mystic pearl on the face, — which will charm the lovers of the miraculous. 'The Amber Whale,' 'The Dog Guard,' and 'Haunted by Tigers,' are in the same vein with 'The Monster Diamond.' Thrilling tales all of them. 'Chunder Ali's Wife' is a charming little Oriental love story; a 'Legend of the Blessed Virgin' is full of tenderness and grace, for Mr. O'Reilly is both a Catholic and an Irishman; and I cannot close my extracts from his book more fittingly than with his heartfelt lines to his native land: —

"'It chanced to me upon a time to sail
Across the Southern Ocean to and fro;
And, landing at fair isles, by stream and vale
Of sensuous blessing did we ofttimes go.
And months of dreary joys, like joys in sleep,
Or like a clear, calm stream o'er mossy stone,
Unnoted passed our hearts with voiceless sweep,
And left us yearning still for lands unknown.

"'And when we found one, — for 'tis soon to find
In thousand-isled Cathay another isle, —
For one short noon its treasures filled the mind,
And then again we yearned, and ceased to smile.
And so it was, from isle to isle we passed,
Like wanton bees or boys on flowers or lips;
And when that all was tasted, then at last
We thirsted still for draughts instead of sips.

"'I learned from this there is no Southern land
Can fill with love the hearts of Northern men.
Sick minds need change; but, when in health they stand
'Neath foreign skies their love flies home again.

"'And thus with me it was; the yearning turned
From laden airs of cinnamon away.
And stretched far westward, while the full heart burned
With love for Ireland, looking on Cathay!

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"'My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief!
My land that has no peer in all the sea
For verdure, vale, or river, flower or leaf, —
If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me.
New loves may come with duties, but the first
Is deepest yet, — the mother's breath and smiles:
Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed
Is my poor land, the Niobe of isles.'"

Mr. R. H. Stoddard, in Scribner's Monthly.

"'The King of the Vasse,' the opening poem in Mr. O'Reilly's volume, is a remarkable one; and if the legend be the creation of Mr. O'Reilly, it places him high among the few really imaginative poets. . . . This, in brief, is the outline of the 'King of the Vasse.' In it we could point out many faulty lines. William Morris could have spun off the verse more fluently, and Longfellow could have imparted to it his usual grace. Still, we are glad it is not from them, but from Mr. O'Reilly that we receive it. The story is simply and strongly told, and is imaginative and pathetic. It is certainly the most poetic poem in the volume, though by no means the most striking one. 'The Amber Whale' is more characteristic of Mr. O'Reilly's genius, as 'The Dog Guard' and 'The Dukite Snake' are more characteristic of the region in which he is most at home. . . . . He is as good a balladist as Walter Thornbury, who is the only other living poet who could have written 'The Old Dragoon's Story.'"

Boston Gazette.

"This is a volume of admirable poetry. The more ambitious poems in the book are in narrative form, and are terse and spirited in style, and full of dramatic power and effect. Mr. O'Reilly is both picturesque and epigrammatic, and writes with a manly straightforwardness that is very attractive. . . . Of the sickly sentimentality that forms the groundwork of so much of our modern poetry, not a trace is to be found in this book. The tone throughout is healthy, earnest and pure. There is also an independence and originality of thought and treatment

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that are very striking, and which prove not the least attractive features of the book. Some of the stories are conceived with unusual power, and are developed with scarcely less effect and and skill."

Boston Times.

"Some reminiscences of his romantic life, the poet has woven into the verses that fill this volume. Very grim reminiscences they are, of crime and death and horrors dire; but they represent faithfully, we have no doubt, the society, or rather savagery, of those far and fearsome lands. Most of the poems are stories, sombre in substance, but told with a vehement vigor that is singularly harmonious with their themes. The opening poem, 'The King of the Vasse,' preserves a strange and pathetic legend, which the poet has wrought into a powerful, but most painful story. His imagination revels in pictures of weird desolation and the repulsive and appalling prodigies of animal and vegetable life in the tropic world; and the effect of these presented in quick succession, and varied only by episodes of human sin or suffering, is positively depressing. Such passages as this abound in the poem: —

"'In that strange country's heart, whence comes the breath
Of hot disease and pestilential death,
Lie leagues of wooded swamp, that from the hills
Seem stretching meadows; but the flood that fills
These valley basins has the hue of ink
And dismal doorways open on the brink,
Beneath the gnarled arms of trees that grow
All leafless to the top, from roots below
The Lethe flood; and he who enters there
Beneath this screen sees rising, ghastly bare,
Like mammoth bones within a charnel dark,
The white and ragged stems of paper-bark,
That drip down moisture with a ceaseless drip, —
With lines that run like cordage of a ship;
For myriad creepers struggle to the light,
And twine and meet o'erhead in murderous fight
For life and sunshine. . . .

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"'Between the water and the matted screen,
The bald-head vultures, two and two, are seen
In dismal grandeur, with revolting face
Of foul grotesque, like spirits of the place;
And now and then a spear-shaped wave goes by,
Its apex glittering with an evil eye
That sets above its enemy and prey
As from the wave in treacherous, slimy way
The black snake winds, and strikes the bestial bird,
Whose shriek-like wailing on the hills is heard.'

"The 'Dog Guard' is a tale of horrors. 'The Amber Whale' and 'Haunted by Tigers' are founded on whaling incidents, and the latter, especially, is eloquent with the woe of tragedy. There are a few poems in the volume written in a lighter mood. 'Uncle Ned's Tale' is a very spirited tale of battle. 'The Fishermen of Wexford' is one of the best pieces in the collection — almost severe in its simple realism, but tenderly pathetic. We have rarely seen a first volume of poems so rich in promise as is this. It is singularly free from the faults of most early poems, and exhibits a maturity of thought and a sober strength of style that would do credit to any of our older poets."

Boston Commercial Bulletin.

"His descriptive powers are remarkably strong and vivid, and his imagination powerful and vigorous. Yet it is evident from a glance at the minor poems of 'Golu,' and 'My Mother's Memory,' that the author has an imagination that will not desert him on brighter and more graceful flights of fancy. Altogether the volume is one of much more than ordinary originality and excellence."

Worcester Palladium.

"He shows originality and good descriptive power, and he treats his subjects *con amore*. . . . The author had the very best reason in the world for writing this collection, and a second volume will be awaited with reason; for strong points

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are displayed, and a person who writes because his heart wills it, sooner or later wins the heart of the public."

Bangor Whig.

"There is no one of the poems the book contains that has not running through it a sort of realism that at once takes possession of the reader's mind, and he looks upon it, as it were, as an actual event."

Mr. Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr) in The Catholic Review.

"Judged in all the phases of his talent presented by this book, Mr. O'Reilly is unquestionably a man of true poetic verve and temperament, with too much reverence for the noble gift of song to sophisticate it with mawkish affectations or conceited verbal ingenuities. No obscure line patches his page; no fantastic mannerism accentuates his style; no pretendedly metaphysical abstraction egotizes what he thinks worthy of gift to mankind."

Utica Herald.

"In the leading poem of Mr. O'Reilly's collection, entitled, 'The King of the Vasse,' there are novelties of scene and legend which alone claim the attention. . . . The poem is in many respects a wonderful one, and contains many subtleties of thought and expression, which it is impossible to reproduce in scanty extract."

Literary World, Boston.

. . . "Mr. O'Reilly unquestionably possesses poetical talent of a high and rare order. He excels in dramatic narrative, to which his natural intensity of feeling lends a peculiar force. His verse is sometimes careless, and often lacks finish; but writers are few, nowadays, who have a better capital in heart or hand for successful poetical work than that which is evidenced in this volume."

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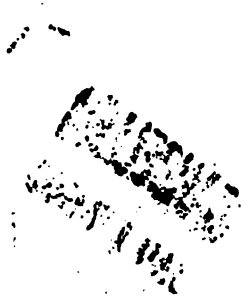

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